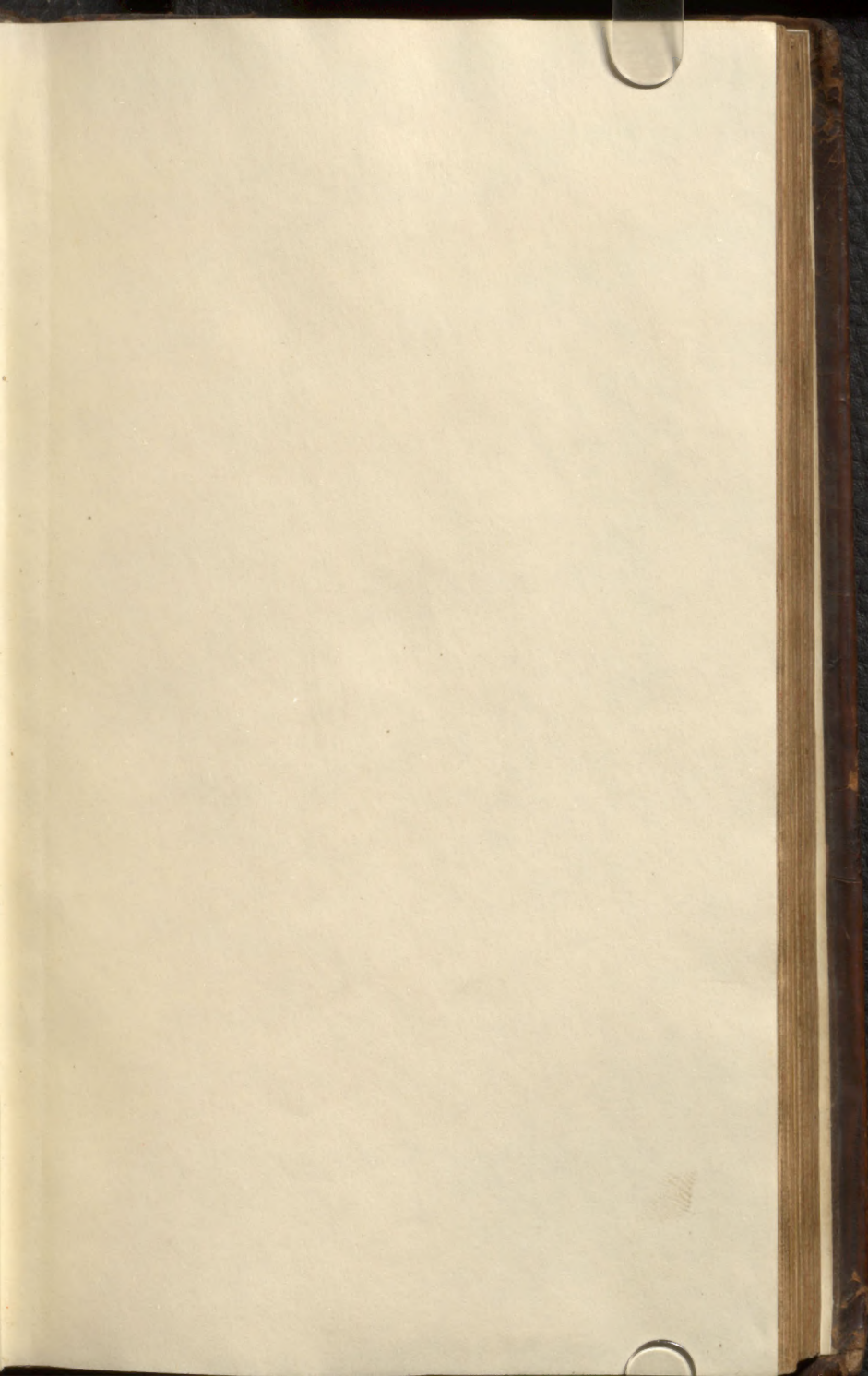
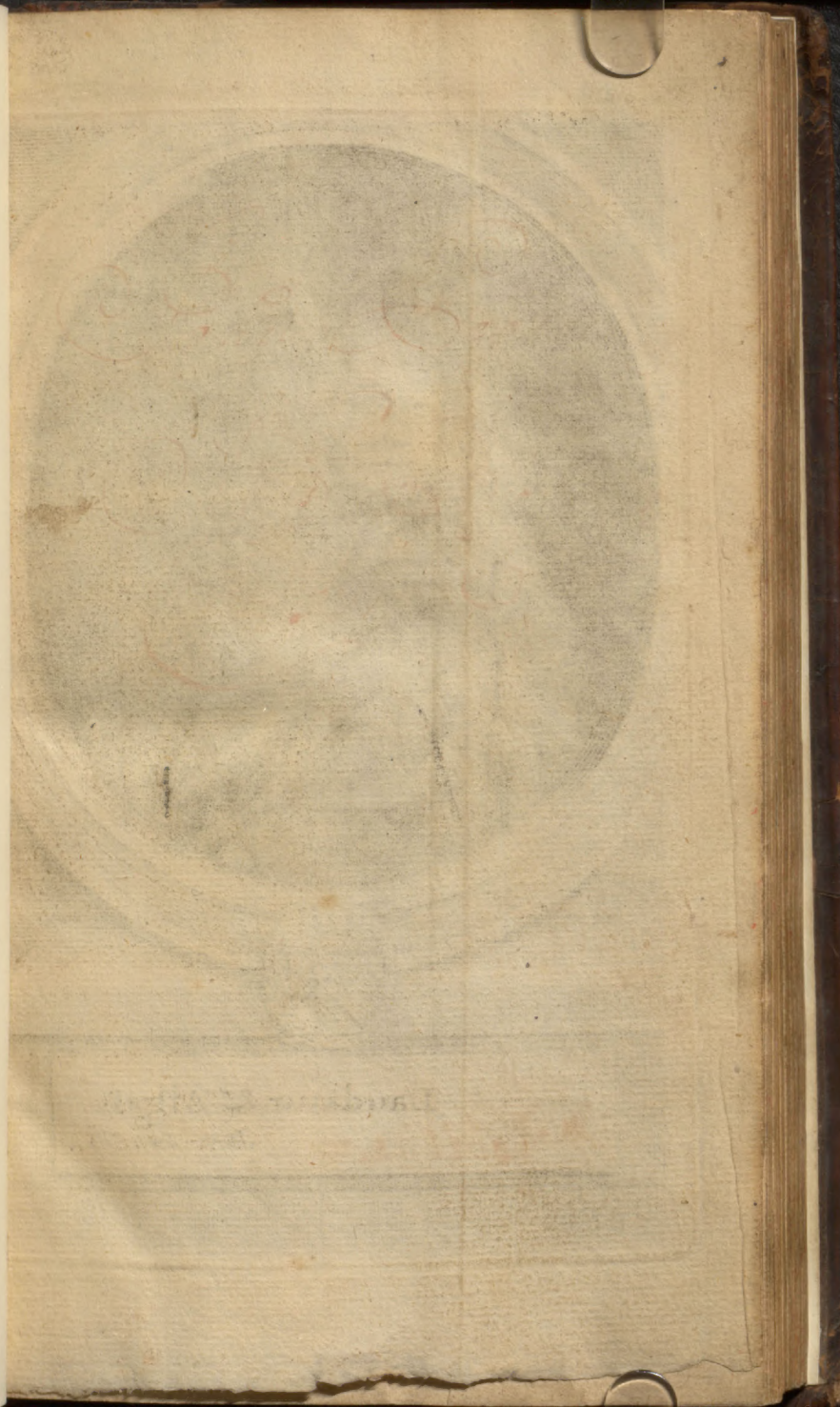


The Gift of Theodore Francis
Moorehouse Newton







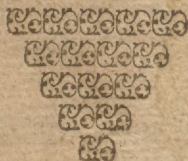
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Juv - Sat. I.

JURE DIVINO:
A
SATYR.

In Twelve BOOKS.

By the Author of the TRUE-BORN-ENGLISHMAN.

*O Sanctas Gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis
Numina! ——— Juv. Sat. 15. lin. 11.*



L O N D O N,
Printed in the Year, M DCC VI.

TO THE

Most SERENE, Most INVINCIBLE, and
Most ILLUSTRIOUS LADY

REASON:

First Monarch of the World:

Emperess of the *East, West, North, and South*: Hereditary Director of Mankind: Guide of the Passions: Lady of the vast Continent of Human Understanding: Mistress of all the Islands of Science: Governess of the Fifteen Provinces of Speech: Image of, and Ambassador Extraordinary from, the Maker of all Things: The Almighty's Representative, and Resident in the Souls of Men; and one of Queen NATURE's most Honourable Privy Council.

May it please your Majesty;

THE Author of this Book thought himself oblig'd to Dedicate it to your Majesty first, as an humble Acknowledgment of your superior Authority over all Laws and Princes of the World: He acknowledges, that you Majesty's Right of Government is JURE DIVINO; and that therefore your Majesty is a just
Exception

DEDICATION.

Exception to the General Rules here laid down, your Authority is truly Sacred, and to your Majesty all the Powers of Men, as well as their Actions, pay a Just Homage; all Laws made contradicting your absolute Pleasure, are ipso facto, void in their own Nature; and whatever the greatest Princes in the World act contrary to you Majesty's Commands, is ridiculous and impertinent, and their Subjects ought to disobey them in it; your Majesty Reigns with an uncontroll'd Sovereignty in the very Hearts of your Subjects; your Power is wholly Despotick, you are truly accountable to none but your Maker, and your Majesty's immediate Adherence to his Sovereign Will, gives the true Sanction to all your most exact Commands.

And yet your Majesty is far from being a Tyrant, since at the same time that you Command the most Absolute Obedience, such is the Demonstration of your Royal Justice, that you gain upon the very Souls of your Subjects, and they pay a voluntary Homage to all your Commands.

Having thus in brief Recogniz'd your Majesty's undoubted Divine Right to a Superiority over all the Actions of Men; I then, with the profoundest Submission, and Obedience to your Royal Authority, proceed most humbly to lay the following Papers at your Royal Feet; appealing from all the unjust Censures of partial and corrupted Men, to your Majesty's Impartial Judgment, for their Sincerity, and Correspondence with your establish'd Government, entirely submitting both them and their Author to your Majesty's Authority, as becomes,

May it please Your Imperial Majesty,

Your Majesty's most Humble, most Obedient,

And most Devoted Subject and Servant,

The TRUE-BORN-ENGLISHMAN.

THE PREFACE.

THIS *Satyr* had never been Publish'd, tho' some of it has been a long time in being, had not the World seem'd to be going mad a second Time with the Error of *Passive-Obedience* and *Non-Resistance*.

The Title of *Sacred* has been added to that of *Majesty* by the Complaisance of a Party, who have all along been rather ready to talk of Loyalty than perform it, and who have shewn themselves wonderful forward to tax other People with Rebellion and Disloyalty, in order to perswade their Princes to trust them in their most emergent Occasions; but when their King had the Misfortune to believe them Honest, he paid too dear for the Mistake; for as they were the first that prompted him to want their Assistance, they were also the first that let him want it.

When our Blessed Saviour only talk'd of his approaching Sufferings, and things were seen in Perspective, they were all for dying with him, and dying for him; but when the Band of Soldiers came, when *Judas* had given the Signal, and their Lord was in the Hands of his Enemies, *They all forsook him and fled*.

Now, 'tis a Mystery to me what these Gentlemen start this lost Doctrine in the World again for: Have they any more Kings or Queens to betray? Do they think any Prince in the World will ever be so weak to take their

Words again? A Man once perjur'd, no Justice of the Peace will ever administer an Oath to him again: I believe I am in no danger of being thought a *Jacobite*; but this I must affirm, had I told King *James II.* 'twas my Principle, that I ought not to resist him, whatever Violence he offer'd either to Me or Mine; That as he was a King, his Person was Sacred, and that if he oppress'd me in the highest Manner; nay, if he demanded my Life or Estate by Force, I ought and would submit to him, and if I could not obey his Commands, I durst not oppose his Punishment. Had I told him, that he was King by inherent Birth-right, and his Power was *Jure Divino*; and therefore to resist him in any thing, tho' never so contrary to Reason or Justice, was to fight against God, and pursuant to this Exposition of my Loyalty, had I sworn the Oath of my Allegiance, and subscrib'd the Declaration; if ever I took up Arms against him, resisted or oppos'd him, I should have been guilty of a most horrible Perjury, and Breach of Faith, and ought never to be believ'd on my Word or Oath again.

As for me, I never understood my Loyalty, nor my Prince's Authority, in such an extended Sense; I never took any such Oath; and therefore the joining with a Foreign Power in such a Case, cannot bear the same Constitution: From such as were of this Opinion, no King can expect any other than whenever they attempt to ruin the Constitution, suspend the Laws, and invade Property, they will never be obey'd; the People will oppose such Oppression, and if they do not, 'tis for want of Power, not for want of Will.

But in this Case, the weight of the Matter lies higher, if there be an Error in the resisting Tyrannick Princes, 'tis in Principle, and that I never yet saw prov'd; but this is a meer Fraud, a Cheat put upon Princes, to encourage them to be Tyrants, on Pretence of Passive Submission; and that they will, like *Issachar's Ass*, couch down under the Load; but when the Prince, taking them at their Word, ventures to lay the Burden on their Backs, they rise up and kick him in the Face.

Of all the People in the World, these Gentlemen should have done with this old Sham; one Jest at a time is enough

nough for a Nation ; one King in an Age is enough to be cheated.

Besides, Who are they for? *Qui vive?* What Party are they of? The Church of *England* cannot but think they design to Banter her; that 'tis a Whig-Plot to rip up old Matters; and that because she has once committed a Fault, they are always Reproaching her with it: What tho' she was drawn in to own a Doctrine, and almost mix it with her Creed, That when she came to the Extremity, she found would not hold Water: What then? *She was mistaken*, and 'tis no Disgrace or Reflection for any Church, or any People or Person, when they find themselves in an Error, to own it, acknowledge and reform it: But to bring the same obsolete abdicated Principle in Play again, and father it upon the Church too; this can be nothing but a Combination to expose her.

What would any King of *England* think of the Men that should talk this Language to them again, that should come to a Prince and say, Sir, you need never fear any Disturbance from your Loyal Subjects the Church of *England*, for whatever you do to them, they'll submit; 'tis their Principle, and they profess to believe, that you are God's Vicegerent, accountable to no Body; That you can do no Wrong; That your Crown is held immediately of God, and Independent of the Laws; and therefore if your Occasions should require you to pinch them a little in their Property, or dispense with the Execution of the Laws, or the like, you need not fear; the Church will always stand by you with her Life and Fortunes. What would a King of any Policy answer? I know not indeed, but if I were to make an Answer for him, it should be, *Salisbury for that; I'll not venture you.* Shall any Man pretend to be a Friend to the Church of *England*, and set a foot again the Doctrine of the King's Absolute Power? If the King can do no Wrong, some Body did the late King a great deal of Wrong. Are evil Counsellors only punishable and accountable for the Mismanagements of the Government? Where then was the Justice of this sort of Churchmen, who flew in the Face of their King, and never punish'd one of his Evil

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Counsellors? The Unaccountable King was Dethroned, but his Accountable Ministers continued in Play, and perhaps some of them bought their Employments with his Money. Was King *James* treated like a Man *that could do no Wrong*, and was not Accountable? Let those who blame some People for the Inconsistency of their Principles, reconcile, if they can, the Doctrine of *Passive-Obedience*, *Non-Resistance*, and the King's being not Accountable, to the Practice of the High-Church of *England* in the Primitive Part of the late Revolution.

I think my self unconcern'd to enlarge here upon the incoherent Nonsense that this Doctrine abounds with: The Church of *England* is bound to show it, to justify her own Actings in Dethroning the late King, and it is a double *Satyr* upon the Church to pretend to vindicate it; it being impossible to reconcile the Principle of *Passive-Obedience* with the whole Proceeding of the late Revolution; if the Doctrine be true, *if the King can do no Wrong*, if it be lawful on no Account whatever to resist his Power, or take up Arms in Defence of Liberty, Law, Religion, or Property, however oppress'd or endanger'd; there are some of the most inevitable Consequences.

All the Nobility, Gentry, Clergy, and Commons of *England*, who either invited over, or join'd with the Prince of *Orange*, and afterwards consented to his being made King; all those who Swore to him when he was King, or that have since concurr'd in the New Establishments, are all Perjur'd Rebels; abominable, and to be abominated by all good Men; are never to be trusted or believ'd again, neither *when they Say*, nor *when they Swear*; the Crime ought never to be forgotten by Men, nor without Repentance will be forgiven by Heaven; and till some General Act of Revocation be made by the whole United Authority of the Kingdom, and Justice done, the *English* should be stigmatiz'd thro' all the World, as a Nation without Faith, Honesty, or Principle.

But if the People of *England* were in the Right. if the Depredations made on the Ancient Rights of the Nation, were a just Foundation of suspending the General Allegiance,

legiance, and applying to a Foreign Prince, for the redressing the Nation's Grievances; if the *English* Nation had both Reason and Right to oblige the King to give the Laws their Course, and to let every Man enjoy his Property: If the King is guilty of doing Wrong, and both he and his Counsellors may be punish'd for the same; he by making War against him, and they by the Ax and the Halter: In a word, if the present Establishment of the late King, or present Queen, if the late or present Parliament are fix'd on any Justice, Law or Reason, then this *Satyr* is just, the Argument good, and the *English* has done no Wrong.

That Kings are not Kings *Jure Divino*, that when they break the Laws, trample on Property, affront Religion, invade the Liberties of Nations, *and the like*, they may be opposed and resisted by Force.

The present Publication of this *Satyr* has oblig'd me to consider of Circumstances, and as there are some Truths which do suit all Times, I have laid by a Second Volume; not that I think there is any thing in it which is not as fit to see the Light as this; but I say of it, as the Apostle in another Case, *I have many things to say, but you cannot bear them now.*

The second Part I confess was the first in Action, and contains some Characters, and some Enlargements on particular Transactions, which for ought I know might not give Offence, and I am perswaded would not from another Pen; neither had this been mention'd, but to let those Gentlemen, who may think this incomplete without it, know, That no other reason prevented its running a further length, than those Prudentials, which I have not been over-apt to make use of in other Cases.

I confess I am sorry I should entertain any Fears, that this Nation should resent a thing wrote against a Principle, which is the greatest Affront to the present Establishment that can possibly be thought of; and nothing but the Power of Prejudice could move such a thing; but since some People, who are too apt to make Misconstruction, watch for my Miscarriage, I sacrifice the remaining part of this Work to their Malice, not at all at the same time thinking they act either with Justice or Honour.

I have

I have concluded this Volume with a just Acknowledgment in behalf of my Native Country to the present and last Reign, for that visible Difference appearing in them, between the Reign of Tyrants, and the Reign of just Princes, when Property is secur'd under just Laws punctually observ'd, and the Crown enjoying a due Extent, is nevertheless limited by those Laws; when the executive Power acknowledging the just Superiority of the Law, regulates it self according to the true intent and meaning of all Power; *The Publick Good*.

If any are so weak as to suppose this is a *Satyr* against Kingly Government, and wrote to expose Monarchy; I think I should sufficiently answer so foolish a Piece of Raillery, by saying only, *they are mistaken*.

But because some Men require more explicit Answers than others, I take the Liberty to declare, that I not only now, but on all Occasions, when there was less need of vindicating my Opinion, have declared my Belief to be, that a Monarchy, according to the present Constitution limited by a Parliament, and *dependent upon Law*, is not only the best Government in the World, but also, *the best for this Nation in particular*, most suitable to the *Genius* of the People, and the *Circumstances* of the whole Body. A *Commonwealth* can never suit a Nation where there is *so illustrious a Nobility*, and so Numerous a Gentry; the Emulations, Factions and Parties of such Men, are apt to be too turbulent for such a Government. If we were a Nation of *meer Plebeii*, all Commoners, or the like, other Arguments might be us'd: But as it is, I am fully perswaded of the Benefit of a Monarchical Government to the whole Body; and I must tell the Objector, no Man is likelier to be a faithful Subject to a Monarchy, than he who is convinc'd in his Judgment of its being, not only a good Government, but *the best for the Publick Benefit*.

But this I can defend without being of Opinion, That Kings came down from Heaven *with Crowns upon their Heads*, and the People were all born *with Saddles on their Backs*; I own I am none of *Issachar's Asses*, nor should I be willing to be govern'd by the *Czar of Muscovy*: I don't think if a King wanted to walk cross a dirty High Way,

his

his Majesty might command 20 or 30 of the Heads of his Followers to be cut off to make Steppings for him, that he might not dirty his *Sacred Schoes*: I profess my self a dutiful Subject to the Crown of *England*, and in that Word, I mean, to what Head soever on which the *Parliament of England* shall place the Crown; but I own no King, who shall ever wear it without Consent of Parliament, no King, who shall after such Consent employ the Powers of it to the *Destruction of the Law*, and Constitution of the Nation, who shall invade the Property of the Subject, invert the publick Justice, or overthrow the Religion and Liberty of *England*; such a Prince is a Tyrant, and may be deposed by the same Power that plac'd him upon the Throne; any Hereditary Succession, pretended Divine Right, Supreme Power, or other Matter, Cause or Thing to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.

The Parliament of *England*, consisting of the King, Lords and Commons, are to me the Supreme Channel of Power, the Great Collective Body in Miniature; their Right has a much fairer Character of Divinity upon it than the Regal, being deriv'd from their Propriety in the Freehold; the Land is their own, this Island is their own, and every Man has a Right of Government, who has a Right of Possession.

Kings, say our Champions of *Absolute Power*, have their Authority from God, and from Him only. Of such Gentlemen it would be well to ask some such Questions as these; When they receive this Power? And what Kings are they that have it? If all Kings have it, then the Usurper, who murders the Right Heir, has it; and Crookback Richard had it, and was King *Jure Divino*; and what was Henry VII. then? To take up Arms against a Rightful, Lawful Prince, who had his Power immediately from the Most High, and was accountable to none but him? If Usurpers have not this Divine Right, Where then will you find it? And what Nation has a Prince whose Line did not begin at some Period of Usurpation, or in the Injury of the Right of another; or, in short, by some unjust Succession?

If a Usurper then has no Right, he has not a Divine Right; if he has any Right, he is no more an Usurper.

They that will make no Distinction between Person and Power in this Case, would do well to tell us where this Wonder of a King is born: let them show us this Star, that we may go and Worship; I think we may fairly challenge them to shew us a Line of Kings in the World, that is not full of Usurpations.

But if we grant *this Divine Right*, and particularly grant it in our own Line, which I believe is as clear from such Interruptions as any in the World can pretend to.

Then a certain University which Burnt the Books of our late Phanatical Authors concerning the Distinctions between the Person and the Power of the King, should now burn the new Distinctions between a King *de Jure*, and a King *de Facto*, and should now burn all their Panegyrics and Pastorals, their Speeches, flattering Declarations, printed by Church-Authority, and made in Praise of King William, and on the Death of Queen Mary.

They would do well to acquaint the World how he came to be King, and Her present Majesty to be his Successor; and if King James had a Divine Right, which I believe he had as much as ever any King of England had, which is just none at all; and if he was accountable to no Body, how the Church will answer trampling on that Divine Right, and bringing in a Foreign Power to question him for Malversation of Government.

Will they tell us at the *Boyn*, Did they Fight against his Person or his Power? Did they there distinguish between the Man and the King? Did they not in Monthly Fasts and Daily Prayers, give God Thanks for the Peoples Victory over their late Monarch? Did they not pray for Success against him, and make Bonfires when they had it?

Every Panegyrick upon King William, was a Ballad upon King James, and a Lampoon upon Divine Right; if this Doctrine have any Truth in it, *these Gentlemen*
have

have but little in them; and the Church of *England* has more to answer for, than all the Churches in the Christian World.

But She is wiser, the Doctrine of Government and Obedience is settled by the Church of *England*, and confirm'd by Parliament; and 'tis an unaccountable Affront to both, but particularly to the Church, to pretend to farther this Doctrine upon her, when with Arms in her Hands She has declar'd her Self to the contrary.

The Church of *England* has not only deposed the King that pretended to this empty Title, and that encourag'd this Doctrine, but has deposed the very Doctrine it self; and condemn'd it as absurd and ridiculous, and this both by Practice and Profession; and how should the Church of *England* do any otherwise, when her very Foundation stands upon this Deposing Power? Has She not practis'd it to secure her own Foundation, and justify'd it as a Necessity very well to be defended? What greater Argument was given for inviting the Prince of *Orange* to come over with an Army? And what greater Argument can be given, than that King *James*, mov'd by Popish Counsels, had undermin'd and invaded the Church of *England*? ----- This was the universal Complaint, the Fact was true beyond Contradiction; the Attempt was not denied even by those that were concern'd in it: For this the Church of *England* had recourse to a Foreign Power: For this She took Arms, and Fled for recourse to her Native Right, and to the People of *England*, who at all times were her Refuge, and who ever will be so.

Nor is this the first time the People of *England* have done thus by a great many; the Barons Wars are standing Records of the just Title the *English* Nation had to their Ancient Priviledges, and by Consequence, to defend them when invaded even by their Kings themselves; the several Contraventions of Treaties, Breaches of Oaths, and Invasions of Right in King *John* against the Liberties of his Subjects, we find justified the Treaty they made with Prince *Lewis*, Son to the King of *France*, who the *English* Nobility and Gentry invited over, to free them from the Male-administration of the Tyrant, and
who

whom they join'd with all their Forces at his Arrival, defeating their King by his Assistance in the Battel near *Lincoln*.

And after the Death of King *John*, when the Earl Marshal in a Speech perswaded the *English* Nobility to accept of the young Prince *Henry*, Son of King *John*, to be their King; he recommends him not barely as his Son, or having a Divine Right in his Succession, but as he had by his tender Years, been capable of no part in the Evil Government of his Father; he desires them to pity his Youth, and not deprive him for the Sin of his Father: Upon which they Unanimously made him King.

I know no Parallel Case so exactly Suits the calling over the Prince of *Orange*, as this calling over Prince *Lewis*: Nor was it from any sense of King *John's* Title, or their want of a Just Right to Depose him; that they did not actually declare *Lewis* of *France* their King: But first King *John* did not Abdicate and leave the Kingdom, and consequently the Throne vacant; and had not King *James* done so in too much haste for him, it had been very difficult to have declar'd King *William* during his Life; but the *French* began to be insolent and haughty, and rendred themselves intolerable to the *English*; which alienated the Minds of the People, and especially of the Gentry from them, and serv'd to hasten the acknowledging the Son of their late King.

Nor had it been any Question, but that had King *James* left a Son in *England* behind him, a *Protestant*, and claiming the Crown, he would have had it.---But had the Birth of his Son been unquestion'd here, his carrying him away into *France* certainly depriv'd him as effectually as it did his Father.

The next General Instance of the Peoples taking up Arms in *England* against their Sovereign, is in the time of King *Charles I.* I know there were Wars in *England* on various Occasions, between the Houses of *Lancaster* and *York*, besides the Quarrel between *Richard III.* and *Henry* Duke of *Richmond*; but these were rather Disputes of Rival Titles to the Crown, than universal Desertions of the oppress'd People from their Subjection to their invading Princes:

But examining the Reign of King *Charles I.* you find none of the Nations either of *England, Scotland, or Ireland,* disputing the Legality of his Title to Govern, but the Legality of his Governing.---And therefore with Submission to some Gentlemen, who will not bear the Comparison between the late Revolution, and the Parliament War, I must say, that distinguishing rightly, the Comparison is very just, and the Parts have an exact Connexion, so far as it was a Parliament War.

It is therefore for want of distinguishing rightly of the several Parts of those Transactions, which Causes the Beginners of one Action, to entitle Heaven to the Wonders of the Revolution, and the other fall under the Scandal of Rebellion.

I know some People will not bear the Comparison, and sometimes are apt to let their Patience forsake them when 'tis attempted: But if they return to their Temper, be pleas'd to let their Judgments be guided by the Nature of things, and the true History of those Times guide them, they will see less difference here, than perhaps they imagine.

To clear up this Point, it will be necessary to examine the Originals of both these Wars.

The Complaints of the People in those Days against the King's Invasion of their Rights, are not only acknowledged to be just by my Lord *Clarendon*, who sufficiently blames the Conduct of that King; but even by that King himself, when he pass'd the Famous *Petition of Right*, a thing in its own Nature exactly the same with the *Declaration of Right*, at the Revolution: The Words of the King at the passing that *Petition*, which was converted into a Law, were, *Scit Droit comme il est Desire*. Let Right be done you, as you Demand.---A plain Acknowledgment, not only that it was their Right they demanded; but also, that they had a Right to demand it.

The several Concessions at other Times made by the King, *Whose Misfortune was sometimes to grant too much, and at other times too little*, were plain Acknowledgments, that he had given them good Occasion to complain.

'Twas for these Rights, afterwards invaded, that the Parliament and the King unhappily differ'd; I won't trouble the Reader with the Debate, who began the War, who run things to needless Extremities, or whether both Sides, *Led by England's Fate*, did not incur the Blame of being too blind to the Calamities that ensued.----But I no way excuse what the Consequence of these things was in excusing the first Contrivers and Beginners of them from having the least Hand in, or Design of bringing things to the Extremities that followed.

There were a great many honest Gentlemen in that Parliament, who, tho' they thought themselves oblig'd in Duty to their Posterity, to contend with the utmost Vehemence for the Liberty of their Country, yet had no manner of Design to Dethrone the Monarchy, overturn and subvert the Constitution, and bring this Nation under the Tyranny of a Standing Army.

As to the Death of the King, their future Behaviour testified for them, both in their Treatment of the King, while he was in their Power, and their Resentment of the Usage he met with when he was taken out of their Power, by the Soldiers, That they were innocent so much as of the Thought.

I cannot deny what I have so often affirm'd in another Case, which I say is parallel to this, that from the time they took up Arms, every Battle fought, every Shot made, every Gun fired, was a tacit killing the King, and that so every Member of that Parliament had a Hand in killing the King.

But when these Gentlemen had brought the War to a Conclusion, and had the King in their Power, What did they do? Did they not according to their Treaty with the *Scots*, treat him with Freedom, Honour and Safety? Did they not seriously apply themselves to a Treaty with him for the settling the Nation, upon such a Foundation as they thought agreeable to what they had Fought for? And did they not consent to restore him to his Crown and Dignity, and to return to their Obedience upon such Conditions as were suitable to their first Demands? And had they not gone so far, and the King so far comply'd, as that they voted the King's Concessions a sufficient Ground of a Treaty?

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Thus far I do still insist upon it, That the Parallel between the *Civil War*, or *Parliament War*, or *Rebellion*, call it which you will; and the *Inviting over*, *Joining with*, and *Taking up Arms* under the *Prince of Orange*, against *King James*, seems to me to be very exact, the drawing such a Parallel very just, and the Foundation, Proceeding, and Issue just the same.

I have nothing to do here with the Consequences of the Action; the *Parliament-Men*, and others concern'd in that War, could no more have it in their Design to destroy the Person of *King Charles I.* or the *English Gentry*, that invited over the *Prince of Orange*, have it in their Design to form the Revolution that follow'd, than either of them could foresee the subsequent Issues of their Undertaking, before it was begun.

Neither of them can deny, the Destruction of their King, might, for ought they knew, be the Consequences of the War, or by an alternate Fortune, their own Destruction might be the same: But the necessity of putting both to the hazard, was certainly equal, and the Lawfulness equal by the same Consequence; and I cannot go from it, that both the said Wars were rais'd upon the same Foundation, viz. the Crown, invading the Laws and Liberties of the Subject. How any People can then *Defend the inviting over the Prince of Orange*, to check the Invasions of *King James II.* and at the same time condemn the taking Arms against the Invasions of *King Charles I.* remains to be resolv'd.

If they will prove, that the Invasions of Right, Property, and *English Laws*, were not equal, or proportionably so; nor the Actions of both equally Illegal, they must deny what the Parties themselves have acknowledg'd by their attempting to undo them again when too late.

If they will prove, that one Prince had more Right to impose upon his Subjects, than the other, and that the Subjects then ought to bear what the Subjects now ought to resent, the Case will alter, and I shall patiently expect some such Arguments to justify this: But if I am disappointed in that, I shall cease to wonder, when I reflect, that Impossibilities are not to be expected.

But all these Things are answer'd by one sort of Men, and they are such as argue, That neither of these Actions are justifiable at all; That the King receiving his Authority from no human Sanction, but from God alone, is accountable to none *but Him*; That *his Right* is Inherent, *his Person* Sacred, and the Obedience of his Subjects *a Debt of Religion*, in Obedience to the Commands of God, and consequently must be without Reserve.

To such I am not speaking in the Preface, *but in the Book*; and shall refer them to it; the *Satyr* is theirs: This Part is directed to another sort of Folk, and therefore is wrote in another Dialect; I only ask these, what is all this to the Parallel I draw between the Parliament War, and *the taking up Arms* against King *James*, both which were begun upon the same Foundation, and against the same Person, on the same Pretence?

Both are express'd, and describ'd by the same Phrase, or Form of Words; both are the *English* Nation, or Parliament taking Arms, upon the account of their Liberties invaded, and Laws dispensed with, by the Arbitrary Will of their Princes.

Both are the Subjects taking Arms against their Sovereign, which if it be not Lawful on any account, confirms the Parallel, and both shall join in meriting the Title of a Rebellion; if it may be Lawful on any account, then it will only remain to examine, whether of the two can put in the fairest Claim to the Right of taking Arms for their Liberty?

And not to enter here into the Melancholy Examination of the Particulars, I leave it to any Body to examine, whether the Invasion of Liberty, without consent in Parliament, dispensing with Laws, discontinuing Parliaments, and oppressing the Subject in the Reign of King *Charles*, were not equal to the same, or such like Articles, under the Administration of King *James II.* and let but the Advocates of this Matter deal impartially; and whenever they bring a Historical Parallel between the Reigns, I fear not an etlectual Confirmation of my Proposition?

I cannot but remind my Reader to do me Justice, for many are they that catch at the Sound of Things, and misplace Words; but let them *take me right*, and fix the same

same Periods of the several Actions as I do; the first to the King, being forcibly taken out of the Hands of the Parliament, by a *Juncto* of the Army, when *His Majesty's Concessions* on one hand, and *his Subjects Concessions* on the other, had bought a happy Peace in view, which View was one Reason that exasperated the Army, and to prevent which they thus flew in the Faces of their Masters, and turn'd that Force upon them, which they ought to have employ'd in their Defence, and by their Order: The other Period they must fix at the time of the Retreat of King *James*, and the Convention of Estates being Assembled to settle the *English* Government, and to restore the Liberties of the People, which the Arbitrary Proceedings of that King had ruin'd and subverted.

Hitherto both Parties acted upon the same Foundation, from the same, and equally to be justified Principles, and kept to their declar'd Designs.

What happen'd in both Cases subsequent to these Periods, may be reckoned among the unforeseen, and remote Consequences, which no Man could have been charg'd with projecting in the first Design, and are not at all concern'd in the Dispute.

I no more believe, that the first Raisers of the Civil War, suppose the *Parliament Aggressors*, ever design'd to have brought the King to a formal Trial, and to the Block as a Criminal, or foresaw any such Event in that War; than the first Signers of the Invitation to the Prince of *Orange* could foresee or design King *James's* Abdication, and the future Settlement of the Crown: Nor can any Man from a rational Conjecture from whence, to make it probable, that either of these could be foreseen on either hand.

As the Chances of War, and the various Successes of Actions of this Nature are unaccountable, and Men that Act on such Occasions, are answerable for the Consequences of such Actions, whether foreseen or no: So indeed, either side are accountable for the Things that follow'd; and how justifiable both are, I refer to History, and this Book; but the Business I am here upon, is, whether the Cases are alike, or no, and I profess not to be able to see the Difference.

The War in both Articles began with the same Pretences, on the same Principles, in the same Manner, the Complainers alledge the same thing, the Kings acted almost the same Things, and the Issue brought forth the same Event, *viz.* Deposing the King.

What Difference there was in the subsequent Proceedings, I say again, is nothing to the purpose I am upon: Nor can I Concern my self to Enquire, whether Suffering of Death, or Exile, were most Grievous, or most Criminal; those Things admit of Dispute, and are *too sad to make Merry with*; but thus far I think the Parallel is very plain, and cannot be deny'd, that the Reason of the War is the same, and one cannot be justified without the other.

And yet, should I enter into the Enquiry, which of the two Kings had the worst Treatment; I confess my self at some Loss to determine; and therefore to those Gentlemen that are angry at an Expression of mine in another place, concerning the Difference between *Dry* and *Wet* Martyrdom, I take the Liberty to say,

That either respecting the Suffering it self;

Or the manner preceding it.---If I might be at liberty to say what I think, 'tis really my Opinion, that King *James* went through the most, and with more cutting Aggravations; and let the Censurers of this do me Justice, I fear incurring no Blame from Men of impartial, discerning, unbiass'd Judgments.

It is not material to enquire into the Causes here, or what brought either of these Unfortunate Princes into Distress; but I am speaking as to the Weight of their Sufferings, respecting themselves, and the Guilt of the Persons, respecting the Instruments.

1. As to the Weight of the Sufferings, I am clear in it; tho' in this I pretend but to speak my own Opinion, that all the formidable Terrors of the Ax and the Scaffold, with their preceding Violences, I mean from the time the King fell into the Hands of the Army, to his Death, could not amount to a Ballance of the Exile, the Insults, the unsufferable Treachery of Friends, and this added to the length of Time, which the late King had to struggle with in his Deposing.

Death

Death is an immediate Gate of Deliverance to such Pressures as are beyond the Power of Flesh and Blood to support; and tho' the Weight of all sorts must be very heavy, under which King *Charles* the First fell, yet it had some Alleviations which this had not.

1. He had the Satisfaction to see, that his numerous Friends had stuck to him faithfully; that tho' he was over-powered by his Enemies, yet he had Thousands of his faithful Subjects had spent their Blood in his Service, and the Remnant continued true to him to the last, only wanting Ability.

2. He saw the very People, whose Power had reduc'd him, look'd on the Violences he then suffer'd with the utmost Regret: That it was a new undiscovered Mine, set on Fire from below, under which the whole Constitution at that time seem'd to ly buried, as well as he; and that the very Men, who took up Arms against him for their Liberty, yet abhorr'd the extending their Victory to his Destruction.

3. Had he thought fit, (*as few Princes but he would have stuck at it*) to have abandon'd the Bishops, he might long before that, have been re-establiſh'd.

Other Circumstances I omit, which I might bring to prove the Alleviations of Sorrow on his Side much greater than on King *James's*. But to come to the other Side.

The late King saw himself betray'd by his nearest Friends, abandon'd of those very Men that had led him by the Hand into the Snare; a universal Defection, the Exceptions in which were very few; no Body to stand by him; those very Men that had sworn to a Passive Absolute Submission, and taught it to others, *in Arms against him*.

He saw himself so intirely deserted, that he found himself, incapable of having, *as we say*, one Day for it, or an Opportunity of striking one Blow for his Crown.

He saw himself toſs'd off from his Throne by those very People, who in the Reign before, who were most zealous to place him there; he saw those that flatter'd him with the Sanction of his Person, and his deriving his Authority from God alone, arm'd with Guns and Swords, violating that very Person they pretended to hallow; those

that told him he was accountable to none, calling him to an Account for even the very things he had acted by their Advice, and which they had been the Engines to draw him into.

Add to this, that he saw himself driven out of his Kingdom by a Force he had the least Reason to apprehend; his own Children set upon his Throne by that National Authority, which he had too much contemn'd, and all possible Indignities put upon his Person by the Common People.

Escaping the Tumult and Insults of the Rabble, he fled into *France*; there he liv'd to see his powerful Ally not able to restore him, the Royal Navy of *France* destroy'd in his Defence, and at last the most Bloody War that ever *Europe* saw, began on his Account, but ended without any Relief, and his Patron of *France* forc'd to make Peace without him.

He saw his Rival King *William* establish'd at Home, acknowledged from Abroad, and go Home triumphing over his Desperate Fortunes; and all these Severities making deep Wounds in his Soul by the continuance of 11 Years, without Prospect of Recovery.

Let any Man ask me, if the Ax and the Scaffold had half the intolerable Weight of this Burthen?--- I cannot but think I have sufficiently demonstrated, that the last, as the Passive part of Valour, as the Greatest, suffer'd most; As to the Active part, and the Persons afflicting, to me it is still the same, and the Guilt of the last rather exceeds that of the first.

And here let me enter a due Caution; I do not by heightning the guilt of the Last, attempt to lessen the Guilt of the First, nor am I concern'd in it.

The first was all Tumult, Army, and Rabble; their Violence was equal on the Nation, as on the Person of the King; they Dethron'd not the King only, but the Constitution; they beheaded the very Government; Government, as well as the Governour.--- It was an unaccountable Torrent, like a Flood from the Sea driven upon the Land by some strong Tempest, which when it has forc'd its way over all Bounds, and broke down all the legal Banks and Opposition, Drowns the Country, and many
inno-

innocent People are destroy'd by the Violence of it; but when it has spent its Force, returns with the like Fury and Impetuosity, and at last ends in its Native Ocean; and so did this.

That these Violences were Illegal, Rebellious, B'oody, and Barbarous, and that the King and many others of the best Families in *England*, and some of those that were of the first that took Arms against him, fell under it, was what indeed was to be expected from such a Storm; and of these it shall be said, That as a Man fell before wicked Men, so fell *Abner*.

But take even this Army, this Rabble of Soldery; nay, add to them all the Designing Party, and those, if any such there were, who had the Destruction both of King and Constitution in their View from the beginning, all does not amount to the Treachery, the Baseness and abominable Hypocrisy of these Men, who did all this Violence to King *James*, after they, *the very same individual Persons*, had prompted him to all the unhappy Steps he took, justified the very arbitrary Proceedings and illegal Practices they afterwards expos'd him for; nay, and some of them the very Instruments which assisted him in acting them.

This unsufferable Treachery in the People he trusted, aggravated their Crime and his suffering, beyond all that I think can be said of King *Charles I.*

To say they did not murder him, is to say nothing, his Share, *as to them I mean*, I think exceeded that of his Fathers, and if their Crimes will admit of Comparisons, certainly the last exceeded all that ever went before them.

They did not try him, and cut off his Head; that had been *Une coup de Grace*, they were 11 Years a Murdering of him, and he languish'd all that while under their Treachery: And this is what I mean by the *Dry* and *Wet* Martyrdom; and if the Gentlemen that Object against the Comparison, please to enter into the Particulars, they will find the *Dry*, Starving, Betraying Martyrdom of King *James* exceed the other.

Not that I think the Revolution founded upon any thing of this Treachery, however assistant it was to bring
B 4 the

the Revolution to pass, nor do I argue, that the Deposing King *James* was an unjust Action, because it came as the Consequence of the People of *England* taking Arms to defend their Liberties and Laws, which were manifestly invaded---

But that respects those People who suffer'd by, and complain'd of those Invasions and Oppressions.

For King *James* was not deposed by those, otherwise than eventually; these were the Causes of all this; these Men led him into this Snare, swore their Allegiance to him upon absolute resigning Terms; sign'd a License to him to be a Tyrant, *as far as concern'd their Part*. They own'd him as a Monarch *Jure Divino*, of Right inherent, Power Absolute, and Person Sacred, and when they had thus led him to the Gulph, they push'd him in; and not only abandon'd him, but pursued him with the same Violence they had condemn'd others for before; one and all, they drew the Sword against the Lord's Anointed, call'd him to an Account, whom they had Sworn to as Unaccountable, and ruin'd him for those very Actions they had thrust him upon before.

After they had made his Case so desperate, and push'd him upon Things so unjustifiable and unaccountable, that forc'd even his best Friends, and his own Household and Children to fly from him; how did these Men defend him? How did they stand by him with their Lives and Fortunes, Things they had so often Banter'd him with? How did they that address'd him with Thanks for his Standing Army to Day, to Morrow Address the Prince of *Orange*, with perhaps like Hypocritical Thanks for rescuing them from the Slavery and Tyranny of the same Standing Army? How did they, that in their frequent Addresses to Stand by *Him* with their Lives and Fortunes, indeed stand by, and look on at his Destruction, reserving those Lives and Fortunes to cheat his Successor with?

Thus they put him to Dry Martyrdom, drove him from his Throne, sent him to seek Safety, and even Subsistence from Foreign Courts; to live an exil'd Stranger in other Countries,-----and perish under all the Miseries of a Banishment, that, to a great Mind, is worse than Death.

To say he was entertain'd, and receiv'd well abroad, is nothing to them, to the utmost of their Power, they starv'd him; and thus they murther'd him, as I call it; and what he endur'd by their Treachery, both as to the Person suffering, and Persons procuring, was in this much greater than that of his Father.

As to the rest of the Nation, such as never consented to Arbitrary Invasions of Liberty, Arbitrary Dispensings with the Laws, and Arbitrary Governing by an Army, they had really no other hand in the late King's Disasters, than what he ought to have expected; they never profess'd Submission beyond the Bounds of the Law; never told the King he might do what he pleas'd with them, and that their Wives, Lives, Children and Estates were his Cattle, and his Goods to dispose at his Pleasure; they never told him, that his Authority was equal with that of God himself; and to resist him, tho' he should turn Tyrant, was a damning Sin.

They always knew a legal Obedience, and no other; they understood themselves bound to resist Violence of all sorts, and to be at Liberty to oppose all that should attempt the Life of the Constitution, as the universal Enemies of their Country; this they had practis'd in all Ages, and so had other Nations likewise; and King *James* could expect no other from them.

The Sum of all, is this; all Nations determine, That Kings, who invade their People's Liberties, break in upon Constitutions, and the Sacred *Postulata* of Government; that oppress their Subjects, and impose unjust and intolerable Things upon them, MAY BE RESISTED; be it by calling in, and joining with Foreign Aid, or be it by taking Arms in the Defence of the Law and Common Liberty; this is what is declar'd in the Revolution, and this is the Foundation upon which the Parliament took Arms in the Time of King *Charles I.*

And upon this very Score, tho' in the common Stile they were call'd Rebels, yet at the Treaty of *Uxbridge*, His Majesty condescended to Treat with them as an *English* Parliament, and such they certainly then were, however afterward dispossest, and crush'd by the Soldiery: And in the Matter of War, the King, even from the first, volun-

voluntarily declin'd treating them as Rebels, but gave Quarter of War to their Men, Exchang'd and Ransom'd their Prisoners, and in all Things us'd them as fair Enemies; and the like, without doubt, would have been done, had King *James* the Second stood out with his Subjects, and it had gone on to a War.

From all these Things it appears, That it has never been the Opinion of the People of *England*, that the Sacred Right of their Princes extended to Protect them against the Laws; or, that if they acted contrary to their Duty and Contract, they were forbid even to Displace and Dethrone them.

From whence then, and for what ends the Modern Politicks of these Ages have usher'd this Monster into the World, would merit some History, were it not directly to be answer'd in a very few Words.

The Rise, Birth, and Introduction of this Piece of Inconsistence in Reasoning, I take to be properly accounted for, thus: A meer Device, and Politick Invention, furnish'd from the Fountain of Mischief, viz. Man's corrupt, yet fruitful Imagination, prompted by the Author of all Mischief, the Devil; calculated for the erecting, and found out by such as purpos'd to introduce Tyranny, and absolute Government in the World.

In these, and in their Plots against human Liberty, and Civil Society, this Creature had its Birth; since 'tis evident nothing can serve so naturally to the Hellish Purpose of subduing the Civil Rights of a Nation, as first to captivate their Minds, and infuse Notions of something Sacred, either in the Person or Authority of the Wretch, they were to be oppress'd by: Thus the way is made smooth for all the horrid Excursions of the most vicious and encroaching Tyrants in the World; for who in his Senses would resist the Voice of the King, if once he were bigotted into an Opinion, that it was in a perfect Conjunction with, had a resemblance of, and was back'd with Sacred Authority, from the Commands of God.

And this doubtless was the Occasion of the profane Attempts in the Case of several of the *Roman* and *Grecian* Tyrants, of causing Divine Honours to be paid them; by

by this, they obtain'd so much upon the subjected Minds of the Poor *imposed-upon* Multitude, that these entirely gave up their Liberties to the Absolute Tyranny of every barbarous Inhuman Wretch: And who could question but it would be so, when once the Folly of Men was prevail'd upon to believe the Divinity of the Tyrant.

Who would not, *if the Gods should rule*, Obey.

Thus this Delusion gain'd upon the World, as a studied Introduction to Universal Bondage.---And nothing else could have made us stoop in these wiser Ages, *as we say they are, of the World*; Nothing could so well have reconcil'd us to the Absurdities of Arbitrary Power, as to back the preposterous Notion with strange Suppositions of a Sacred Stamp upon the *Royal Thing* imposing, as a proper Handle to prepare our Subjection to what on no other Terms, or by no other Method we could be brought to.

And yet as all Evil Designs generally ruin themselves, by pushing too far a certain Token of the wrong Foundation they stand on, so it was here; for had they been content to have fix'd the Sacred upon the Office, and not altogether upon the Person of the Monarch, they might by their usual Artifice have run us a great way blindfold; but as they foresaw that would not so entirely vindicate the constant Enormities committed by such flagrant Wretches as God, for the Execution of his Judgments, sometimes thinks fit to suffer on the Thrones of Power; so, like Men resolv'd to answer every End, and if possible to bring deluded Nations into an absolute Subjection to the Devil, under the Notion of a God, they insist upon the Divinity of the Person of a King, Inherent in himself.

Whether this inherent Divinity is convey'd to him by his Office, or his Line, they have not yet thought fit to determine, but have left it as one of the unfurmountable Difficulties of the *Phænomena* of Tyranny by Divine Right, which future Ages may Solve if they can; or rather, which will rise up against the Forgery, with such unanswerable Violence, as must some time or other effectually

etually undeceive the World, and restore Men to their Senses.

For if Kings have their Divinity by Line, then none can have it but the Line; 'tis an Inheritance of the Royal Blood, from the first Great Prince that Heaven deputed it to, and every Branch of that Line must enjoy it; who that Prince was, when the Sanction was impress'd upon him, and entail'd on his Posterity, is a Mystery yet unfolded; but where he found how the most ancient Family now Reigning will do to *Cap Pedegrees*, and derive from that sanctified Blood, is a new Difficulty past any Mortal Reach, and the ready way to bring some Scandal upon all the Families of Royal Blood in the World, as Upstarts and Usurpers.

If puzzled with this Wilderiness-Inquiry, they would on the other Hand remove the Sacred from the Line to the Office, that is the Possession; they open the Door to all manner of Violence and Usurpation, since then he that has the Crown, becomes equally Divine with him that ought to have it, and the Usurper is as Sacred as the most rightful Monarch in the World.

Other Absurdities also would follow here, *viz.* a Person might be Sacred to Day, and not to Morrow; if Sacred at all, it could not be lawful to Dethrone him; and yet if Dethron'd, the Person who did it, by whatsoever Violence, Injustice, Cruelty or Blood, by his stepping into the Seat, became *ipso facto* as Divine, as Sacred, and as much to be obey'd upon pain of Damnation, as he; and so *vice versa* from Tyrant to Tyrant, as often as Providence thought fit to let Power overcome Right in the World.

I shall no more trouble my Reader with searching this Maze of Folly, its ridiculous and inconsistent Nature merits rather to be expos'd, than debated; and therefore was this *Satyr* wrote; in which, if this Foot-ball of *Jure Divino* is not sufficiently kick'd about, you must blame the Ability, not the good Will of the Author.

I know it has been expected I should in this Book have examin'd into all the Parts of Tyranny, as well Ecclesiastical as Civil, and perhaps there been had room enough for *Satyr* upon our Church-Tyranny; especially as it has been lately

tately practis'd, and since endeavour'd to be Re-establish'd in *England*.

But I have wav'd this unpleasant Task for many Reasons, and some of them are as follow.

1. Because it seems to be at an end in *England*, I look on it as a Lyon slain, buried in the Grave of the Popish Invasions, and Arbitrary Encroachments of the late Reigns of King C----s and King J----s II. a Criminal convicted by the Revolution, and executed by the Legal Toleration, which is part of the Establishment of these Nations; and a thing on which too much now depends, to give us any just Concern for its Danger: Persecution, and Priestly Tyranny, has receiv'd its Mortal Wound; in vain have been all the Attempts to revive it.---And I doubt not, so they will continue.

2. As the Sovereignty of Conscience has gain'd the Victory over Party-Invasion, and the Church her self has disown'd the Doctrine of Persecution, as *a thing contrary to her Doctrine*, and contrary to *the Principles of the Christian Religion*, it cannot be that a Resurrection of that Spirit can happen in this Nation, till *England* shall so far forget her self, as to contradict *her own Doctrine*, and act contrary to *the Principles of the Christian Religion*.

And should that unhappy Time ever come to pass in *England*, when the Church, by the Errors and Impositions of any Party, shall be brought to such Excentrick Measures, they may depend upon it, that when she comes to her self again, she will return to the same Moderation, which she owns by her Principle to be just.

Persecution therefore, which is a meer Church-Tyranny, is an Enemy Conquer'd, absolutely subdu'd, and I think Probabilities justify me speaking with Assurance, will never have a Resurrection again in this Nation.

There can but one thing restore the Dominion of this Evil Spirit in this Nation, and that must be the Return of Popery upon us; and if this sort of Persecution comes among us, it will make no difference between Church of *England* and *Dissenter*, but Persecution respecting Protestantism in General will be our Fate; and how odious will Protestant-Persecution look then! All equally dissent and dissent from Popery; I hope they will not push me
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upon entring on the ungrateful Comparison of who differs most, or whose Principle is remotest from the Church of *Rome*; if Popery prevails, the whole Protestant Church will be one Body of *Dissenters* under the Burthen of Ecclesiastical Persecution, and under a Church-Tyranny, which the Christian Religion abhors; and some that are very forward to persecute for the private Opinions of Men, would do well to consider,

1. How naturally their tearing one another to Pieces by unreasonable and unchristian Feuds, tends to pulling down the Protestant Interest in General in these Nations; laying open the Fences and Fortifications of the Church, which so much consist in a General Unity, and exposing her to be devour'd by Popery and Superstition.

2. How readily it fills the Mouths of the Enemies of the Church, who wait for her halting with Arguments against the very Foundation of her Principles, that while she blames the *Roman* Church for Coercives, and the Fury of Church-Tyranny, she at the same time falls upon her weak Brethren that offer to separate from her Communion, and to tear them to pieces by like unjustifiable Tyranny.

The most necessary Application I can make from hence, is, That Persecution is a *Seed of the Devil*, born of *Civil Tyranny*, and degenerated into a meaner Species or Kind, than its Original; for I readily confirm this Maxim,

*That of all Plagues, with which Mankind is Curst,
Ecclesiastical Tyranny's the worst.*

'Tis plain, *Persecution* is a thing really odious and hateful to all Nations, and therefore most Religions in the World most industriously avoid the Challenge, and either strive to throw it off from one another, or excuse themselves by Charging it upon their Neighbours; also thinking to extenuate the Crime, by having it allow'd to be universal.

The Church of *Rome* began with this, and *Saunders* the Jesuit reproaches the Church of *England* with persecuting their Fellow-Hereticks, even as soon as they were but just got out of the Reach of Fire and Faggot themselves.

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The Church of *England*, on the other hand, reproaches the *Dissenters* with the same Spirit, boasting the Pretences to the *Jure Divino* of *Presbytery*, instancing farther in the late Proclamation for banishing Prelatick Ministers in *Scotland*, the Persecution of the *Quakers* in *New-England*, and the like.

The Truth is, no Church, *but that of Rome*, professes Persecution; and that I may not Charge the *Roman-Catholicks* with the Article of Persecution without Ground, I refer the Reader to the Oath of a Bishop to the Pope, set down at large in my Lord Bishop of *Salisbury's* History of the Reformation; "Hereticks, Schismatics, and Rebels, to our Holy Father, and his Successors, I shall RESIST AND PERSECUTE to my Power. *Hist. Reform. Vol. 1. f. 123.* So that the Church of *Rome* were bound by Oath to Persecute those that were deem'd Schismatics and Hereticks.

But in the Church of *England* its quite different, and as the Nature of her Constitution is inconsistent with the persecuting Principle, the Reformation having begun in an Abhorrence of Persecution; so to me it is a Declaration never to be forgotten, which we found in the Preamble to the first Occasional Bill; and tho' some have taken Care to obliterate it, by leaving it out in the second Bill, I cannot but on all Occasions repeat it, in order to perpetuate it to Posterity, as a thing which deserves to be recorded to the Honour of the Church of *England*, viz. *Whereas Persecution for Conscience Sake is contrary to the Principles of the Christian Religion, and to the Doctrine of the Church of England, &c.* Be it Enacted-----

Under all these Circumstances, I cannot but take the Freedom to say, the Protestant Religion in *England* seems to Triumph over Persecution, without any Fear or Danger of its recovering its self in time to come: Toleration is now a publick Right by Law, as it was before a Right of Conscience; and would the Patrons of Tyranny suffer themselves to judge impartially, and put the Civil Peace of the Nation in the Balance with their private Sense of Things, they cannot but judge, that Toleration of Religious *Dissenters*, is suited most to the General Good

Good both of Religion, Civil Government, and the Common Interests of Nations.

I would not here enter the Dissenter's Claim of Right to the Toleration they now enjoy, were it not that we are so often told, that Toleration to Dissenters in *England* is the meer Grace and Bounty of the Church.

That if it were so, we had a great deal to thank them for, I readily own; and no Man should be more forward to own, and upon all Occasions acknowledge the Debt-- But however I would not lessen the Charity and Tenderness of the Church, abstracted from the Impositions of *Court-Interest*, *Party-Contrivance*, and all the powerful *Et Cetera's* that prevail'd with her to be made a *Tool of Popery*, to weaken her self and her Brethren; I must yet be allow'd to say the Dissenters enjoy their Toleration as a Capitulation or Treaty of Union, when they join'd with the Church of *England* upon sure Foundations, never to be shaken, but by something that must over-turn Nation, Constitution, and Protestant Religion together.

The Stipulations of this Treaty were Toleration of Dissenters, signified in the Memorial to the Prince, delivered at the *Hague*, recapitulated in his Declaration * upon his coming over, of which he was *Guarantee*, and in Dependence upon which, the Dissenters rejected a precarious illegal Liberty offered them by King *James*, founded upon his Dispensing Power, and join'd heartily with the Church of *England*. The Stipulations of this Treaty, I say, were Liberty to Tender Consciences to be settled by Act of Parliament, which is in *English*, an act of Toleration.

I forbear to enlarge upon this Head, because I have at large insisted upon it; and I think effectually clear'd it up in another place; and I never yet met with any Person that thought fit to debate the Particulars.

But when I am speaking of this Article of Toleration of Religion, Liberty of Conscience, and the like, it naturally occurs to examine the Pretences of those Gentlemen who press the Dissenters, and I must say very imprudently as to the Matter of Universal Toleration; and that

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* Vid. *The 8th. Article of the Prince of Orange's Declaration.*

I may not be charg'd with taking them at an Advantage; I shall not tye them up to the literal Sense of their Words; but take them in their own declar'd Meaning.

Mr. Stephens in a certain, to him unhappy, Libel upon the Government, entitled, *A Letter to the Author of the Memorial of the State of England*, has an Expression to this purpose; *Whether it might not be for the Interest of the Dissenters to declare themselves for an universal Toleration of all Opinions meerly Religions?*

Mr. Toland since, that designing something for the Press upon this Head, sends three Letters, one to the *Presbyterians*, one to the *Independents*, and one to the *Baptist Congregations*, to move them to declare themselves on this Article of Universal Toleration, and desires them to give him their Answer in Writing, which I have been told he design'd to Publish.

I will not determine here for any Body but my self; and therefore these Gentlemen must not pretend to take my Answer here for the general Opinion of the Dissenters; Doubt as I venture my private Opinion in this Case, all Men are at Liberty to pass their Judgements upon it as they see convenient.

Mr. Stephens proposes this to the Dissenters as a thing which he thinks a Debt from them with respect to the Papists, who Charge the Protestants in General with persecuting Principles, and as he seems also to insinuate, that nothing but this can entitle them to a Right of Toleration themselves; and this is Plain from his own Words,

All Men have a Right to the Liberty of their Consciences, except those who have denied that Liberty to others.

What he afterwards Designs, by proving the Church of England has deny'd Liberty, and has persecuted others for Conscience, I know not, nor can I infer any thing from it; but that therefore he thinks the Church of England merits not the Toleration she did refuse to give; if this be the Meaning, the Papists are more beholden to that Gentleman, than the Church of England, whose Cloth he wears.

But why must the Dissenters declare themselves for universal Toleration? Or, why for or against? Why declare themselves at all?

Mr. Toland in his Letter, urges a kind of Necessity of it; to remove the Scandals endeavour'd to be thrown upon the Dissenters, as a People of a persecuting Temper; and that while they make loud Complaints against Persecution, talk much of the Sovereignty of Conscience, and the Right of Mankind to a Liberty of Worshipping God their own way, they themselves, were the Power put in their Hands, would push upon Coercives, assert the Divine Right of their own Constitution, and make equal Restraints upon their Fellow Christians, that differ'd from them in Opinion; and to clear them of this Scandal, that Gentleman thinks it stands them in stead to undeceive the World in the point of their Charity, and the Wideness of their Principles, and to justify themselves to the World.

I will not suspect, much less dispute the Expressions of Tenderness, and sincere Regard to the Interest and Reputation of Religion in general, and of the Dissenters in particular, which Mr. Toland professes to be the true Motives of his desiring them to make such a publick Declaration, but leave it here till I speak to it in General.

Mr. Stephens's Desire to have the Dissenters declare themselves for this Universal Toleration, seems to be a Challenge to them, to make out their Title to Toleration themselves, since by his Rule no Men have any Claim to Toleration, for their own Opinion, that would not grant Toleration to others.

But supposing, tho' I don't grant it, that the Dissenters in England are not for Tolerating all Opinions; I would ask, Does it follow from thence, that they must not be tolerated?

All Opinions that are meerly Religious, are not equally Orthodox: Now, if my Opinion be really in it self, Doctrinally Sound, tho' not in all things relating to Circumstances, conforming to the establish'd Mode, will nothing entitle me to a Toleration of my sound and orthodox Opinion, but being willing to Tolerate another Opinion that is Hetrodox, Blasphemous, or Heretical?

If we must not distinguish of Opinions, which are, or are not consistent with the Christian Religion, then we must not distinguish of those things which the Scripture has plainly distinguish'd; as in the Case of the Church of

Pergamos,

Pergamos, where she is blam'd for having *THERE*, that is, *Tolerated* in her, or with her, those who hold---- the Doctrine of *Balaam*, who taught *Balack* to cast a Stumbling-block before the Children of *Israel*, *Rev.* 12. 14. and again; *ver.* 16. *SO HAST THOU ALSO*; them that hold the Doctrine of the *Nicolaitans*; which thing I hate ----; Repent therefore, &c.

Again, the Church of *Thyatira* is blam'd for Toleration; *ver.* 20. *Because thou sufferest that Woman Jezabel, who calleth her self a Prophetess, to teach and seduce my Servants, &c.*

I will not undertake a Comment upon this Text, or enter into the Debate, what Errors are meant by the Doctrines these taught, but to me it seems plain, that the Spirit of God does direct us not to Tolerate such in his Church as Teach the Doctrines which his Soul hates, which are destructive of his Honour; and of the Nature of Religion, Heretical and Abominable:

The Churches are here blam'd for having such among them; and in another place for suffering them----. What should prevent my concluding, that such are not to be Tolerated in the Church; I confess I cannot foresee; and therefore I leave it to be censur'd as the Reader pleases.

But when we come to Toleration of Orthodox Churches, let us examine the same Text, and there we find some of the Churches left their first Love, as that at *Ephesus*; others had a Name of Living, but were Dead, as the Church of *Sardis*; others neither cold nor hot in Religion, as the Church of *Laodicea*, and the like, and yet all are own'd by the Scripture, as Churches, and being Sound in Doctrine, are only admonished to repent, but no where denied a Name among the Churches.

From this I pretend to offer this Positive Assertion; That Christians, of what Denomination soever, being Orthodox in Principle, and Sound in Doctrine, have a Native Right to Liberty of serving God, according to the Dictates of their own Consciences, and ought to be Tolerated, provided they behave themselves peaceably under the Government; and obedient in all other Things to the Civil Magistracy of the Country in which they live;

That I should say the same of Opinions that are Blasphemous and Heretical, that deny the Fundamentals of the Christian Religion, derogate from the Nature or Attributes of God, or the Honour and Divinity of our Redeemer, or any the like desperate Errors, I see no Foundation for it in the Scripture, or in the Nature of the thing.

If it shall be enquir'd here, Who shall determine what is, or is not Orthodox, and alledg'd, every Man being possess'd with the Soundness of his own Opinion; this will send us all to *Rome* for an infallible Judge in every Dispute.

I must answer, There is no occasion for any such Difficulties, the few Things which serve to declare the difference between an Orthodox Christian, and a Heretick, are so plain, so visible in Scripture, so explicit in our Creeds and Confessions of Faith, in which all Orthodox Christians agree, that we need go no further; the Scripture is allow'd by all Christians to be the Rule of Faith, sufficient to Instruction; the Christian Confessions of Faith, are a Collection of the fundamental Heads of our Religion, deduc'd from the said Scriptures, compos'd of plain, indisputable Truths, unto which, whoever agrees, tho' in the *Addenda*, and Circumstances of Order, Discipline, and Manner, he may differ, he is in the Sense of all Christians, an Orthodox Believer.

But if a Man denies the Nature, Being, or Attributes of God, the Resurrection of the Body, Futurity of Rewards and Punishments; the Divinity, Conception, Birth, Death, Resurrection, Ascension and Intercession of our Redeemer; his delegated Power of Judgment and Retribution; the Power, Operation and Efficacy of the Holy Spirit, and the Mystical Union of the Trinity; if any Man denies the Necessity of Faith and Repentance, and the Salvation of a Soul, only by the Purchase and Merits of a Redeemer, and the like essential Points of the Christian Religion; such a Man is a Disciple of that *Jezabel*, who calls her self a Prophetess, and who ought not to be suffer'd, that is, Tolerated in the Church of Christ, to teach and seduce his People to commit Fornication, &c. *Rev. 2. 20.*

I think we have no need of a Pope here, the infallible Judge is before you, *to the Word, and to the Testimony*; the Proof is plain, and the Distinction I hope is according to Charity.

To Persecute any Man, or Body of Men, that own and profess such Fundamental Doctrines as these, is an evident Invasion of the Native Rights of Conscience, which in such Matters can be subject to no Temporal Jurisdiction, no, nor any Human Power, Ecclesiastical or Civil; and therefore is meer Church-Tyranny, exploded and abhorr'd by all Nations of Christians, and of which I have already noted, that it has been declar'd by the Parliament of *England*, to be contrary to the Principles of the Christian Religion, and the Doctrine of the Church of *England*.

But yet to say, that therefore all manner of Excursions, Blasphemous Opinions, and Heretical Doctrines, must be allow'd as a General Homage paid to the Claim of Conscience; I see no Connection in the thing, nor any thing on either hand that makes such a Teleration a Consequence of the other.

But come we now to the Enquiry, What have the Dissenters to do in this Case? And why should they be call'd upon to make any Declaration on this Head?

If any Man means by this to make an invidious Enquiry, which of the several sorts of Dissenters are wisest in their Toleration-Charity, who would, or would not persecute, if it was in their Power, and look back upon former Days, to fetch their Proofs of what may be, from what has been.

At least, let such People pretend no more, that this Enquiry is made to unite, fortify, defend, and clear the Scandals rais'd against the Dissenters, since such Enquiries tend to divide, make Reflections and Comparisons, the Practice of which is equally odious with the Consequences.

And farther, let them observe, that they will find nothing from such an Enquiry or Retrospect, but what may be join'd to like or worse Actions of the Church of *England*, and bury'd among those Things which they are equally willing should be forgotten.

The influences of the several Courts, the Effects of the Disputes about the *Jus Divinum*, of several sorts of Power, whether Regal, Episcopal, or Presbyterian, have had fatal Effects in their several Turns.----- But all may have a good Issue, in making every Age amend the Errors of their Fathers; and I cannot think it is to be argu'd, That if the Presbyterian Power were restor'd to its full Exercise, it would proceed to Persecution of other Orthodox Opinions, because, *as they say*, it was once so, any more than it is to be argu'd, That the Church of England, if the Toleration-Act were repeal'd, and the Law *de Heretico Comburendo* restor'd, would condemn the *Quakers* and *Baptists* to Fire and Faggot, because they formerly did so.

These Suggestions therefore, as contentious and malicious, I must explode; and being equally bury'd in an Establish'd Toleration, the Retrospect is needless and impertinent.

But to come nearer to Mr. Toland, Why should the Dissenters take upon them to declare their Opinion of who has, or has not a Religious Right to Toleration? 'Tis plain they have a Civil Right to it; 'tis the Purchase of their Blood and Treasure; 'tis one of the Articles of their Confederacy with the Church of England, and stipulated at a Time when it was in their Power to have been a fore Obstruction to the present Safety, and flourishing Condition of the Church, if not to have pull'd her quite down: From whence I cannot but note, That to talk now of Gifts, Charity, and meer Concession of Grace, is a little ungrateful, and looks as if some Gentlemen had forgot what Condition their Affairs were in, when the Dissenters left all the Ease, and promised Liberty, of the inviting Court, and embarked in the same Hazards with the Church, merely for the supporting that Church, which some are so unkind to say, they would destroy.

Here's the Foundation of the present Liberty; and therefore the Dissenters are unconcern'd with the Dispute about the Religious Right to a Liberty of Opinion in Matters of Conscience.

Not that the Dissenters have less Right, by the Nature of the Thing, to a Toleration of Religion, but their native Liberty

berty is fortified by the Addition of this Civil Right; they claim it by both, and in both their Tenure is Good; 'tis a free Possession, without Homage or Acknowledgment.

What is it to them, who ought to be Tolerated, *or who not*? 'tis Plain that both ways THEY OUGHT to be Tolerated, since not their Enemies themselves can charge them with any Opinions that are not Orthodox, that are Heretical, Blaspheinous, or inconsistent with the Christian Religion, and that confirms their Religious Right; and 'tis a Claim by Treaty, and stipulated on Conditions compleatly perform'd on *their Side*, and honestly executed by the lawful Authority and Government of the Nation on *the other Side*; and that confirms their Civil Right.

As to the Dissenters declaring what they would do, if they were vested with the Power in Government, and how far they would go in tolerating all Opinions incerly Religious; ----- I cannot conceive the best Answer in the World can be so effectual, inoffensive, and significant, as no Answer at all to such a many-fac'd Question.

And tho' I will no way attempt here to determine the Design of the Question, which I rather chose to suppose as sincere, and as free from Design, as the Enquirer says it is; yet the apparent ill Construction, which both the Question, and the best Answer, that could begive, might be liable to, makes the giving no Answer to it very proper, I need take little pains to explain.

Should the Dissenters declare for Universal Taleration of all Opinions incerly Religious, to what manifest Objections such a Declaration would be liable, in respect to the essential Parts of some Peoples Profession, and how many Inconveniencies the Disputes of all sorts might lead them to, I will not here examine.

But what Sport would some People be glad of the Opportunity of making; should any Man have been so weak to answer for what any Party would do, if the Power were in their Hands! and how would some People, *who are fond of pretending from every Trifle, that the Dissenters Dream of Power and Government*, presently fly upon them, and say, they were determining their Conduct against they met with the Opportunity!

Should they declare for a General Anarchy of Opinions, what Confusions would these People argue upon, as the Consequence of their Latitudinarian Power?

Should they declare against it, how would they ruffle the Dissenters upon the Article of a Persecuting Spirit? And who can pretend a real Zeal for the Interest of the Dissenters, and attempt to draw them into any thing, from which so much injurious Advantage against them might be taken?

On the other Hand, what benefit can there be to any Person from this Declaration? what can any Man propose to them to move it?

To say, such a Declaration entitles them to the Toleration they enjoy, as Mr. *Stephens*, is to say nothing, because they have a better Title to it already; and this will not so much as add the least Strength to it.

To say it is to clear them from Scandal, is to say nothing, since they really ly under no Scandal already upon that Account; and if the Church should throw any Dirt of that Sort from Days of Infirmary on both sides, so much of it would fly back in her own Face, as would drown the Memory of those Pretences.

Both the Church of *England* and the Dissenters have gone such a Length in the Article of Toleration and Christian Liberty, as I am free to say, has bury'd all the Fears of Persecution here, let what Government will, Popery excepted, get uppermost.--- And in this Ecclesiastick Liberty lies bury'd all Church-Tyranny; and there let it ly FOR EVER AND FOR AY.

To have the Dissenters say what they will, or will not do, when that shall happen, which they themselves do not desire should come to pass, seems to have something in it too weak for the Proposer; methinks he could not be capable, his Learning and Judgment consider'd, of imagining the Gentlemen he wrote to could be so weak, as to make any Publick Conclusion or Determination on that Head, which to me would have been the first Action they had ever done, to make the World think them unworthy of that Liberty they enjoy'd.

I had not spoke to this here, but as I thought it very proper, as well to lay down the true Foundation upon
which

which the Dissenters enjoy their Liberty, as to clear up that supposed Obligation which they are fancy'd to ly under; That because, *they who ought to have Liberty*, enjoy it, therefore they should be oblig'd to espouse a general Liberty to others, whether they have an equal Claim, or indeed, any claim to it or no.

I conclude this Head with only one Observation more; Suppose the Enquirer here, should not Grant the Claim of Civil Right to Liberty and Toleration, which I say the Dissenters have, but that they enjoy it as the meer Gift and Bounty of the Church. This most certainly makes it yet more unreasonable for them to declare themselves as to the Tolerating others; for if what they enjoy be a Gift, then it is absolutely in the Church or in the Government, *take it were you will*, to bestow it, or not to bestow it, and who to bestow it upon, or who to withhold it from; otherwise the Gift is restrain'd, and is no more a Gift, but an Act of Debt or Necessity.

It would be then very ungrateful and disrespectful to these Benefactors, for the Dissenters, as soon as they receiv'd this meer Grace and Bounty of the Church, to pretend to prescribe to the Doners, who ought or ought not to partake of the Gift as well as they. When you have given an Alms to a Beggar, you would take it for a Piece of uncommon Insolence, that he should come and bring another Beggar to you, pretending you ought to relieve him too.

If this be a Grace, the Dissenters Business is to go away, and be thankful, and not concern themselves with who is, or is not intitled to the Bounty.

So that take it which way we can, with Submission to the Enquirer, it was not a Request he could think the Dissenters, if in their Senses, could give any Answer to, the Proposal savour'd of something not extraordinary careful either of their Interest or Reputation, to say no worse of it: If there was any other Design, be that to the Contriver.

But to return to the Subject, we are happen'd into the World in an Age when all sorts of Tyranny have met with their deserv'd, tho' most unexpected Fate.

Ecclesiastick Tyranny lies bury'd in the Grave of the High Commission, and Civil Tyranny in that of the late King

James;

James; these are both succeeded by their Contraries, Toleration and Revolution, and we all trust are buried too deep ever to rise more.

We have Attempts to destroy them both every Day set on Foot among us; the Dissenters are branded as Rebels, and constant Underminers of the Church; to divide them, they are rendred odious to one another; the *Presbyterians* charg'd with Persecuting-Principles, the *Independents* with Commonwealth Tenets, the *Quakers* unchristianiz'd, and charg'd with having no Principles at all; Snakes in the Grass are daily Snarling, and private Animositities promoted among those of every sort, who are weak enough to entertain them; and 'tis plain the Design lies at the Body, the Ax lies at the Root of the Tree; the Overthrow of the Constitution, is the Design, and the Enemies of the Dissenters, as such, have by too many visible Tokens explain'd themselves to mean the Subversion of the Universal Right of Christians, and of Subjects.

For this, the Doctrine of *Jure Divino* is Calculated, Civil and Ecclesiastick Tyranny universally pleaded for, and all sorts of Liberty run down and oppos'd: Let those that plead for Tyrants of any sort, submit to their Power; for my part, I esteem the Liberty of Estate and Religion equally with our Lives, every Man's Birth-right by Nature; no Government ever received a Legal Authority to abridge or take it away: Nor has God ever vested any single or confederated Power in any Hand to destroy it; and 'tis in Defence of this Common Right that I have wrote this Book.

I shall say very little in the Defence of the Performance, but this; It has been wrote under the heaviest Weight of intolerable Pressures, the greatest part of it was compos'd in Prison; and as the Author has unhappily felt the most violent and constant Efforts of his Enemies to destroy him ever since that, the little Composure he has had, must be his short Excuse for any thing incorrect.

Let any Man, under Millions of distracting Cares, and the constant ill Treatment of the World, consider the Power of such Circumstances, over both Invention
and

and Expression, he will allow I had been to be excus'd; even in worse Errors than are to be found in this Book.

I know some will cavil at the Title, and that it either has no literal Signification, or is not good Latin; let such observe, I could not part with my Title in Civility to the Objection; and if it will not pass as a Latin Sentence, it may pass as a proper Name or Title to a Book, or a Phrase added to the Tongue, signifying the vain Pretensions of a Divine Right; as the World has us'd me very unkindly in the Subscribing-Part, so they have in their Character of the Work. I have heard of Plays that have been his'd and laugh'd off the Stage; but I never heard of a Play his'd off the Stage before it came upon the Stage.

This poor Work has met with the hard Fate of being reported to be ill done, and the meanest thing I ever did, and that it will not Sell, &c. yet the Authors of that Report, to my Diversion, as well as Remark, I observe it, I am very Positive, never saw, read, or heard one Line of it in their Lives; their Judgment, *which must, you'll say, be very good, and suited to their Discretion*, is, I thank God, none of my Concern.

I have indeed been forc'd into an open War with the Booksellers about this Book, having universally refus'd them Subscribing, some particular Friends excepted; and in return I am assur'd they will Reprint it, and Sell it for half the Money: Now, to tell them, that this is meer Theft, picking of Pockets, robbing upon the High Way, and the like, is to tell them nothing, but what they are reconcil'd to in Practice; to call them hard Names, is what I am not us'd to; they are Booksellers; and that's the highest *Satyr* I shall make upon them.

But however, I am content; let them turn Pyrates, and take away my Right; I have been us'd to be robb'd and plunder'd in every Thing I have usher'd into the World, that I might not at least want the Principal Qualification of a Poet.----- But let them be sure of this, whoever attempts, it will lose by it.----- And let them take my Word, or not take it, as they please.

As to the Poetical Part of it, where the Argument of it lies strong, I have been very careless of Censure that way, and have often sacrific'd the Poet to the Reasoning Style.

The Historical Part, I think I may say, cannot admit of being very Poetical; but as I think it was equal to any of the rest in its necessity, I am very well pleas'd to argue strongly, rather than softly.

I know I am under the same Censure tho' without his Merit to support me, that *Cowley's Davideis* has suffer'd before me, viz. that if it had been explicit in it self, it had needed no Annotations; but I think the necessary Quotations of History coming on very thick, I could not but explain my Meaning, whereby People of small Reading may exactly understand it; the Annotations therefore are chiefly historical, and direct and serve to guide the Reader to the Authors, which justify the Work; and this I chose rather, than to advance on my own Authority, what I know will meet with Opposition enough.

I am perfectly arm'd against Events in the Success this Book shall meet with in the World; my Fate, and that of my Writings, have been very singular, viz. to be most neglected of them, that at the same time have own'd them useful; but as neither the Work, nor its Author depend upon any thing in this World; so neither am I looking either at Praise or Reward, and therefore am entirely unconcern'd at the Success of it.

I shall quit therefore any farther Defence of it, and leave it to its Fate, and the Universal Censure of *Criticks, Rehearsers, Jacobites, Non-Jurors*, and the Crowd of *Party-Furies*, that wait to worry it, as they would do its Author, and am pleas'd with, instead of being mortified at what my Experience knows has been a just Motto for me.

*Aude aliquod brevibus Gyris & Carcere Dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis: PROBITAS laudatur & Alget.*

Juven. Sat. 1. lin. 73, 74.

I shall close this Preface with a Word to those Gentlemen, who have ill treated me for the Delay of bringing it

it into the World:----- In which they have been very barbarous and uncivil, as well as unjust.

All those few and wiser Heads that had any respect for the Author, earnestly press'd me not to attempt it while the last Parliament was Sitting, Measures having been taken, and the Party then powerful enough to blast it in its Birth, seize it in the Press, and suppress both it and me together, by the heavy Weight of Parliamentary Censure; and this laid it asleep a Year.

The necessary Obstruction of a four Months Travil; defer'd it last Summer, being unwilling to let it pass the Press unrevis'd; and from *October* last, it has, thro' many Interruptions of private and publick Hurries, been Passing the Press.

Those People, who have open'd their Mouths at this Delay, to reproach the Author with taking Subscription-Money without any Design to Publish it, will now see how unjust so rash and so severe a Slander has been.

But above all, those that have pretended to keep the Subscription-Money, they had receiv'd in their Hands for a Security till they shall have the Book, have first been very unjust to the Author; and secondly, done their best to prevent its being Publish'd at all.

Subscriptions are in their Nature design'd for two ends; First, To enable the Authors by the Money advanc'd; to go thro' the Expence of Printing, which every Man, that undertakes to Publish a Book on his own Risque, cannot do, nor which these Gentlemen did not know I could do without them.

Secondly, To secure the Author, that the Subscribers will take it when 'tis finish'd, many People having lately learnt not to put too great a Sanction, no not on their own Hand, when they please to alter their Minds.

Both these Hardships are put upon me by these false Friends, and yet without their Help, behold 'tis finish'd; and They, not the Author, have been guilty of designing a Fraud, if any has been design'd at all.

As for those, who having Subscrib'd, and Honourably assisted the Author to go thro' with it, he hopes the Work it self will, in Conjunction with this Acknowledgment, be their Satisfaction; and had they not expressly

pressly forbid it, he had both printed their Names, and made the Dedication of it to them, as Benefactors to it.

As to Sale, the Author entirely declines it; and tells the Gentlemen-Bookfellers, that threatned to Pyrate it, as they call it, *viz.* Reprint it, and Sell it for half a Crown; so you must, Gentlemen; if you intend to have it: For of the Original Copies, if the Subscribers are Honest, you will have very few; and if all Men that Write, would take the same Method, the Bookfellers would soon leave off imposing upon them.-----

Some *Addenda*, not yet finish'd, relating to the present Victories, and great Prospect of reducing Tyranny, will be deliver'd *gratis* to the Subscribers, either early enough to Bind with this; if they please; or prepar'd to be Read by themselves.

I don't expect the Advocates of Tyranny should like it; it was not wrote to Gratify them, but Convince them; and therefore all their Reproaches, and all their Fury at the Author will be perfectly lost; he is prepar'd to Contemn them, as they deserve.

D. F.

THE

THE CONTENTS.

- T**HE Introduction to the Work.
- LIB. I.** *A Satyrical Allusion to the Heathen Gods, who are suppos'd to have been all of them Kings, or famous Men in their Time, and fabl'd into Deities by the Error and Ignorance of those Days; concluding with a List of Great, but Vicious Princes in our Modern Times, fit to make Gods of in the next Promotion.*
- II.** *The Allusion brought down to the Kings below, who are call'd Gods too in the Scripture: Their Original Power examin'd from its Patriarchal Institution; and joining in Societies for mutual Defence, prov'd to be the General Act, even of those Patriarchs themselves; so that the Right of the People Govern'd, is plain from that very Foundation laid to oppose it; the Story Illustrated from Saul, who, tho' Anointed by Samuel, was not Crown'd till the Consent of the People was obtain'd.*
- III.** *An Enquiry, why God in his Providence gives Power to wicked Men, and while he punishes private Murders and Injustice, leaves the World at the Mercy of Tyrants to ravage and destroy it at their Pleasure; a Proof that he left Mens Liberty a Trust to them to preserve and defend, and gave them the use of their Reason to that purpose.*
- IV.** *A Search into the Laws of Custom for the Divine Right of Princes; and among the rest, some Satyr on the Custom of those Gentlemen here that Preach up this Doctrine, exemplified in their Treatment of the late King James; their first Swearing, and perswading him to believe, that they would pay an undisputed Obedience to him, expos'd as a greater Treachery, than their deserting him.*

The CONTENTS.

- V. *A Retrospect on the earliest Time; Property prov'd the true and only Original of Power. The Story of Rehoboam, and the Ten Tribes, Satyrically methodiz'd; a Hymn to Liberty.*
- VI. *A Draught of Tyranny, and an Enquiry from the Nature of it, if it ought not to be Resisted; an Excursion here on the Laxs of God, Nature, and Reason, concurring to resist Oppression.*
- VII. *A Search into History; affirming, That all Nations, and in all Ages, have made it a constant Practice to Dethrone Tyrants, and Defend their Liberty; and Examples brought from Antiquity to prove this Assertion; an Excursion to Home Affairs and Persons.*
- VIII. *The Search into History continued, with Remarks on the Introduction of Tyranny and Idolatry hand in hand into the World; an Encomium on Arbaces, the first Man that ever took up Arms for Liberty, and Dethron'd a Monarch; the Median Monarchy examin'd, and prov'd Limited and Regulated by the People, and Universal History unravell'd, for Examples of Tyrants Deposed.*
- IX. *An Historical Search into the Pretended Succession of Kings by Divine Right, and the spurious irregular Descent of all the Kings in the World, made out in order, Explode the foolish Notion of Divine Succession.*
- X. *The same continued, and brought Home to the English Lines, from the Saxon Race, to the Present Reign.*
- XI. *A Panegyrick on the English Happy Constitution, depending neither on Persons, nor Race, but upon the Laws and Limitations of Government.*
- XII. *The like on the Person of the Queen, her Government, and Nobility.*
- The Conclusion to the Queen.*

TO THE
AUTHOR.

AS when Idolatry in ancient Times,
Its Pow'r extended o'er the *Eastern* Climes;
When *Moloch*, *Magog*, *Ashteroth*, and *Baal*,
Summon'd to Hell, and Men obey'd the Call;
When Brutes were Gods, and held of more Account,
And Rival-Bethel mobb'd the Sacred Mount;
Heav'n always rais'd, as Patron to his Truth,
Some rev'rend Sage, or some inspired Youth,
With Wit and Power Divine, t' assert his Laws,
Expose their Falshoods, and exalt his Cause.
Elijah here the dreadful Lightning throws,
And *Gideon* there unequal Conquest shows;
And both th' enlightning Beams of Heav'n convey,
To make the Tribes the Force of Truth obey.

So you, while State-Idolatry retains
Its Pow'r in our deluded Statesmens Brains,
And empty, non-resisting Notions share
Our Quaking Politician's zealous Care;
Like them with Sacred Indignation fir'd,
And almost equally like them inspir'd;
In Truth's Defence, with like Success ingage,
Attack this great *Baal-Poor* of the Age,
D
Despotick

Despotick Power ; that Idol of the State,
 Which Fools establish, and which Knaves create ;
 Before your powerful Muse the Phantom flies,
 Naked we view the Devil without Disguise,
 And what before we fear'd, we now despise ;
 The monst'rous Thing retains no other Mark
 Of God-head now, than *Dagon* in the Dark, (Ark.)
 When prostrate and disarm'd he bow'd before the

Undress'd, unpainted, unadorn'd, your Pen
 In native Uglinefs displays the Fiend :
 Squallid, deform'd, so shocking to the Sight,
 It moves Aversion, and inclines to Fright.
 Did *Lewis* self this aukward Monster view,
 Compleatly hideous, as describ'd by you,
 He'd shun the Spectre, all its Claim disown,
 Restore his People, and himself dethrone ;
 To Laws and Justice willingly descend,
 And loath the Tyranny he can't defend.

But mark, my Friend, and this Reproof endure,
 You practise Vices you pretend to cure ;
 For while you plead the Freedom of the Age,
 You chain our Wills, and all our Thoughts engage :
 The strong invading Force of what you've penn'd,
 In spite of Spleen, compels us to commend :
 Oppress'd by your Despotick Tyrant Wit,
 Our fetter'd Fancies now to Praise submit.
 Thus by Tyrannick Pow'r you raise your Fame,
 And act like Priests, the very Crimes you blame.

THE

INTRODUCTION.

NATURE has left *this Tincture in the Blood,*
 That all Men *would be Tyrants* if they cou'd :
 If they forbear their Neighbours to devour,
 'Tis not for want of *Will*, but want of *Power* ;
 The gen'ral Plague infects the very Race,
Pride in his Heart, and *Tyrant* in his Face ;
 The Characters are legible and plain,
 And perfectly describe the *Monster, Man.*

Nor can he otherwise be understood,
 We'd all be Emperors, 'tis in our *Blood* :
Ambition knows no Bounds, the meanest Hand,
 If once let loose, would Pow'r it self command ;
 Would storm the Skies, the *Thund'rer* there dethrone,
 Be universal Lord, and call the *World* his own.

The only Safety of Society,
 Is, that my Neighbour's *just as proud as I* ;
 Has the same Will and Wish, the same Design,
 And his *abortive Envy* ruins mine ;
 The Epidemick Frenzy has possess'd
 By Nature one, by Nature all the rest :
 We're all alike, we'd all ascend the Skies ;
 All would be Kings, all Kings would tyrannize :
 Sons would be Fathers, Fathers rule the States ;
 Servants be Masters, Masters Magistrates :

ii *The* INTRODUCTION.

Ambition's in the Species of the Man,
He always will be Master if he can;
And his Desire of Rule so blinds his Pride,
He scorns to think himself unqualify'd.

The strong unbounded Lust of Sov'reign Rule,
Makes him conceit the Prince, *forget the Fool*;
The Cobler's not so vile despis'd a Thing,
But whisp'ring Devils this Delusion bring,
He fancies he could make a *better King*.
The gen'ral Taint infects the very Kind,
To Lordship by eternal Gust inclin'd;
The very Breed must thus be understood,
Nature has left the Tincture in their Blood.

What strange, what inconsistent Thing's a Man?
Who shall his Nature search, *his Life explain*?
If in the Ocean of his Crimes we fail,
Satyr, our Navigation, all will fail;
Shipwreck'd in dark Absurdities of Crime,
A Heart Mechanick, and a Head Sublime;
Th' enlighten'd Soul, Immortal and Divine,
No more in glorious Faculties can shine;
Eclips'd by vicious Principles and Sin,
Is *Dirt* without, and *Darkness* all within;
His strong degenerate Passions are *so gross*,
So contradicting, retrograde, and cross;
So odd, so incoherent, and abstruse,
His Reason dies beneath the grand Abuse;
Such strong Convulsions Nature undergoes,
Such Lunacies *the ruling Wretch expose*;
He can't th' Absurdities he seeks enjoy,
But one Extream another will destroy.

Thus, while he aims at gen'ral Tyranny,
Nothing's so much a Wretch, *so much a Slave as he*;
Damn'd to the Bondage of Mechanick Vice,
And meets new Masters wheresoe'er he flies;
His Reason *bows before the Feet of Crime*,
And lets th' Infernal govern the Sublime:

Cheats his loose Judgment with the vile Pretence,
And worships *Idol-Crime* in spight of Sense.

A General Slave to Universal Vice,
So fond of Chains, does so his Fate despise;
He seems to own his Slav'ry as his Choice,
And Damns his Freedom with subjected Voice.

Usurping Hell, *the Scepter of his Mind*,
Has from all Powers, *but doing well, confin'd*;
A constant Bondage bows his Couchant Neck,
His Will corrupted, and his Judgement weak.

Th' *Eternal Drudge*, the vilest Crime obeys,
And where his Sense abhors, his Will complys;
To all the Meannesses of Vice submits,
And tho' it shocks his Reason, Rules his Wits;
A Slave to strong involuntary Crime,
He Rules the World, his Passions Govern him:
Indwelling Mischiefs crowd his abject Soul,
Debauch'd in Part, and tainted in the Whole.

Where, *Satyr*, shall our wand'ring Search begin,
To read the Wild Anatomy of Sin?
The Seeds of *Poignant Vice* attack the Brain,
And Reason seems to guide his Powers in vain.
From hence the Grand Contagion spreads its Force,
Fatal the Consequence, *and swift the Course*;
Searches the Windings of the Circling Flood,
And taints *the Teeming Fountain of the Blood.*

The Parts suck in the viler Nourishment,
And Crime's diffus'd thro' all the Tenement;
Spermatick Vigour spreads the poison'd Race,
Conveys Hereditary Crimes apace;
Secures the *Genealogy of Sin*,
And where he ends, his viler Sons begin;
Vice feels no Age, and ne'er decays with Time,
But all the Sons of Men, are Sons of Crime.

Ambition flows in the degenerate Seed,
 Pride swells the Heart, and Avarice the Head;
 Envy sits Regent in the growing Spleen,
 And *Hypocondriack Malice* boils within;
 Lust in his *baser Part* obscurely lies,
 And Rage and Passion *sparkle in his Eyes*;
 His *Locomotive Faculties* obey,
 And Organ pays Allegians to the Tyranny;
 The Hands obey *the Tyrant in the Brain*,
 Reason, *when Lust commands*, resists in vain;
 Unnatural Heats o'er all the Blood prevail,
 This Hour they Rule *the Head*, the next *the Tail*;
 With Arbitrary Force the Members guide,
 The *Feet* to Mischief, and the *Hands* to Blood.
 Subjected Man submits to the Controul
 Of Forty Thousand Tyrants in his Soul;
Alternate Malice bends his fatal Brow,
 One Tyrant Reigns to Day, to *Morrow Two*;
Love kills to Day, to *Morrow Hatred wounds*,
Joy strikes him dumb, and then his *Grief* confounds;
 Anger to Rage, and Madness swells the Breast,
 By abject Patience then as much suppress'd;
Courage exalts his Soul above his Sphere,
 And the next Hour *he hangs himself for Fear*:
 To Day *insults* with high blaspheming Breath,
 To *Morrow strives to die* for fear of Death.

Abandon'd Slaves! to what Extreame of Crime
 Would Nature bring them, *lengthned out by Time*!
 That after Hell has first subdu'd the Mind,
 The Mortals turn the Tables on their Kind;
Set up for Government, their Light defy,
 And act the very Devil they obey:
 Their fellow-Creature study how to Rule,
 By Methods learn'd in that infernal School.

Wonder no more the Sons of such a Race
 Grow ripe for slavish Principles apace;
 The Victory of Vice is so Compleat,
 The Conquer'd Faculties it once submit:

The INTRODUCTION.

He's Born with Slavery in his very Face,
And hands it down to his subjected Race.

*Not grace it self the strong Disease will cure,
Nature's possess'd with Crime, and does Deliverance
And if by Force the powerful Agent moves, (abhor;
She still reclines to the first State she Loves:
Hugs the first Chains, hankers for Slavery,
And with a strong Reluctance is made free.*

What strange Extreame has Nature in her Womb?
From what vast Causes must such Monsters come?
What strange, what wild ungovern'd things are Men?
And who can all *the Devil of them* explain?
Their Pride directs them to usurping Power,
And would not only govern, but devour;
But if they can't Tyrannick Lust obtain,
Because they can't be Gods, they won't be Men;
Abandon Reason, let it act by halves,
And, where they can't be Tyrents, will be Slaves.

Satyr, the Grand Enquiry now begin,
Describe the Mortal, and describe the Sin;
The horrid contradicting Flight Explode,
And paint the Man that *thinks himself a God*;
To thy exacter Test th' *Enigma* bring,
The *Kingly Slave*, and the more *Slavish King*:
See how the Grand Coherence is maintain'd,
What Arts the vile, clandestine Homage gain'd;
What Seas of Blood, what desolating Hands,
What murder'd Nation, what absurd Commands;
What Mischiefs the superiour Crimes procure,
And teach Mankind the horrid Plague to cure;
Describe the injur'd Crowns, describe the Sin,
Enquiring SATYR, now the Search begin.

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JURE DIVINO:

A

SATYR.

BOOK I.

INstructing Satyr, Tune thy useful Song, (a)
Silence grows Criminal, where Crimes grow
(strong;
Of meaner Vice, and Villains sing no more,
But Monsters Crown'd, and Crime Enrob'd
(with Power.

At Vice's high *Imperial* Throne begin,
And search the ancient Prodigies of Sin;

With

(a) Satyr has always been allow'd to be Instructive, and perhaps more so, than any other sort of Poetry, if rightly apply'd.

With Pregnant Phrase and strong Imperial Verse,
The Crimes of Men, and Crimes of (b) Gods rehearse.

Rise, *Mighty Seraph*, from thy (c) fancy'd Grave,
And speak, tho' 'tis to those thou can't not save;
What tho' thy Labour shall to Men be Vain,
And the World's Bondage must its Time remain;
Let willing Slaves in Golden Fetters lie,
There's none can save the Men that choose to Die;
Yet some to Voluntary Mischiefs bow,
That fain wou'd shun their Chains, if they knew how;
And these from thy inspired Lines will see,
How they chose Bondage, when they might go free.

Thy long Lamented Silence, Satyr, break;
Open thy Ancient Oracle, and speak.
Tell us how (d) Man, by Heav'n it self made free,
Has an undoubted Claim to Liberty:
The Bondage which his Nature feels within,
Is not his Nature's Happiness, but Sin:
And when he stoops to an unequal force,
It can't excuse his Guilt, but makes it worse.
The Freedom Heaven bestow'd, was giv'n in Vain,
Unless he does the Mighty Gift maintain.
And when he parts with the supreme Bequest,
He slights the Bounty, and betrays the Trust;
Rise,

(b) Gods here alludes to the particular Enumeration in this First Book, where it appears, that most of the Heathen Gods were Tyrant Kings, and more than commonly Wicked Men, Deify'd by the Errors of the Time.

(c) This alludes to the particular Circumstances of the Poet, who having been bound not to Write for Seven Years, had made his own Elegy, and suppos'd his Satyr to be Dead.

(d) God Almighty prescrib'd no Rules of Government to Man, only told him the Duties to his Maker; but as to the Article of Powers, he made him Lord of himself; and of the whole Creation.

Rise, Satyr, tell us *what's a willing Slave,*
And speak, tho' 'tis to those thou canst not save.

Speak to resisting Ages in a Strain,
Shall bring the World to *Miracles* again.
When Reason's wond'rous Empire shall begin,
Tyrants without shall fall like those within;
Nations shall listen to thy Mighty Word,
When Satyr has their wand'ring Sense restor'd,
And set the *(e)* Scepter up, to Rule the Sword.

Then tell us, Satyr, let thy Lines explain,
What Thing's a Tyrant;

Paint th' Infernal Man.
His Birth, his Fortune, and his Fate rehearse,
No Limner can describe him *like thy Verse;*
A Monster form'd of all the Shapes of Sin,
Something of Man without, *all Devil within,*
No Phrase his fable Mystry can unfold,
His Story must be *(f)* Felt, it can't be Told.

He that with Mighty *(g)* *Ninus* hunts for Men,
Can Murder half the World at once, like *(h)* *Cain;*
Like

(e) By the *Scepter* and the *Sword*, is understood settling the Civil Power in its just Superiority to the Military: *This*, as the just Defence of Right and Property; *That*, as the Constant Hand-Maid of Tyranny and Oppression.

And this restor'd, is what he means by *Miracles*; since when Justice is entirely restor'd, it may well pass for a Miracle.

(f) Tyranny can never be described by Art; the People that feel the Burthen, that groan under the Wrongs, and that Bleed under the Sword of a Tyrant, know what it is, but cannot express it.

(g) *Ninus* or *Nimrod*, call'd in Scripture a mighty Hunter, was the first Man that usurp'd Superiority of Power, and form'd Men into Governments, under his absolute Rule; all Histories agree him to be a Tyrant, and to erect this Government against, and in Opposition to the Divine Power; *Vide Sir Walter Raleigh.* Some will have him to be the first of the Heathen Gods, and call him *Saturn*; but of this by it self.

Like (i) *Nero*, suck the Blood that gave him Life,
 And search Engend'ring Nature with his Knife;
 Like (k) *Dioclesian*, Drink a Nation's Blood,
 Shall first Contemn, and then Usurp the God;
 That Paints the Kalendar with sacred Red,
 And lifts the Innocent among the Dead;
 That blasts whole Nations with insulting Breath,
 Pleas'd with Destruction, and makes Sport with Death.
 Like *England's* (l) *Crook-Back*, Murthers and Entreats,
 Like (m) *Charles* the Ninth, Embraces those he hates

He that can Levy War with all Mankind,
 Can Cut his Father's Throat, and sell his Friend;
 Ravish the Chast, the Sanctify'd Prophane,
 Can pull down Right, and Wrong by force maintain.
 Mort

(b) *Cain* may be very well said to murder half the World, or near half the two Sons of *ADAM*, being the main Heads of Mankind at that time, and upon whom seem'd to depend the Peopling of the whole World.

(i) *Nero*, the most unnatural Tyrant of all the *Roman Emperors*, who caus'd his Mother to be Murthered, view'd her naked Body with Pleasure after she was Dead, and would have had her ripp'd up, to let him see the place he was conceiv'd in.

(k) This of *Dioclesian*, is Allegorically meant, of his Cruelty, in drawing the Blood of the Christians, against whom he rais'd the greatest of all the Persecutions, and us'd the suffering Christians with all the Excesses of Blood, and barbarous Torments; caus'd himself to be call'd the Son of the Gods, demanded Divine Honours to be paid him, and would have had the Priests offer'd Sacrifice to him.

(l) *Richard III.* the greatest Tyrant, and most bloody Man *England* ever had, that us'd all Arts and Entreaties to get the Sons of his Brother *Edward IV.* from their Mother, into his Keeping, with a design to Murder them; that so their Blood might Pave his way to the *English* Crown.

(m) *Charles IX.* of *France*, Author of the *Parisian* Massacre, came to Visit the Admiral *Coligni*, embrac'd him, call'd him Father, wept when he saw the Wound which he receiv'd from an Assassin the Day before, gave him a Guard for his Safety, and the very next Morning caus'd him to be basely Murder'd in his Chamber.

Mortgage his Faith, and Trample on his Word,
 And Hew his Crown out by his Lawless Sword.
 Like (*n*) *Cortex*, can a Hundred Millions slay,
 Dream Death by Night, and finish it by Day.
 With Pious (*o*) *Peter*, *Cant* of Heav'n's Commands,
 Pray with his Lips, and Murther with his Hands.
 Can sleep with Blood, and never start at Crime,
 And make his Mischiefs, like his Power, supreme.
 Buy Justice, sell Oppression, Bribe the Law,
 Exalt the Fool, and keep the Wise in awe;
 Damn all Religion, Gods and Men defy;
These openly Blaspheme, and *those* Destroy.
 Embrace the Guilty, Innocents Condemn,
 And execute without Pretence of Crime.
 Can sacrifice whole Nations to his Lust,
 With Pleasure Kill, and think that Pleasure Just.
 Can (*p*) *burn* and *sing*, dance to the waving Flame,
 And in his Country's Ashes raise his Fame;
 Insult the Wretched, Trample on the Poor,
 And mock the Miseries Mankind endure;
 Can ravage Countries, Property devour,
 And trample Law beneath the Feet of Power.
 Scorn the Restraint of Oaths, and promis'd Right,
 And *ravel* Compacts in the People's Sight;
 With Indignation scorn to reign by Rules;
That Thing's a Tyrant;

And that People Fools.

Fools,

(*n*) *Cortex*, tho' not a Monarch, yet trusted with Power
 destroy'd almost all the Inhabitants of two vast Empires, *Mexi-*
co and *Peru*, and unpeopled one of the Largest and most Popu-
 lous Parts of the World.

(*o*) *Peter* the *Cruel*, us'd to go to Prayers immediately from
 the Murders he committed; and so *Pray* and *Murder*, and *Mur-*
der and *Pray* in Course.

(*p*) *Nero* was said to take his Lute and sing to it a Song
 of the Siege and Destruction of *Troy*, while *Rome* was on
 Fire.

Fools, that abandon'd by the Light of Sense,
 Despise the Substance, worship the Pretence;
 Contemn their native Right to Liberty,
 And bow to Bondage, when they may go free:

Examine then the ancient course of Things,
 And search the endless Roll of ancient Kings.
 When the first (*q*) Man usurp'd upon his kind,
 Assum'd exotick Right, assuming reign'd:
 Supreme in Wickedness, more wicked grew,
 First forc'd a Homage, then decreed it due.
 Trace the first Tyrants to their fancy'd Thrones,
 Plac'd in (*r*) that Heaven, that all their Crimes dis-

(owns

If in the Royal Lists some Monsters reign'd,
 Abhorr'd by Heaven, and hated by Mankind;
 By Lust and Blood exalted to a Throne,
 For all the Exquisites of Tyrant known:
 The meaner Name of Monarch they despise;
Alive, usurp the Throne, and *Dead*, the Skies.

Above

(*q*) By the first Man here, is to be understood the first King, who usurping Power into his own Hand, began to tyrannize over the People, and establishing their Subjection by a Law of his own making, impos'd this Tyrannick Government upon them, and this afterward, by the continuance of time, came to look like a legal Authority, vested in him from the Beginning. This is suppos'd to be *Nimrod*, *Ninus*, *Belus*, of whom Authors differ as to their Names; nor is it material to examine here, which of them was first.

(*r*) The preposterous Translation is remarkable, That they should place these Men in that Heaven, where their Crimes being abhorr'd, it must be contrary to all manner of Reason to expect them.

Above the Clous th' incarnate Devil stands,
And Nations worship with polluted Hands.

Old (*f*) *Saturn*, (*t*) *Bacchus*, and High-Thund'ring
(*u*) *Jove*,

And all the Rattle of the Gods above;
Whose Names for their Immortal Crimes are fear'd,
Monarchs and Tyrant-Princes first appear'd;
With Rapes and blood the Path to Greatness stain'd,
By Rapes and Blood the Glittering Station gain'd.

The mighty Wretches dwell among the Stars,
And Vice in Verue's Glorious Robes appears.
No matter if 'twis Good or Evil Fame,
For Gods of all Dimensions are the same.
The Poets Celebrate their Praises there,
As *Indians* Consecrate the Dev'ls they fear.
In Parasitick Praise their Crimes rehearse,
And first debauch their Senses, then their Verse.

In

(*f*) *Saturn* is call'd the Father of the Gods; all agree he was
a Man, and a bloody Tyrant; that he reign'd in some of the
first Ages. Authors differ who he was. Bishop *Cumberland* proves
him to be *Cham*, the Son of *Noah*, whom his Father curs'd.

The Ancients represent him eating his own Children, which
I understand to mean Tyrannizing over his Subjects in a bloody
devouring manner: for Subjects are called Children from Mo-
narchy, being Patriarhal in its Original.

(*t*) *Bacchus* was the Son of *Jupiter*, and Grandson of *Saturn*;
Authors differ about his Original: *Bochart* says, That he was
the same Person with *Nimrod*, and consequently a bloody Tyrant.
All agree he was a great Drunkard, for which Reason the *Scy-
thians* would not pay him Divine Homage, holding it ridiculous
to worship a God that made People Fools and mad.

(*u*) *Jupiter* was the Son of *Saturn*, and was call'd the Father
of the Gods, as well as *Saturn*.

In mighty Strains the mighty Fury sing,
 And Canonize the Vices of their King,
 So soon the Flattering Pens false Tribute bring.

Thus mighty *Jove* above the Gods in (x) Seat,
 Famous for Crimes, that none but Gods commit;
 Among the Sacred, has (y) th' Imperial Chair,
 Because he'd been a Royal (z) Monster here:
 The Mortal Fury liv'd in Fire below,
 And there his fancy'd Lightnings Learn'd to Throw
 Exalted, now his Head's with Thunder Crown'd,
 Enflam'd with Heaven, with Hell encircl'd round.

These are the Hieroglyphicks of his Crimes,
 The Wonder and the Horror of his Times;
 First for his (a) real Infamy design'd,
 And to instruct the Ages yet behind.
 By (b) these his unheard Rapes and Murthers, they
 In Metaphorick Similies display.

(x) *Jupiter* was the Superior of the Heathen Deities.

(y) *Regum Timendorum in Proprios greges,
 Reges in ipsos Imperium est Jovis.* Horace.

(z) He persecuted his Father *Saturn*, and drove him out
 the Country.

(a) There's no doubt the Thunderings and Lightenings of *Jove*,
 were first the Hieroglyphical Representations of his Wicked-
 ness, to hand a just abhorrence of his Cruelties to the Ages
 come. How the Devil deluded the Nations, so as to make an
 Idol of him, for those very things for which he ought so justly
 have been condemn'd, is consider'd in the next Paragraph.

(bb) The Detestation of *Jupiter's* lustful, furious and tyrannick
 Reign, were set forth by the Writers of those Times, in
 any: Or, if not, by Oral Tradition, in the Similitude of a
 Thunderer, and throwing Fire about him, the best Method those
 times had to describe a mad Man, a bloody, barbarous Fury,
 a Tyrant, that over-run the World with his Lust, and his
 Murders.

But length of Time, that taught Mankind to lye,
 Convey'd false Schemes of Vice to weak Posterity ;
 Leaving the gross Particulars unknown,
 The Name of *Jove* remain'd, the Beast was gone:
 The doubting Ages hardly understood,
 Whether he was a Devil, or a God :
 And here the mighty formal Cheat began,
 They lost the History, but found the Man :
 Fond of some early Wonder to present,
 Mistook the Devil, and describ'd the Saint ;
 Above the Skyes they fix'd his blest abode,
 And from the Darks of Hell fetch'd up the God.

Infernal Fury fill'd his Vicious Head,
 And all unnatural (a) Vices crown'd his Bed ;
 His unresisting Lusts the World abhor'd,
 They're modern Madmen only that ador'd :
 His rampant Vices the Creation Vex,
 And make one General Whore of either (b) Sex.
 To such immoderate Lechery inclin'd,
 He had contriv'd to ravish all the kind:
 From hence *Blind Fame* that *Shining Fiction* made,
 How he *Europa* to his Lust betray'd ;
 In which the Poets might be understood,
 — All *Europe* felt the *Mixtures* of his Blood.
 Glutted with Lust, and Gorg'd with satiate Vice,
 Th' Incestuous Parricide leaves off and Dies :
 Quitted the ransack'd World to search for more,
 Where he might be as wicked as before.
 The monstrous Wretch left such a Name behind,
 Was so much made the Wonder of Mankind ;

E

Fame

(a) He was guilty of Sodomy and Incest : For *Ganimede* was a Boy kept by *Jupiter* for his unnatural Lust ; and *Juno*, whom he Marry'd, was his own Sister:

Jovisq; & Soror & Conjux. Virgil.

(b) *Danae*, *Calisto*, *Alcmena*, *Semele*, *Leda*, *Antiope*, *Europa*, and innumerable others, where his Whores ; whom he Debauched, some by one Method, some by another.

Fame such Romantick Stories handed down,
 The Native Truth grew *Fabled* like his Crown.
 Posterity the Villain Idolize,
 And Poets fix his Name above the Skyes :
 Blindly the *Nauseous Deity* adore,
 And he's the God, who was the Rake before,
 Down to the *mighty Bully* Nations Bow,
 And he that Murther'd then, must Thunder now:
 The Plagues of Mankind thus were Deify'd,
 And High Superiour Crimes to Heav'n Ally'd ;
 Succeeding Rogues, succeeding Gods became,
 And Sin aspir'd to an immortal Name.

To Riotous *Jove*, new Deities they join'd,
 And Peopl'd Heav'n with Devils of every kind.
Mars (b) the Celestial Bully they adore,
 And (c) *Venus* for an Everlasting Whore ;
Bacchus for mighty Drunk'ness stands on High,
 And (d) *Juno's* made the *Billinggate* o'th' Sky :
 (e) *Apollo's* of a Mad-mun made a Wit,
 And (f) *Mercury's* the Sacred Pimp of Fate.

(a) He is said to be Master of the Thunder, and is call'd by the Heathen *Jupiter Fulminans*.

(b) Is call'd the God of War ; was Born in *Thrace* : He lov'd *Vulcan*, and lay with his Wife, but *Vulcan* Trickt him, and Exposed him. *Venus*, *Rhea*, and *Kebe* were his Whores.

(c) *Venus* was *Vulcan's* Wife but a common Whore : She lay with both Gods and Men, and is not unwarily call'd the Goddess of Whoredom. She kept *Cupid* for the Messenger of her Lewdness, and was Deified for her extravagant Lust:

(d) The Wife of *Jupiter* Jealous of him, as well she might Quarrelling with him or his Whores, and therefore represented Clamorous. *Tantene animis Coelestibus ira ?* Virgil.

(e) *Apollo*, another of *Jupiter's* Sons : He was a Dreamer of Dreams, and had the Lawrel given him, because they said it made People Dream right. He was but a Ravisher, a Whore-master, and a Murtherer, and for his being a Lover of Musick and Harmony, is Honour'd by the Poets.

(f) *Mercury* was a Thief, is called, *Nuncius Deorum*, the Messenger of the Gods.

Calidus quicquid Placuit focofo,

Condere furto. Horace.

He was *Jupiter's* Pimp when he ravish'd *Alcmena*.

Plautus in Amphitrio:

All these are Gods of Power and Government,
The Upper-House of *Satan's* Parliament;
Who still subserv'd in Regions less Sublime,
Have Crowds of Partners in the Power Supreme.

(a) *Cupid* the Bastard of Incestuous Love,
Son of Intrigue, and (b) *Harbinger* to Lustful *Jove*;
Emblem of *Lechery*, and Shape of *Lust*,
To Grace Diviner Lewdness with Celestial Gust.

There's (c) *Æolus*, a Capital Buffoon,
Was but, as Story tells, a *French* Dragoon;
His Stormy Godship Huffs about the Skies
With Two and Thirty pointed Deities.

E 2

(a) *Neptune*

(a) *Cupid*: Authors differ whose Offspring this young Mischief-making Deity was; the *Pantheon* tells us, *Plato* calls him the Son of *Penia*, the Goddess of *Poverty*, and *Phocæus* the Son of *Plenty*: *Hesiod* relates him Born of *Chaos* and *Terra*; *Sappho* derives him from *Venus* and *Cælum*; *Simonides* from *Mars* and *Venus*. But all allow him to be Son of *Venus*.

Nate, mee vires, mea Magna Potentia solus. Virg. *Æneid*, 4.

(b) *Harbinger*--- That is as *Cupid* is feign'd to create Love, or rather excite Lust, which *Jupiter* was so addicted to, that he Ravish'd or Debauch'd all the Women he could come at.

(c) *Æolus*, fancied to be the Son of *Jupiter* by *Aceste's* Daughter of *Hippota*; for most of these Gods and Goddesses were but *Jupiter's* Bastards. The Truth is, this *Æolus* was a very skillful Astronomer, and particularly studious about the Nature of the Winds; and because from the Clouds and Vapours of the *Æolian* Islands, where this Philosopher lived, he foretold Storms and Tempests a great while before they came; the ignorant People fancied them under his Power, and that he could raise them or still them when he pleas'd; and from hence he was call'd King of the Winds, and so after his Death, a God of the Winds. *Juno's* Addrets to him, when she wanted to drown *Æneas*, is finely express'd by *Virgil*,

*Nimborum in Patriam Loca sæta furentibus austris,
Æoliam venit: Hic Vaso Rex Æolus antro
Lactantes Ventos,-----*

This is admirably Burlesqu'd by Mr. Cotton in his *Virgil Travestij*.

(a) *Neptune*, an old *Dutch-Skipper*, Born at Sea,
And Naturaliz'd to all that's Wild and Watery ;
In *Holland's Buss* for Herrings Fish'd, and Cod,
And knew the Seas as *Carrier's Horse* the Road :
In Northern Icy Oceans spread his Sails,
And taught the *Dutchmen* how to fish for Whales ;
Born on a Billow lifted to the Sky,
And Tempest did the Midwife's Place supply :
He Liv'd in Storms, and Waves were his Abode,
And from a Drunken Pilot's made a God.

(b) *Vulcan*, the Blacksmith, liv'd in Fire below,
Vile as his Smoke, and lewd as Sulphur too ;
Who not for Personal Vice they Deify,
But as the *Sovereign Cuckold* of the Sky.

(a) *Phun*

(a) *Neptune* is feign'd to be *Jupiter's* Brother, the Son of *Saturn*, whom they say his Mother *Ops* sav'd from *Saturn's* Fury, who eat up his own Children.

He is said to marry *Amphitrite*, who in the Greek was called (Παρθ' ἡ ἀμφιτρίτειν τῷ γλῶ) (Vid. *Pantheon*, p. 260.) *Quod Mare Terram Circumterat*, because the Sea beats upon the Land all about ; as *Neptune* is derived from *Nubendo*, *Quod Mare Terram Onubat* ; because the Sea embraces, and as it were, covers the Land.

(b) *Vulcan* was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, but being cast out of the Sky for his Deformity, he happen'd to light on the Earth in the Island *Lemnos*, and broke his Leg in the Fall, which perhaps being ill set, for want of good *Surgeons* in those Days, left him lame, and he went halting ever after ; as by the old Song.

Limping Vulcan heat an Iron Bar.

They tell us, the *Lemnians* caught him in the Fall, or else he had broke his Neck ; which is not unlikely, it being a great Height to fall from Heaven to the Earth : In Requital for which, he set up a Forge, and taught them the uses of Fire and Iron ; from whence he received the Name of *Mulciber*, or *Mulcifer*, a *Mulcendo Ferrum*, softening or polishing Iron. *Pantheon*, Cap 3. Sect. 1. p. 126:

A thousand senseless Fictions are related of this Monster ; as, that he was marry'd to *Venus*, but taking her in Adultery with *Mars*, he made Iron Chains, and bound them together : That he and his *Cyclops* made Thunderbolts for *Jupiter*, and abundance of such ridiculous things.

The

(a) *Pluto*, of all the Gods, I like the best,
And if the Matter would endure the Test,
I doubt not, has the Custody of all the rest.

(b) *Priapus* Deity I might rehearse,
But that his Life's too *Luscious* for my Verse;
And Crowds of Minor Gods in Heavenly State,
I leave for Minor Poets to Create.

If Future Ages shall more Monsters yield,
We've Stars enough in the Celestial Field;
Immortal Legends they may now revise,
Turn Saints to Gods, Transpose them to the Skies,
E 3 And

(a) The Observation of *Vulcan* signifying Fire, has something more to the purpose in it; as *Varro* tells, who derives *Vulcan*, a *vi*, ac *violentia* Ignis, and *Vulcanus* quasi *Volicanus*, quod Ignis per a *crem* voliter; and the Spaniards and Italians to this day, call Eruptions of Fire from the Earth, such as *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*, *Volcano's*. From hence he is said to be cast down from Heaven, because Lightning comes from the Clouds; and to have fallen in *Lemnos*, because that Island is particularly subject to Lightning. *Panth. Cap. 3. Sect. 4. p. 182.*

(a) *Pluto* is another of old *Saturn's* Sons, Brother to *Jupiter* and *Neptune*, by the same Mother *Ops*.

In the Division of the World among his Sons, the Western Parts fell to his Lot; which by their remote distance made them be thought in those days Lands of Darkness; others tell us, he was the first that gave Funeral Honours to the Dead, and forming Funeral Obsequies, and thence was thought to have a sort of Sovereignty over the dead, and from this thought, sprang the Fictions of *Charon*, *Styx*, *Cerberus*, and a thousand Fancies about Futurity. *Pantheon, Cap. 3 Sect. 1. p. 280.*

(b) *Priapus* was an obscene Figure rather than a Deity, and call'd the God of Lust; he is said to be born of *Bacchus* and *Venus*, and the Emblem is good, That Deformity and Filthiness must be the Production of Drunkenness and Whoredom; his obscene Image was usually set up in Gardens and Orchards to frighten the Crows. *Ecce Virgil.*

*Et Custos Furum atq; arum cum salce Saligni.
Hellepontiaci servet tutela Priapi.*

And make *Red-Letter'd Rakes* Divinities,

Nor need we search to Wild *American* Lands,
Peruvians, Caribbeans, Mexicans ;
 And dig for Idols in the Flaming Womb
 Of Burning Mountains, where they fix the Tomb,
 Of (a) *Vistlipustli*, (b) *Agomog*, and *Voare*,
 Gods of the Untam'd *Chileans* Golden Oar ;
 Whose barbarous Accents as their Forms would Fright,
 And Names that few can Read, and none can Write,
 Let these in high-fix'd Stations stand and shine,
 To Visit Regions plac'd beyond their Line.

Europe has high Exalted Names in Store,
 As bright in Guilt, as any Crown'd before,
 Who turn'd to Gods, shall all exceed in Crimes,
 And blaze in Hellish Deeds, and shine in Poets Rhimes.
 The *Bards of Fame* may all their Names supply,
 And form a new Infernal *Galaxy* ;
 The vast impending *Trophy* of his Shrine,
 Exalted there, will suit the Fraud Divine ;
 No strong (c) *Magnetick Charm*, 'twill need to paint
 The Sacred Cheat, the God secures the Saint.

And

(a) *Vistlipustli* was the great Idol of the *Mexicans*, to whom they offer'd human Sacrifices, and to such a height had the Devil brought his Dominion over those poor People, that in two Years time, 20000 People were Sacrific'd to this Idol ; The Walls of his Temple were sprinkled two or three Inches thick, on the Inside, with the Blood of these poor Creatures who were put to death at his Altar, and these Murthers were perpetrated with all sorts of barbarous Torments, and horrid execrable Methods of Torture : But the Credit of the Relators being not too much to be insisted upon, I forbear the Particulars.

(b) *Agomog*, *Voar*, and a great Variety of Names, are given us by Mr. *Gilby* and others ; but, as I believe, a great part of their Accounts, merely Fabulous, and the Names of their Idols Invented, ; 'tis not insisted on here only quoted in general to prove, That they had a vast Variety of Gods in the *American* Countries, which is a Truth out of all Question ; because we found it so in those parts we planted, as well as the *Spaniards* ; and it remains so to this day.

(c) *Mahomet's* Tomb is fancied to impend by a *Magnetick Power*, and Hang between Heaven and Earth.

And first, that every Nation may compute,
 And each a Patron-Villain contribute ;
 There's (a) *Mahomet* might stand in proper Sphere,
 With Godhead Equaliz'd to *Jupiter* ,
 The High Impostor there may Thunders throw,
 'Twou'd do less harm than he has done below :
 The numerous Nations which his Name adore,
 The same which Worship'd *Jupiter* before ;
 May with as just Pretences Sacrifice,
 And view his Star in the Serener Skies.
 Let them no more at *Mecca* Kiss his Shrine,
 In brightest Orb the fordid Wretch may Shine,

Then (b) *Judas*, mighty *Judas*, let him stand,
 With Thirty Shining (c) Stars in his exalted Hand ;
 No Man will his Divinity refuse,
 Call him the *Patron-God* of all the *Jews* :
 Let him the *God of Treason* too appear,
 And when he Reigns, let Honest Men beware ;
 E 4 Who

(a) *Mahomet* rose up as a General Idol in these very *Eastern* Countries, where *Jupiter* began first to be reverenc'd as a God ; and 'tis observable that the *Eastern* Parts of the World have been most Fruitful of Idolatry, from its very first Introduction into the World ; also *Mahomet* in this seems to be the Successor of *Jupiter*, since the Idolatry of the *European* and *Grecian* Nations, hardly ended before *Mahometanism* began : And as the Heathens Worship of the Gods, died under the Encrease of Christianity ; so *Mahometanism* grew up on the decrease of the Christian Religion, and spread with the *Saracens*, *Turks*, and *Moors*, all those vast Empires where Christ was once acknowledg'd. There's much more ground to place *Mahomet* among the Stars, than *Jupiter*, *Venus*, *Vulcan*, and such like.

(b) The Story of *Judas* needs no explaining, his exorbitant Treachery may very well rank him among the Exalted Criminals of the World.

(c) Thirty shining Stars are to represent the Thirty Pieces of Silver, the Lustre of which was the *Medium* of his Temptation to sell Innocent Blood.

Who e'er is in *his* (a) Constellation born,
 May Storms and Gibbets, Swords and Bullets scorn ;
 So let the Fates Decree the Wretched *Elves*,
 May always be assur'd to Hang themselves.

His Brother (b) *Julian*, of Apostate Race,
 Shall in the New Celestial Train take place ;
 Let him be God of all that *Love to Change*,
 And in unsettld Orbs his Star shall range ;
 Let those, whose Birth shall his *wild Influence* own,
 Change their Religion first, and Dye with none.

(c) *Peter the Cruel*, must stand fair for *Spain*,
 And Great *De* (d') *Alva* wait another Train ;
(a) *Cortez*

(a) The Planets and Stars, which obtain'd their Names from the Gods of the Heathen World, were allowed to have Influences on the Births and Actions of Men ; and that Influence was without doubt more certain than the Reality of their History, and suppos'd Godship ; but as the Author is here running Parallels, and erecting a new Constellation of *Deities*, he is supposing their Influence also : So if any Man were Born under the Influence of the Planet *Judas*, he would most certainly Betray his Master, and hang himself when he had done.

(b) *Julian* was the most harden'd Apostate that ever the World saw, and his Speech at his death, abridg'd in the 4th Volume of the *Roman History*, will testify it ; where it appears he dy'd with no manner of Reluctance, but a compleat Heathen, returned as much to his Heathenism, as if he had never heard of the Christian Life.

Continuation of the Roman History, Vol. 3. p. 55.

(c) *Peter the Cruel* was deposed from his Throne by the *Castilians*, for his most unnumberable Cruelties ; but when restor'd again by the *English* under the *Black Prince*, return'd to the former Excesses, but was deposed again by his Subjects, and slain in Fight, and deserves to be reckon'd amongst the greatest Delighters in Blood, that History records.

(d) *D'Alva* is famous in History for losing, as *Cortez* is for gaining great Dominions to the *Spaniards* by his Cruelty ; *D'Alva* boasted he had executed 18000 Men in cold Blood, by the hand of the Hang-man in *Flanders*, and by the Cruelty and Barbarity of his Treatment, caused the Revolt of the *Netherlands*, and after 40 Years War, the Establishment of the States of *Holland*, as a Free People from the *Spanish Government*. *Strada Lib. 3. p. 173.*

(a) Cortez and He, may for the Place contend,
 And both shall have the Post for their Friend.
 Spain has too Fruitful been in Men of Blood,
 Who equally deserve the Title of a God ;
 These are the Heroes History extolls,
 Who Mount in Flames of Crime the Heavenly Walls ;
 Millions have fallen by their Glorious Hands,
 And by their Breath at once Dispeopl'd Lands.
 Nor shall the Fam'd (b) Pizzaro be forgot,
 Whose Merit's Equal, tho' his Fame is Not ;
 His Grave's a Mountain of Peruvian Bones,
 A Monument more lasting than of Stones.
 Torrents of Blood he spilt, huge Nations sold,
 And (c) Broil'd Peruvian Kings in their Peruvian Gold ;
 The Four United Heroes, let them rise
 And occupy the Center of the Skies.
 Old Jupiter with all his High Extreame,
 or Blood and Murther's but a Fool to them.
 These shall the high Comparison disdain,
 They scorn to act by halves, and boast in vain ;
 Not Crowds of Men, but Crowds of Nations slain.

Who e're shall feel *their influence* in their Blood,
 And Date their Birth when these in *High Conjunction*
 Let the presaging Mother *stop their Breath*, (stood
 And slay the early Monster *in the Birth* ;
 Lest Fate provide the Wretch with Arms and Power,
 And he be born, whole Nations to devour.

Satyr,

(a) Hornando Cortez subdued the Empire of Mexico, destroying all the Inhabitants with the utmost Cruelty and Barbarity, unpeopling whole Kingdoms, and laying waste vast Tracts of Land, destroyed 5 Millions of People in one part of it, and Peopled the Country with Spaniards.

(b) Pizzaro was a Spanish General sent by Cortez to invade Peru and Chili ; while the other finished the Conquest of Mexico, he slew the People with all possible Torments, and destroying the Capital City, left a Monument of his Cruelty, and an incredible Heap of the Dead Bodies of the Inhabitants, whose Bones remain there, as they say, to this day.

(c) He burnt the King of the Peruvians, after he had contracted with him for the Delivery of an Immenſe Treasure,

Satyr, among the *Roman* (a) Relicks try,
To find an Object proper for the Sky ;
To all the wondrous Shores of *Tyber* go,
The *Rhine*, the *Nile*, the *Danube*, and the *Po*:

Let Fruitful *Rome* the due Precedence have,
Two Gods of two Extremes in Crime she'll crave :
Great (b) *Heliogabalus*, of all the Race,
Deserves the High Imperial Starry Place.
The God of Incest and of all Excess,
And Patron of the High Luxuriant Feast ;
Let no new Birth in his Division stand,
Lest they should make a Famine in their Land.
In the high Spheres let him give Light alone,
But Heaven forbid his Vices shou'd be known,

Satyr,

(a) *Roman* Relicks means the Remains of the *Romans*, as continued in the *German* Empire ; which tho' it has suffered so many Convulsions, as hardly to merit the Name, yet it is properly the Relicks of the *Roman* Empire.

(b) *Heliogabalus* was Emperor of *Rome* ; he had this Name because he was the Priest of the Sun before he came to be Emperor ; he was chosen by the Army : He was so abominably Vicious, that he was call'd the *Roman Sardanapalus* ; his Luxury was boundless, That when he was on the Sea-Coasts, he wou'd eat nothing but Fowl from the remotest Mountains ; and when farthest from the Sea, would eat nothing but Sea-fish ; he fed his Lamps with Balsam, and his Fish ponds with Water perfum'd and scented : He forc'd a Vestal-Virgin to marry him, pretending that he being a Priest consecrated to the Sun, and she a Devoted Virgin, their Issue must be Gods ; his Luxury occasioned intollerable Expence, and that, all sorts of Bribery, Extortion, Sale of Honours and Offices for Money ; Murther was a Consequence of the rest ; for he found himself oblig'd to destroy Men of Vertue, and that would oppose his Wickedness, he therefore cut off abundance of Innocent Men, and particularly Murthered several Senators, because they wou'd not agree to erect a Senate of Women : After such a Brutish Reign of near three Years and a half, he was murder'd in the Camp, and with a thousand Indignities from the enraged People, his Body was drag'd thro' the Streets, first thrown into a Privy, and then into the *Tyber*. *Collier's Geogr. Dict.*

Satyr, forget the Crimes we shou'd conceal,
'Twou'd Taint the World his Story to reveal.

With him let Eating (a) *Maximinus* stand,
The God of Gluttons, born to starve the Land :
Whose Birth so e're is in his House begun,
Ye Fates provide him Food, or he's undone.

(b) *Wenceslaus* will the mighty want supply,
No Fiend like him deserves Divinity ;
Let him among th' exalted Crew advance,
And big with Crime, shall God of Crime commence.
The Fatal Star that shall import his Name,
Will all the Births that Date from him inflame :
Th' unhappy Wretch with his own Vice o'rethrown,
Will sell the World for Gold, himself for none.

Satyr, give briefer Summons to the Sky,
And let each Nation name their Deity ;

The

(a) *Maximinus* Emperor of Rome, was such a prodigious Glutton, or had such a furious Appetite, that it was his Common Diet to drink 8 Bottles of Wine, and to eat 40 *lb*. of Flesh at a Meal ; he was such a Monster of Cruelty, that he was call'd the Cyclops, the *Bastaris*, the *Sciron* the *Phalaris*, *Typhon* and *Gyges* of his Age ; when it was first heard at Rome that he was Elected, it fill'd all the City with Lamentations, the Women and the Children run to the Temples to implore the Gods that he might never enter that City, which they foresaw he would act the Fury in, and fill it with Blood and Slaughter, which he effectually made out ; he never spar'd any that he had the least evil Eye upon ; but put to Death without Compassion, High and Low, Rich and Poor, by all manner of Tortures ; the Senate at last Chose 20 Men to govern against him, and declar'd him a Publick Enemy ; at last he was Butcher'd by his own Soldiers at the Siege of *Aquilea* in Italy.

(b) *Wenceslaus* Emperor of Germany in the Year 1400. so vicious and debauch'd, that he was depos'd by the Electors, and so exceedingly debas'd, by Vice and Covetousness, that for Money he acquiesced, in quitting the Government, and liv'd in Prague in all intollerable Beastliness and Vice.

The *Russ* shall (a) *John Basilowitz* prefer,
 And *Lombard's Charles*, too justly stil'd severe.
 The *Grecians* challenge (b) *Phocas* for a God,
 And (c) *Christian* comes from *Denmark* to the bright
 And to enlarge the Roll of *Christendome*, (abode:
 Vile (d) *Hildebrand's* detach'd from *Antichristan Rome*.
 No wonder the *Infernal Roll's* supply'd,
 From that High Chair that Heaven it self defy'd ;
 The God of *Witch-craft*, and of *Sorcery*,
 A *Conjuring*, *Poisoning*, B-ing Deity.

Prolif.

(a) *John Basilowitz* was one of the greatest Monsters of Tyranny that ever the world heard of, frequently putting whole Families to Death for his meer Pleasure: his Barbarities in *Lithuania* are impossible to be related; and without other Particulars, all Histories record him the most cruel and barbarous Wretch that ever was heard of: He reign'd in *Muscovia*, and dyed An. 1584. *Puffend. Infit.* p. 352.

(b) *Phocas* the Emperor of the *East*, a barbarous and inhuman Tyrant, abandon'd to all kind of Abominations and Debaucheries; He murder'd the Emperor *Mauritius*, and the Empress and her Daughters, he seiz'd upon his Citizens Wives at Pleasure and then put to Death their Husbands for disapproving it, He suffered all the *Eastern Empire* to be over-run by the *Persians* and *Sclavonians*, while he, given up to his Lusts and Cruelties, neglecting the due defence of his Country; he follow'd altogether his own appetite, and took delight to cut off the Heads of the most Illustrious Persons in the Empire, meerly for his Pleasure: at last he was seiz'd upon by Surprise by one *Photinus* whose Wife he had ravished, who first degraded him, and clothed him with a filthy and ragged Robe, and sent him to *Heraclius*, who caus'd him to be put to Death by exquisite Tortures.

(c) *Christian II.* King of *Denmark* over-run *Sweden*, exercis'd great Barbarities, under the sacred Engagement of a General Amnesty; and at last for his Tyrannies was not only driven out of *Swedeland*, but also was depos'd by his own subjects, and dyed in Prison, an Example to Tyrants.

(d) *Hildebrand*, a Notorious Tyrannick Pope, a *Simoniack*, a *Sodomite*, a *Wizard*, and every thing that was vile and abominable, for which, after an unheard of Management of himself, Deposing the Emperor *Hen. 4.* and a thousand horrid Pranks, he was depos'd by the said Emperor, the City of *Rome* taken by Storm, and himself narrowly escap'd out of the Castle of *St. Angelo*, and dyed after ward very miserable.

Proliffick *France* might People all the Skies,
With Villains qualify'd for Deities.

(1) *Richlieu* the new *Apollo* might have stood,
But that his Wit was mingl'd so with Blood;
Let him the God of Politicks appear.

And influence all the arts of Peace and War.
Who in his Government their *Birth-day* had,
Will both be *Witty, bloody, Wise and Mad*;

Nor can great (b) *Charles the Ninth* be here forgot,
The Skies will want a Star, if he's left out;

He shall the God of Hypocrites be own'd,

And *Janus* from his Temples be post-pon'd;

The Birth this *Pointing Star* shall e're engage,

Shall be the best Dissemblers of the age;

Like him they'll Smile and Kill, Embrace and Hate,

And under fawning Kisses prompt your Fate.

May (c) Nature Plant upon th' unhappy Brow,

Some fatal Frown that Men the Wretch may know;

That all dissembling Art can never hide,

And Innocents may guilty Snares avoid.

Ten Mighty Monarchs from the *Gallick* Throne,
For Magnitude of Crimes might struggle to be shown;

They'd all contend for Room among the Stars,

And jostle one another from the Spheres;

In

(a) *Richlieu* was a Man of vast Judgment, and prodigious wit, founded the *French Academy*, and laid the Foundation of all their Improvement in Letters which they have since made, but withal was Bloody, Arbitrary, and Implacable.

(b) *Charles the Ninth* carress'd the Admiral *Coligni*, with all the Tokens and Marks of Friendship; Visited him when he had been Wounded, and Assassinated, Wept over him, and ordered him a pretended Guard for his Security, yet at the same time had resolv'd to Murder him, and caus'd it to be done the next day.

(c) This is a Wish only, That Providence would place some Token in the Face of a Hypocrite, that an innocent Man might know when he is to be Wheedl'd into his Destruction.

In equal Vileness their high Names excell,
 And in superior Crimes, too black for Hell,
 But by consent they all at once give way,
 And let Immortal *Lewis* come in play.

(a) His ancestor, whom *Mony* made a Saint,
 And Legends full of Lyes his Glories paint,
 Shall willingly his Lustre all resign,

To help th' exalted Wretch in Orbs to shine,

(b) See the new Growing Constellation rise
 And with a Train of Tyrants mount the Skies :

The Ancestors of his Immortal Crimes,
 Blazon'd for Heroes by the Flattering Rhimes
 Of antiquated Poesy ; but now

Sunk down below our Praises, and below

The Dignity of High Immortal Verse ;

We Mightier Deeds, in Mightier Lines rehearse,

Behold the Mighty Thunderer and know,
 The *Azure-Arch* can no such Heroe show ;

(c) The Great, th' Invincible, are Names too small,
 To write his Fame in Letters Capital ;

(d) A God's the only Title can explain,
 And Suit the Mighty, the Immortal Man.

Great *Jove* shall vail his Lesser Majesty,
 And to his rising Godship now give way ;
 His forked Lightning he must now resign,
 The Title may be His, the Thunder's Thine,
 Witness the Ravag'd *Belgia*, and the plunder'd *Rhine*.

If

(a) *Lewis the Holy*, who went on the first Royal Expedition to the *Holy-Land*, and lost his Army there, in Fighting with the *Saracens*, where our Great *Richard*, Duke of *Cornwall*, also lost his Life.

(b) The present King of *France*, supposed attended by all the bloodiest Tyrants that ever Reign'd in that Kingdom.

(c) A Truer Thunderer than *Jupiter*, and much more worthy of the exalted Sphere.

(d) The Titles the *French* Academists and Poets frequently give their pretent Monarch in their Writings.

If Seas of Blood and mighty Numbers slain,
 If Nations long oppress'd, if cries of Men;
 If Devastation, Cruelty and Death,
 And blasting Nations with Tyrannick Breath;
 If Flaming Towns, if ravish'd Vertue lies,
 As steps to mount a Monarch to the Skies;
Lewis to reign above the Gods may claim,
 And *Jove* resigns his Thunder and his Name.

Satyr, look back, and search the World a while,
 And find a Patron-God for *Albion's* Isle;
 (a) *Britannia* must not all alone remain,
 Without one *Star* in the Celestial Train:
 Has she so many Tyrants born in vain?

Heaven knows, the difficulty only lies,
 In who's the fittest Monster for the Skies:
Satyr, reflect with Care, due Caution give,
 Some ---- are Dead, beware of those Alive.
 If thou too near the present Age begin,
 Truth will be Crime, and Courage will be Sin,
 The Mighty Gods of Vice thou'lt paint in vain,
 Unless thou think of some of those remain.

Adjourn the easy Task, and let us see
 Among the Sons of Crime to find an *English* deity:
 Let him be one that has enjoy'd the Crown,
 That all the rest may his advancement own.
 What tho' Great (b) *Rochester* is left below,
 And thou *Apollo's* Seat on *Richlien* didst bestow;
 Let him be (c) *Pan*, whom Shepherd-Swain adores,
 And all the Sheperdesses be his Whores:

His

(a) *Britain* has had her share of Tyrants, and the long Roll of them is more particularly referr'd to in the 9th and 11th Book.

(b) In Wit and Crime the late Lord *Rochester* was hardly ever out-done by one Man in the World.

(c) *Pan* was call'd the *Sylvan* God, and is said to have clear'd all the rest with the Charm of his Pipe, in which he excell'd, and which he invented, and with the Harmony of his Cittern, on which, they say, he plaid as he was born.

His Royal Master best becomes the Place,
 The old *Priapus* Glory to Deface,
 Yet have a care, lest Female-Gods be spoil'd,
 For he'll get all the Goddesses with Child;
 His furious Lust will Dignity Despise,
 And spread his Viler Image through the Skies:
 Let him be God of all unchaste Desires,
 Where e're he Rules the Blood, the Blood he Fires;
 He that's in this unhappy *Crisis* got,
Castrate him young, before his Brain's too hot.

Satyr, thy Country's Glory now pursue,
 If other Lands have *one*, let thine have *two*;
 Step back two Ages, and exalt on High,
 Great *J* - - the Modern *Bacchus* of the Skie;
 But give him time before his Ghost appear,
 Lest his uneasy Fame bewray his Fear:
 Let him be Patron of the Timorous Race,
 Fear in the Head, and Frenzy in the Face;
 His Constellation, where it's felt Beneath,
 Will make Men strive to *dye for fear of death*.
 See how we worship in his House of (a) Sin,
 His Exaltation with his Crimes begin:
 (b) Aloft we view the *Bacchanalian* King,
 (c) Below the Sacred Anthems daily sing,
 His vast Excess the Pencil art displays,
 And triumphs in the Clouds above our Praise;
 What can with equal Force Devotion move,
 We pray below, and he's Debauch'd above;

The

The Image of *Pan* too admirably suits the late Lord *Rochester*,
Pan was Painted half Man, half Goat; his upper Part's the Man,
 and his lower Part the Beast: Nothing can suit the Character
 better; he had a Head fill'd with the refined'st Wit, but the Vi-
 ces of his other Part were Brutal and Intollerable, justly suited to
 the Representation of a Goat, and abhor'd by all Good Men.

(a) The *Banquetting-House*.

(b) The Paintings on the Ceiling in the *Banquetting-House*, re-
 present all manner of *Bacchanalian* Excesses, and the King fre-
 quently crowned with the Triumphs of Drunkenness.

(c) The Place now turn'd into a Chapel-Royal, and the Di-
 vine Service sung by the Choir of the Household.

The Drunk'n Monarch all our Prayers defyes,
And boldly revels in th' Exalted Skyes:
Satyr, thy Justice cannot well deny,
T'exalt him here, that's there set up so high :
Art had thy Veise anticipated there,
And God-like plac'd the Monarch in the air.

Satyr, go back no further, leave a space,
For future Heroes of sublimer Race ;
Content thy self with these, let all Men try,
To find out such another *Galaxy*,
These shall thy Class of Modern Gods Compleat,
And these alone enjoy the shining Seat,
Too vile for Heav'n, and for the World too Great.

If any ask thee what High Place Remains,
And what bright Orb thy *WILLIAM*'s Star contains ;
Tell 'em that he who pull'd down Tyrants here,
Proclaims Eternal Wars against them there :
Tell 'em he scorns the Fiction of Divine,
And lives an Age's Voyage beyond their Line,
There *he's a God indeed*, for th' Heavenly Face,
Gives High Similitude to the Immortal Race ;
There he possesses Infinite, Compleat,
Whom here he cou'd no more than Imitate,
A Guard of Glorious Lights form'd his ascent,
And wondr'ing Stars ador'd him as he went :
The Planetary Gods Eclips'd and fled,
Resign'd their Light, and vail'd the guilty Head ;
Superiour Glory lightn'd all the way,
With Beams shot out from everlasting Day ;
Harmonious Musick form'd in Choirs of Love,
From the Immortal Symphony above ;
In charming Measures all his *Actions* sung,
And with Seraphic *Anthems* mov'd along.

Thus *William* went, I saw the Saint ascend,
And Sympathetick Joy did optick Powers extend :
I saw th' Exalted Heroe at the Gate,
My Soul went up with him, 'tis hardly come back yet.
Wonder no more, new Raptures fire my Pen,
When *WILLIAM*'s Name I chance to write, and when
I search the Lustre of his Memory,
The best of Monarchs, and of men to me.

JURE DIVINO: A SATYR.

BOOK II.

SATYR, Descend, thy just Resentments show,
From *Gods above*, describe the *Gods below*;
Yet let thy just Respect to Crowns be shown;
The *Monarchs*, not the *Monarchy* disown:
For Governments from Heaven might first appear,
But Governours came from *the Lord knows where*.

Tell us how Patriarchal Power began,
As Heaven's first Dictate how to model Man;
A Sketch of Monarchy, by which he knew,
What methods of command he shou'd pursue.

If Patriarchal Power began the Line,
That Patriarchal Power was then Divine;
(b) Sacred the High Original may be,
But how convey'd

To long Posterity ;

There

(a) Kings are called Gods in Scriptures, and the Word Gods, here, is to be understood to mean Kings or Sovereign Princes of whom the Subject now particularly comes to treat.

(b) Nothing in this Book is design'd, or can be construed to Decry or expose Monarchy, or the Sovereignty of Government by Kings; but to prove they have no Powers immediately deputed from Heaven superior, and unsubjected to the good of those they govern; and that when they assume such a right, they become Tyrants, Invaders of Right, and may be deposed by the people they govern.

There the yet unfurmounted Scruple lies,
 Choak'd with the Throng of vast absurdities ;
 If to the mighty Parallel we go,
 What vast discording Parts appear below ;
 Succeeding Monarchs Sons of Time and Fate,
 Derive no Line from Patriarchal State.

The first Majestick Father of Mankind,
 That e're by Primogenial Title reign'd ;
 What marks of modern Tyrants could he show ?
 And where's the streams of blood that ran below ?
 Had he his Infant-power set up by Force,
 His very Sons would have rebell'd of Course.
 (a) *Saturn* himself, who his own Sons devour'd;
 Was by his own true Progeny o're-power'd ;
 And had extended Power at first began,
 And wild Oppression mix'd the juster Reign :
 Not all the Ties of Nature, or of Blood,
 Could have the Laws of self-defence withstood.
 Not all the Patriarchal high Pretence,
 Could have prevail'd to supersede their sense ;
 In Crowns or Families the course of things,
 The same Effects from the same Causes brings ;
 All things in Nature's proper Channel run,
 The *Tyrant Father* makes the *Rebel Son*.

Then View the small Extent of Native Power;
 And how unqualify'd their Subjects to devour.

Small was the bound of his Imperial state,
 Confin'd within his own paternal Gate ;
 The Dignity of Government was high,
 But all his Kingdom was his Family :
 To regulate the Decencies of Life,
 The Monarch rul'd his Household and his Wife ;
 By just Descent his narrow Rule went on,
 And Government descended to his Son.

But how did Families to Nations rise,
 Join for Defence, and form Societies ?

(a) *Saturn* who is feign'd to devour his own Children, was banished by his Children; the Story is suppos'd Allegorick, viz. that he Tyranniz'd over his Subjects; and was deposed and banished, or driven out of his Country for it.

In the paternal right no man could reign,
Farther than his own Household did contain;
And every son might from his rule divide,
Be King himself, and by himself preside.

If Families united by consent,
There we come back to Laws of Government;
Compact and mutual Treaties of accord,
Between a willing People and their Lord.

But since this Doctrine frights our men of power,
And leaves no room their neighbours to devour;
But lays foundations of abhor'd Dispute,
Rebellions, Revolutions, *God knows what*;
Subjects the Crown to barb'rous things, *call'd Rules,*
And Liberty, that Bait, for Free-born Fools.

Let us the Patriarchal Scheme display,
While Nature in her Infant-Cradle lay,
Wise providence, that all Events foreknew,
Directs the world their safety to pursue:
While in the Infant-ages of the kind,
Nature to first Paternal Rule confin'd;
The men untainted, and their number few,
The Patriarchal Government *might do (a).*

But as to wider Regions Nations spread,
And weaker numbers made the great their Head,
Eternal feuds the Petty Lords invade *(b),*
To *Lust and Crime*, by *Lust and Crime* betray'd;

Necessity

(a) No Man of common Sense imagines, that at the first Propagation of Mankind, there was such Governments as are among us at this time. But in those times, each Father, without being subject to any superior Power, govern'd his Wife, Children and Servants, as a Sovereign.

(b) Nay it seems very probable to me, that even at the time of the Deluge, there was no Magistracy, or any civil Constitution; but that the Government was lodg'd only in each Father of his Family: For it is scarce to be imagin'd that such abominable disorders should have been introduc'd, where the Power of Magistrates and Laws were exercis'd: And it is observable, that after once the Rules of Government were constituted, we do not find Mankind in General did run into such Enormities, of which God Almighty was obliged to purge the World by an universal Punishment. *Puffendorf's Introduct- to the History of Europe, p. 1.*

Necessity Confederate Heads Directs,
 And Power United, Power Expos'd Protects;
 The nature of the thing directs the Mode,
 And Government was born in Publick Good;
 Safety with Right and Property combines,
 And thus Necessity with Nature joins.

And here's the *Jus Divinum* truly found,
 Confederate heads with sacred Titles Crown'd;
 For safety and the general welfare join (a),
 And make the *Laws of Government* Divine;
 They only could *Successive Right* convey,
 When they that had the Power to Rule, obey;
 By *Forms and Stipulations* they Depute (b),
 Who shall the Right where Kings submit Dispute;
 With *Right Divine* they Consecrate his Throne,
 By choice convey what was by Birth their own (c).
 The well subjected Families unite,
 And Patriarchal Princes, by due choice submit,
 The publick safety first directs the Choice,
 And patriarchal suffrage, joyns *Diviner Voice*.

Paternal power at first was incompleat,
 Too weak for Empire, and for Rule unfit,
 The numerous Monarchs quarrellsome and proud,
 Involv'd their little Governments in Blood;
 Eternal Wars and undecided Strife,
 Unhing'd mankind, and cross'd the ends of Life;
 Immortal struggles for pretended right,
 Proceed to blood, and men for Trifles fight.

F 3

Prompted

(a) 'Tis plain, this learned Author implies, that Patriarchal Power was not adapted to rule great Nations, but that infinite Feuds and petty Wars would succeed, which must end in Conquest and Monarchy.

(b) That Government prescrib'd by Laws, Compacts and Agreements, was produc'd by the Necessity of things for the publick safety.

(c) That these Compacts and Governments being made originally, by the uniting of those Paternal Heads, who had Originally that divine Right, have the Inheritance of that Divine Right convey'd to them, and Divine Right is so convey'd to the People, not in the Princes.

Prompted by crime the vicious wretch rebels,
 And the just force of injur'd right repells ;
 And thus the world would to this day have flow'd,
 In seas of troubles, and in streams of blood.

Satyr, the Specimen, let's recommend,
 Where Patriarchal Monarchy remain'd ;
 How (a) *Western Highlands* under every *Clan*,
 The old *Mock-Magistracy* still maintain ;
 View their Good Laws and wholesome Government,
 Divine the form, *Infernal the Intent*.
 All their first fancy'd power, and ancient right,
 First form'd in blood, and then maintain'd by might ;
 View here the ancient patriarchal Jest,
 With *Target* arm'd, in *Plod* and *Bonnet* dress'd,
 And from paternal Government possess'd.

The Prince with *Whoop* and *Whistling Trumpet* shrill,
 Summons his slaves from ev'ry neighb'ring hill,
 Tell's them, his Enemy's *Bull* has stole his *Cow*,
 And *Dire Revenge* th' obedient Rabble Vow ;
 With mighty *Targ*, and basket-hilted *Knife*,
 Battle and blood decide the antick strike ;
 The *Namelings* fight, because the *Clan* commands,
 And wild confusion rules th' ungovern'd Lands.

Hence Conquest shar'd the patriarchal Crown,
 And *Right by Power*, pull'd *Right by Nature* down ;
 Men

(a) In the *High-lands* of Scotland, the Patriarchal Power seems to retain its Original, and the Nature of it is display'd, where the Men of a Name, pay all an undisputed Obedience to him they call the Head of the *Clan*, or Family ; if he calls, they come with obedient Cheerfulness ; and nothing has been more frequent than for the whole Body of a *Clan*, or all of such or such a Name, upon the least Trifle of a Quarrel between the Heads on either side, to meet armed, and fight desperately till the Quarrel was decided by Blood.

(b) Many times upon these Occasions hundreds of Men have been kill'd, or rather Murdered on a side for some Impertinent Wrangle ; as for a Cow or a horse, or any such Country Trespass.

(c) This would certainly have been the Consequence of Patriarchal Monarchies, where the Government must have been numerous, small, and on'y govern'd by Power and absolute Will, the strongest would of Course have subdued all the rest at last.

Men that began the sweets of blood to taste,
 By Lust of Rule push'd on, laid nature waste ;
 Scatter'd inferiour Force, and fix'd a Throne.
 And all *their Power could grasp* they call'd their own.

If then to conquest we would have recourse,
 We find the wound as bad, the Med'cine worse ;
 The strictest search no steps of conquest find,
 In all the early ages of mankind ;
 In Natures Youth, the Bond of Heav'n was strong,
 Ambition quite unborn, the World but young :
 Rapin and (a) Root of Crime obtain'd no Place,
 And sin had made no wrinkles in her beauteous Face ;
 The seeds of Crime, no cause of Crime entail'd,
 But universal Honesty prevail'd ;
 Then patriarchal Innocence might reign,
 But what did all the Dignity contain ?
 Justice in Peace might native truth attend,
 Rather to pilot Nations than defend ;
 No sword was drawn to make his power be known,
Age was his *Scepter*, and *Grey Hairs* his Crown ;
 The high decisive Voice rever'd, because
 Heav'n spoke by him the Voice of Nature's Laws ;
 And all he said was eccho'd from mankind,
 By God's Eternal (b) Witness in the mind :
 Had he impos'd his viler Will for Law,
 And drove the Subjects he was rais'd to draw ;
 Strife and *Opposing Nature*, wou'd have shown,
 The small extent of his corrupted throne.

But men and Crimes, as they in numbers grew,
 Old Rules laid down, and Vice directed new :
 Pride and Ambition hand in hand invade,
 Nations, by equal seeds of crime betray'd ;
 Method their *absent Honesty* supplies,
 And crime extenuates crime : The Guilty flies,
 To shifts and sham, and *Refuges of Lies*.

Thus pride brings strife, and wars to strife succeed,
 Truth yields, and falshood governs in his stead ;
 Justice and Honesty by Inches fail,
 And Violence and Injury prevail.

(a) Covetunnels, which is call'd the Root of all evil.

(b) Conscience.

Hence Tyrants, and from these Infected Springs,
 Flows the best Title of the best of Kings :
 Conceiv'd by Pride, and born of Violence,
 So free from claim they wanted the pretence ;
 Invaded right to growing force submits,
 Oppression *Charges Home*, and honesty retreats :
 Weak truth gives way to power, and power prevails,
 And universal slavery entails ;
 The first oppression's the produce of sin,
 And always follows where our Crimes begin.

Then listen, *Satyr*, to the General Voice,
 And let the men of murmur take their Choice.
 Let 'em in sociate compacts place a Crown,
 Or let 'em Conquest and Invasion own :
 'Tis all the same, the Right's alike Divine,
 The same in Justice, and the same in Line ;
 Heav'n has no hand in the Politick Fraud,
 Nature directed, Consequence obey'd.

Th'immortal Laws of Moral Right were giv'n,
 As Guides of Conduct by indulgent Heaven ;
 Justice and Truth kept all the World in awe,
 And Right and Wrong were settl'd first by Law ;
 The Rules of Worship and Subjection set,
 (a) What things we ought to do, and what omit :
 Due Knowledge first infus'd by Providence,
 And Bounds mark'd out to Man's Obedience.

But, as to Government he left him free,
Nature directed : Rules of Politie ;
 Needless to Dictate, to his Reason known,
 'Twas in himself, the *Hint was all his own* ;
 Reason the easy Methods did contain,
 And Heav'n, that never speaks or acts in vain,
 Wisely fore-knowing Nature wou'd direct,
 Plainly omits, for Heaven can't Neglect.

But

(a) In all the moral Laws, in all the Institutions of Providence read of in the early History of the World, Heaven was observ'd never to direct them in matters of Government, as a thing left wholly to their own Choice.

Why did not Heaven prescribe the Laws of Life,
 As when to Eat, or Sleep, or Kiss his Wife ;
 But that directed Nature knew it's Law,
 And faithful Instinct wou'd Performance draw.

(a) Society to Regulation tends,
 As naturally as Means pursue their Ends ,
 The Wit of Man could never yet invent
 A Way of Lite without a Government ;
 Subordination is the Soul of Law,
 And Rules of Life to Rules of Living will draw ;
 What need had Power to prescribe the Man,
 Let him go on without it if he can.

Had he in State of Innocence remain'd,
 His Happines had all that's Good contain'd ;
 No Property, no Right or Wrong had known ;
 Each Man had all the World, and all his own :
 'Twas Crime put Man in need of Government,
 To Guard just Right, and Injury prevent ;
 That Government that does not this way tend,
 Destroys it Self, as it Destroys it's End.

Nor shall we here Dispute the Name of *King*,
 The Method seems as Nat'ral as the Thing :
 That whosoe'er Society shall choose,
 All Men should him Obey, and none Refuse.
 And 'tis as Just that he shou'd *Reign by Rules*,
 Else he must be a *Tyrant*, they of course be *Fools* :
 No man agrees to be by Force oppress'd,
 'Tis Force *alone* must reconcile us to the Jest ;
 Custom and want of Means may keep men low,
 And make Submission seem like Nature too ;
 But of all Nations let them find me one,
 That strove to Sink, and chose to be Undone.

Compact's the *Womb* of real Majesty,
 The rest is all *Excentrick Tyranny* :
 By Force attempted, and by Fraud maintain'd,
 Fraud only *can Uphold*, what Force *has Gain'd*,

How

(a) This is according to the stated arguing from the Laws of Nature and Humane Understanding. *Vid. Oceana. Algernoon Sidney. Mr. Lock. &c.*

How can that Foot of Government be best,
Where none Obey, but those who can't resist ?

*Why Providence has left the World so long
To Violence, shall now Employ our Song :*

Put the *Inquiring* Nations out of Doubt,
Satyr will find the *Easy Riddle* out :

How it began, how native Freedom fell,

" Form'd in the dark Confederacy of Hell,

" Speak, *Satyr*, for there's none like Thee can Tell.

But first Examine the Diviner Race,
And search the *Heavenly Image* in their Face.

For if the Sacred Power were all Divine,

How comes the Devil *has thus debauch'd the Line* ?

How came these God-like men in Power sublime,

To mingle their Divinity with Crime ?

In Place Supreme, but God-like in their Reign,

But Soil'd with Vice below the worst of Men.

How came they Void of Sense, *as well as Grace*,

And Tainted Blood Debauch'd the Sacred Race ?

Incarnate Mischiefs center in their Heads,

And *surfeited Debauches* in their Beds ;

Gorg'd with insatiate Avarice, and Blood,

And Troops of Hellish Lusts about 'em Crowd :

From whence does all their sordid Crimes proceed,

Which makes *Fate Groan*, and *ruin'd Nations bleed* ?

If they from (a) Heav'n possess'd a Power Supreme,
From God receiv'd, and held of none but him ;

Above the Laws, accountable to none,

But by immortal Right possess'd the Crown ;

In Person Sacred, of Seraphick Line,

By Birth and Place inherently Divine :

The High Exalted Office all their own,

And by their Persons Sanctify'd the Throne.

Then *Kings were* (b) *Gods*, the Race Celestial,

And Sacred Majesty becomes the Stile :

(a) If all these Heads of Argument were true, as Sir R. Filmer and the Patrons of divine Right alledge the King must be something more than a man ; for a Creature vested with all the Sancti-
ons, they thus place in the Person reigning, must be so exalted,
as to merit some other Title than that of a Man.

(b) The Power ascribed to Kings by this Doctrine, would de-

Shall Tyrants plead their *Mission* from on High,
And Guard their *Mischiefs* by their *Majesty* ;
Entitle Heaven to all they can commit,
And Ruin Nations by the Sacred Cheat :

With

nominate them to be Gods ; and they may as well demand Adoration, as such a kind of Obedience, as these men alledge is due to them.

With Rapes and Murthers first Lebauch the Throne,
 And make the Text those Rapesand Murthers own.
 Preach the Religion of Obedienc due,
 To such as no Religion ever knew;
 Princes that give their Will its eager Gust,
 And Sacrifice the Nations to ther Lust,
 Are these the Persons Sanctify'dby Line?
 Then *Lucifer* himself may be Divine.

Forbid it, Heaven, that Govenours should prove,
 The Right of Blood and murth'r from above:
 The Royal Crimes of Princes blat the Sense,
 And show the Weakness of the Siam pretence,
 We find no real Merit in a Throie,
 To Sanctify the Person by the Cown:
 Since such as wiser Heaven designs to Curse,
 Are not made better by it, but the worse;
 It cannot be, that Men of Lustand Blood,
 Can in the *Right Divine* be understood:
 It quite Destroys the Nature of the Thing,
 That Heaven should so uphold i monster King.

But Kings are Gods.--- That Title own they must,
 Like him be Sacred, and like himbe Just;
 If o'er the last the vicious Lust prevails,
 The Sanction dyes, and all the God-head fails;
 His high Desert's a Jest, a Ridicle,
 And he's more vile than those heought to Rule;
 Abandon'd to his Crimes he ough to find
 Himself abandon'd too by all Maikind;
 With the (a) *Affyrian* Monarch tun'd to Grass,
 As much a Tyrant, and as much an Ass;
 I know no meaner, abject, monstrous Thing,
 Than an *Exalted Devil* made a King.

Satyr, thy Verse to th' Pencils Art prefer,
 They paint the Face, but thou the Character;
 Poets may wicked Princes so adore,
 We cannot Gild their Crimes, *AWhore's a Whore.*

Perish

(a) *Nebuchadnezzar*, whom God depri'd of his Senses, and his Subjects excluded him both from the Government, and also from humane Society.

Perish those Poets and be (a) *Damn'd* the Song
Which with this *Nonsense* charm'd the World so long
That he who *does no Right*, can do no *Wrong*.

The claim of (b) *Conquest* thus deriv'd from sin,
Where will the *Saved*, where the *Right* begin?
And when did this *Encroaching Cheat* come in?

Ancient as Sin, and close Ally'd in time,
With *mischief born*, and *Midwif'd* in by crime;
Tyrannick power invaded common right,
And *Justice Sunk* beneath the *Arms of Might*.

If this be right, if this entails a Crown,
It much more makes it just to pull it down;
For Crowns that by oppression are obtain'd,
May by the like oppression be regain'd;

(c) Th' injustice will be in the first offence,
And 'tis the cause defends the consequence.

Heaven had no hand at all in the design,
'Twas wild oppression taught Men first to reign;
Belus and *Nimrod*, who, as 'tis suppos'd,
Large families in Kingdoms first enclos'd
Who made the patriarchal power comply,
And sociate Rule submit to Monarchy:
Were they inspir'd? Did *God* the crime command,
And introduce destruction in the Land?

Forbid it, *Satyr*, let's no more blaspheme,
Worship sham-pover, and banter the supreme
It cannot be, Heav'n can't support a throne,
Erected purely to pull down his own;

Almighty

(a) The Reader is desir'd to understand this Word in the Language of the Poets, who use it when any of their Works are generally dislik'd, or condemn'd and censur'd; and not in the vulgar Acceptation of the Word; and therefore 'tis ascrib'd to the Song, not to the Poet, and I should have insert'd none of this Note, but for the capitious Distemper of the Age, which is apt to condemn a Work for a Word, and that Word, not because it merits the Censure, but because they do not understand it.

(b) Conquest must begin in Covetousness and Ambition; for all offensive War except such as is sincerely preventive, must be unjust.

(c) If it be just to conquer, it must be just in another to conquer him, and so on till the World was fill'd with Invasions and Eternal Encroachments of Growing Power.

Almighty power, 'tis own'd, can all things do,
 But power does nature constantly pursue;
 Th' eternal attributes go hand in hand,
 And this must first direct, what those command,
 This governs first of all, and that protects,
 And that must execute, what this directs;
 Heaven must its nature change, and cease to be,
 Corrupt in will, and weak in majesty;
 When e're it shall against it self command,
 And own the mischiefs which it has condemn'd.

First Government was nat'ral, all and Free,
 And fixt in Patriarchal Majesty,
 From (a) thence convey'd by Right to Property,
 Where he bestows the soil, and gives the Land,
 The right of that's the right of the Command,
 There can be no pretence of Government,
 Till they that have the property consent.

Here all the kinds of Government began,
 And here will (b) end; prevent it he that can:
 'Twould be a contradiction too absur'd,
Satyr, Mankind would blush at every word,
 Should we suppose Heav'n could its Laws dispense,
 So contradictory to common sense;

To

(a) This is the plain Original of Government; Men found the Patriarchal Power deficient in many things, when the World began to multiply, and that it was wholly unqualify'd for large Communities; and some encroaching upon others, threaten'd and began to grow formidable to the rest: To preserve therefore the Rights and Properties these Families enjoy'd in the World, they first confederate several of these Patriarchal Families or Kingdoms together for mutual defence against Invasion; and finding this their only safety, they continue thus united, chose one Supreme above the rest, and he obtain'd the name of Duke or Captain; and after of King, or, which is to be understood, Grand Captain: These had the same Right of Election as they had before of Rule, and this Right was always annex'd to the Property of the Lands they enjoy'd, and so it remains to this Day.

(b) Government must certainly terminate in the Right of Property, because Nature dictating to Men to defend their Property, they will upon all Occasions assert it, and obey that Law they find within their own Breasts.

To send a Nation to possess a Land,
But from Possession take away Command;
'Twould turn his providence into ridicule,
To give the property without the rule:
If the command's withheld, possessions die,
No man possesses what he can't enjoy;
And all enjoyment's lame, but that which knows,
A power to keep, as well as to dispose.

What other title does mankind enjoy,
And less would all we call a claim destroy;
Of all the wide extended World *he's (a) Lord*,
What are the consequences of the word?
How was the Title first to him convey'd?
How has instructed nature since obey'd?
Seizin and *Livery* he gave the Man,
Possession did his Government explain,
For Property does Power it self contain.

Here, and here only Monarchies begin,
Such Governments as these *are all Divine*:
The Person the Proprietors erect,
All the Proprietors are to protect;
His Person's Sacred, and his rightful Crown,
No Men, but they that gave it, may pull down:
Nor they, unless he proves to be Unjust,
And then they all, *not only may, but must*.

And what's the Reason else when Tyrants Reign,
Heav'n blasts them not before we can complain:
If they from Heav'n directly had the Crown,
Heaven would when they *Rebell'd, dismount the Throne*.
When with exalted Crimes they *Plague Mankind*,
And Ruine those they rather shou'd *Defend*;
When they with Murthers, Massacre, and Blood,
O'erflow the Land, and *Revel in the Flood*;
Why does not Sovereign Thunder blast the Crown,
And he that set them up, soon *thrust them down*?
Will they entitle Heaven to their Mistakes,
And think *he owns the Mischiefs for the Monarchs Sakes*?

No

(b) God gave him, as man, Dominion over every Creature,
and this must certainly imply, that he gave him Property in those
Creatures which his possession made his own.

*No Man was ever yet so void of Sense,
Or own'd so great a Stock of Impudence:*

*The Reason's plain, and may be eas'ly known,
'Tis not Heav'n's proper Bus'ness, but our own :
The Gift he gives, he looks that we maintain,
And till we strive, we cry to Heav'n in vain.
Prayers and Tears no Revolutions make,
Pull down no Tyrants, will no Bondage break;
Heav'n never will our faint Petitions hear,
Till just Endeavours supersede our Prayer ;
Not always then, but Nations may be sure,
The willing Bondage ever shall endure ;
Heaven thinks it just if we ourselves betray,
That when we strive to be undone, we may :
Christians must no more Miracles expect,
And they that will be Slaves he'll not protect ;
They that would have his Power to be their Friend,
Must with what Power they have, their Right Defend ;
In vain they for Divine Assistance stay,
Unless they learn to Fight as well as pray ;
This will their Wish, and his Design fulfil,
But Mankind's never sav'd against his Will ;
He works by Means, and Means he'll always bless,
With Approbation, often with Success.*

*Nor is it just mankind should look for Aid,
Where he himself, is by himself betray'd ;
He that will not his willing Arms extend,
Must Drown of course, and is for Death design'd ;
Those that the Agency of Man deny,
Allow he always has a Power to Die :
He that will Hang himself, and then expect
Th' Almighty Negative must him protect,
Exposes Providence to Ridicule,
Banters his Government, and dies a Fool ;
Heav'n has thought fit, by Silence to direct ;
Where Nature Dictates, no man should neglect ;
What tho' his Bounteous Hand does Plenty Carve,
He that will never Eat, will always Starve.*

What

What tho' th' oppress'd his ready goodness saves,
He ne're prevents the men *that will be Slaves*;
'Tis left indiff'rent to the general Choice,
Mankind may choose, *Nature obey's his Voice*;
If he's a Coxcomb, and resolves to die,
LET HIM, not God or Nature will deny;
If he will be a Fool, to Force submit,
Heav'ns not concern'd to free him of the cheat,
But leaves him to be punish'd for *his want of Wit*.

Thus Sovereign Grace does sinking Worlds Redeem;
And *Passive Man* resigns the Praise to him;
But when he will the mighty Gift throw down,
He damns himself, and makes the Crime his own.

This is the *first Great Law of Government*,
Reason submits and signs her free Consent;
All other Forms of Living are Humane,
Empty like them that made 'em, *and in vain*;
Cannot the ends of Government supply;
Nor finish, *what we call Felicity*;
They all began in Crime, by Crime maintain'd,
Pervert the *means of Rule*, and *miss the End*.

Divine Commission knew *no Class of Kings*,
Despotick Governments are *self-made things*;
'Twas all *usurp'd*, 'twas all Tyrannick Power;
Which made great Families the small Devour:
The first wild (a) Huntsman *Beasts less wild* pursu'd,
But quickly for a Kingdom *left the Wood*;
He form'd the *First Banditty* of the Age,
And learnt the men as well as Beasts t' Engage:
Thus Captains they commenc'd, and then grew Kings;
And Tyrants by the *Consequence of things*:
For lawless power, by lawless power they toil'd,
And mankind soon with *mankind* they embroil'd,
Till he grew King that first subdu'd the rest,
As he that Rob'd the most, could Rule the best.

G

Was

(a) Nimrod, who is in Scripture called a mighty Hunter, we find Historians agree his Hunting was of Men more than Beasts; and that he erected a Tyrannick Government in the World, most believe; and therefore called a Mighty Hunter before the Lord.

Was this Divine? Was Heaven concern'd in this,
 Heaven that is all made up of Truth and Peace?
Oppression's born of Hell, the mischief came
Big with Ambition, Nature to enflame,
 And has no other Prospect or Design,
 But to Debauch and Ruin all Mankind;
 It's Nature's such, 'tis *Tainted from below,*
 And by the Crime you may its Birth-place know:
 Effects in spight of Arts their Cause reveal,
 The *Devil himself* cannot the Mark conceal;
 It smells of that *Dark Vault* from whence it came,
 Such Kings and Tyrants always were the same.

And as the Modell's of Infernal Birth,
 'T has spread the *Devil's Image* thro' the Earth;
 Eternal War with Heaven till now maintains,
 And wheedles Men to *please themselves with Chains*;
 Perswades them to believe the Cheat's Divine,
 And calls in Heaven to sanctify the Line:

Religion always makes a Crime compleat,
And sacred Masks the only dangerous Cheat;
 The Regal Power was all their own Design,
 Built on the Rubbish of the Power Divine:
The Patriarchal Right oppress'd by Weight,
 Sunk in the General *Casualty of Fate*;
 The first Paternal Government made void,
 And *Right Divine* by *Right Usurp'd* destroy'd.

Thus *Power by Conquest* was at first begun,
 And by Oppression has been handed down;
 The Crown at first upon the Sword depends,
 And what the Sword *set up*, the Sword *Defends*;
 Nor does it sink the Value of the Crown,
 Only it pulls the *Mask of Sacred Down*:
 For Conquest is a Title Heaven permits,
 And few Crown'd Heads can boast of better Rights.

But this does personal Sanction all confound,
 Where Conquest Reigns *Divinity's a-ground*;
Title and Right's an empty formal Word;
 And all the *Jus Divinum's* in the Sword;
 The Crown's a *Hieroglyphick* to the Steel,
 Subjects may think of *This*, but *That they Feel*:

'Tis Force supports the High Tyrannick Jest,
 And Men Obey, *because they can't Resist* ;
 So Heaven it self, as Learned Men have said,
 Wou'd have no Subjects, *if the Dev'l were Dead*
 Religion may in some few things appear,
But all Submission is produc'd by Fear ;
 The High Pretences may perhaps be Great,
 But 'tis Subjection makes a Law Compleat,
And sense of Punishment preserves a State ;
 'Tis Power alone which keeps the World in awe,
 And 'tis the Penalty supports the Law ;
 Without it 'twou'd be but an empty Sound,
 A Cloud in which no Thunderbolt is found ;
 Rule without Power's an empty senseless Word,
And Justice, Nonsense is, without the Sword.

Satyr, the Sons of argument Dismiss,
 And stand the Test of High Authorities ;
 Let us to Sacred Hist'ry now appeal,
 Heaven may perhaps in these the Doubt reveal ;
 What tho' it seems *embarras'd* and perplex'd,
You'll find the Doctrine if you find the Text ;
 That very Article our Champions boast,
 Shou'd most confirm 'em, *will confound 'em most.*

When *Israel* with unheard of Murmurs first,
 Pray'd to unwilling Heav'n they might be curst ;
Rejected God, and scorn'd th' Almighty Rule,
 And made themselves *their Childrens Ridicule* ;
 Th' Eternal Banter, Future Ages Jest,
 And Damn'd to Slavery *at their own Request* ?
 How did just Heav'n the mad Demand receive,
 How with their wild deluded Reason strive :
 With what just Arguments did *Samuel* plead,
 Give 'em the Tyrant's Character to read ;
 Explain'd the Lust of an *Ungovern'd man*,
 Show'd 'em the Danger, Preach'd to them *in vain* :
 Told 'em the Wretched thing they'd quickly find,
 Within the pleasing Name of King Contain'd ;
 With their hew'd Crowds expostulate,
 And open'd all the Dangers of their Fate.

The Text is plain, Heav'n the Design abhorr'd,
 (a) *And left his high Dislike upon Record;*
 Not that he does the *Name of King* disclaim,
 The Mischief's in the Man, *and not the Name.*
 But his Just Anger plainly he exprest,
 Against the *Madness* of the wild Request;
They were a Monarchy, himself their King,
 Free from the Mischiefs, yet enjoy'd the *thing*;
 Govern'd by him their Freedom they pursu'd,
 He fought their Battles, and their Foes subdu'd;
 But glutted with the *Freedom* of their Fate,
 They Bought their Ruin to *Exalt their State*;
 Sought their Destruction with unwearied Pains,
 And begg'd for *Fetters, Slavery, and Chains.*

But Heaven, *say me*, thought fit this Prayer to hear,
 Himself chose out the King, and plac'd him there;
 Disown'd the Pop'lar Right, and fix'd the Choice
 In Providence, and not the Peoples Voice;
 From whence the Claim of Right by Regal Line,
 Made *Israel's Kings* be Kings by Right Divine.

'Tis own'd, if e'er *Almighty Power* thinks fit
 To Choose a King, the People should submit;
 His Sovereign Power has an undoubted Right,
 As he has made the World to Govern it.
 And he that has the Right of Government,
 Can Give a Right by his Divine assent;
 By Proxy may the Kingdom execute,
 For if he may Command, he may (b) Depute.

Thus Saul was King by Heaven's immediate Hand,
 But 'was in Judgment to afflict the Land;
 To have his Anger plainly understood,
 And Samuel's black Predictions to make good;
 In Granting he corrected the Request,
 Gave them the Man, but he with-held the rest;

He

(a) 1 Sam. 8. 7. 8. *They have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not reign over them.*

(b) And consequently may Depute a Tyrant who shall execute his Judgments for the Punishment of a Nation: and so it was here, for the Scripture says expressly, *Saul was given them in Anger.*

He gave what they pretended to require,
But in the Gift he punish'd the Desire :

(a) He gave a *Plague*, the very self-same thing
 They ask'd, when they petition'd for a King.

For 'tis remarkable when *Samuel* saw,
 (b) They'd have a King in spite of Sense or Law ;
 He drew the Picture of a Monster Crown'd,
 Ask'd them, *if such a Villain could be found,*
Whether they'd like him, and their Tribute bring ?

They answer, **YES :** *Let such a one be King.*

And is a Tyrant King your early Choice ?
 (c) *Be Kings your Plague*, said the Eternal Voice ;
 And with this mighty Curse he gave the Crown,
 And Saul to *Israel's* Terror mounts the Throne.

Satyr, the Parallel with Caution bring,
 On what Conditions was this Man their King.
 Tho' *Heaven* declar'd him, *Heaven* it self set down
 The Sacred *Postulata* of the Crown ;

Samuel examin'd first the High Record,
 (d) Then *Dedicates the Substance* to the Lord ;

G 3

(a) This

(a) *1 Sam. 8. 7. 9. 19.* God bids *Samuel* hearken to the Voice
 of the People, and make them a King ; but protests solemnly to
 them, and shews them the manner of the King that shall reign
 over them.

(b) This I take not to be improperly turn'd in *Satyr*, and
 bring in *Samuel* talking to them thus ;

God is very much displeased with you, that you have rejected his imme-
 diate Government, and chosen a King ; and therefore has bid me tell you,
 if you will have a King, you shall ; but he will be so and so : as from
7. 10. to 18.

(c) The People Reply ; Nay, but we will have a King over
 us : As if they had said ;

Well, with all our Hearts ; let us but have a King, we'll venture that
 we don't trouble our Heads ; let us have him, let him be never so bad, so
 he be but a King, that we may be a Match for our Enemies.

(d) This must be meant by that Text, *1 Sam. 10. 25.* *Samuel*
 told the People the manner of the Kingdom, and wrote it in a Book, and
 laid it up before the Lord.

1. His telling the People the manner of the Kingdom.

'Tis plain the word *Manner* signifies the Constitution of the Go-
 vernment ; by which is mean'd, the conditions on which *Saul* was

(a) This is the *Coronation-Oath*, the Bond,
The Steps on which the Throne and Kingdom stand;
Which when the future Kings unjustly broke,
God and the People juster Vengeance took,

Then mark the *Needful Steps* to make him king,
How Sacred Ends, concurring Means must bring;
Not *Samuel's Ointment*, not the mighty *Lot*,
Could *make him King*, nor hew his Title out;
They saw no Worth in his *Mechanic Race*,
No Lines of Government in his *too Youthful Face*:
The *bashful Boy* for Crown and Power unfit.
As loth to Rule, as they were to submit;
Declin'd the *Gawdy Trifle*, call'd a Crown,
And loth to Change the Stable for a Throne:
Backward the *weighty Load* to undergo,
The *wisest Action* ever Saul cou'd do.

(a) *Is this the Monarch shall our Foes destroy,*
Does Heaven design to Rule us by a Boy?

The flouting *Rabbies Cry*, *We scorn to own,*
A Man that has no Merit for a Crown,
Give us a better King, or give us none.

Is this the Tyrant whom you bid us Fear?

Is that young Cowardly Boy to Govern here?

to be King, and they his Subjects; for tho' God had given him the Crown, it was to rule the People according to Justice and Laws; and this is meant in frequent Expressions, by going in and out before them; referring to Justice being executed in the Gates, and Peace and War; the King was to lead them in one, and direct in the other: This Manner of the Kingdom was told to all the People, that implied the Consent of the People requir'd to make him King, without which, tho' Samuel had anointed him, he was not own'd by the Israelites, but went about his private Affairs till after the Victory over the Ammonites.

(a) 1 Sam. 10. 27. *How shall this Man save us? And they despis'd him.*

(b) Then this manner of the Kingdom was wrote in a Book: a Token of its being a Compact between Saul and the People; and his laying it up before the Lord, is a very good Equivalent to an Oath recorded on both sides.

For it was there as a Witness between the King and the People, and serv'd both as their Oath of Allegiance, and his Oath of Government.

All this being done; What follow'd? *All the People went to Gilgal; and there THEY, mark the Word, made Saul King.*

Is he the Man shall Judah's Scepter Sway ?

And, are we mad enough, d'ye think, t'Obey ?

Our King must lead the Glorious Tribes to Fight,

And Chase the Thousands of the Ammonite;

From Israel's Chains release her, and Defy

The mighty Chariots of the Enemy,

His personal Valour must our Triumphs bring,

'Tis such a Man we Want, and such a King.

Away they go, (a) reject his Government,

Not Heav'n's high Choice cou'd force their due Consent.

Samuel submits, adjourns the strong Debate,

Suspends the King he offer'd to Create ;

Owens their Dislike's a high material Thing,

And without their Consent, he never could be King :

Nor would even God himself the thing deny ;

Nay Heaven the Scruple seems to Justify :

Nature was here oppos'd to Providence,

And Duty seem'd to bow to Rules of Sense :

Almighty Power declar'd it (b) worth his while

By Miracle the Case to reconcile.

Why did he not his high Distaste express,

Resent the Slight, and punish their Excess ;

Extort Obedience by express Command,

And Crown his Choice by his immediate Hand ?

G 4

Destroy

(a) They saw no Merit in the Man they expected ; the King, that God would have given them, should have been a Man of some Figure, whose Conduct had been tryed, and his Valour and Bravery had made famous among the Tribes ; but when they saw a Youth mean and despicable in his Original, of the youngest Tribe of Israel ; a Benjamite, and every Circumstance concurring to Disappoint them ; they go away dejected, and refuse him, notwithstanding all Samuel's Anointing or God's singling him out by Lot.

(b) It seem'd as if God had own'd there was some Appearance of Reason in the Peoples dislike of their new King ; and therefore he was not pleas'd to express any Anger at the Contempt : their rejecting *Saul*, put upon the Divine Designation, as it were owning that a King ought to have Personal Merit to recommend him ; and therefore directs his Providence to work upon the Peoples Judgments, and even by a Miracle gives *Saul* that Merit which he knew would obtain upon the People's good liking.

Destroy the Rebels with his blasting breath,
 And punish *Early Treason* with their Death :
 With mighty *Thunders* his new King Proclaim,
 And force the *Trembling Tribes* to do the same ?

Because he knew it was the *Course of things*,
 And Nature's Law, that *Men should Choose* their Kings ;
 He knew the *Early Dictate* was his own,
 And Reason acted from himself alone.

'Tis just, says the Almighty Power, and sense,
 For Actions are the Words of Providence ;
 The mouth of Consequences speaks aloud,
 And nature's Language is the Voice of God :
 'Tis just, says he, the People should be shown,
 The man that wears it, can deserve the Crown.
 Merit will make my Choice appear so just,
 They'll own him fit for the intended trust ;
 Confirm by Reason my Exalted Choice,
 And make him King by all the peoples Voice.

Let Ammon's Troops my Peoples Tents invade,
 And Israel's trembling Sons, to fear betray'd,
 Fly from th' advancing Legions in the Fright,
 Till Jabesh Walls Embrace the Ammonite.

I'll spirit Saul, and arm his soul for War,
 The Boy they scorn, shall in the field appear ;
 I'll teach the unexperienc'd Youth to fight,
 And flesh him with the slaughter'd Ammonite.
 The General Suffrage then he'll justly have,
 To Rule the People, he knows how to save ;
 Their Wilking Voices all the Tribes will bring,
 And make my Chosen Heroe be their King.

Great God ! How Glorious are the works of (a) fate !
 And how prepar'd for us to wonder at !
 Th' Immortal Harmony of Providence,
 What Musick is it to th' enlighten'd Sense !
 By which Almighty Light is pleas'd to show,
 The strange Connexion secret Matters know
 Between the things above, and things below !

He

(a) A word us'd as expressive of Providence, but not to lessen Providence, or suggest an independant thing, call'd Fate or Fortune, as the Heathen Determin'd it.

He speaks, and all the high Events Obey,
The mighty Voice of Nature *leads the Way* ;
Convincing Reason Conquers willing Sense,
And Heaven's Decrees *come out* in Consequence.

The Troop's of (a) *Ammon Israel's Tents invade*,
His *Mighty Fighting Sons*, to Fear betray'd,
Fly from th' advancing Squadrons in the Fright,
'Till *Jabesh Walls Embrace the Ammonite*.

Saul Rouses ; (b) *God had arm'd his soul for War*,
The Boy they scorn'd does in the Field appear ;
His Personal Merit now bespeaks the Crown,
He Wins his Enemy's, and Wears his Own.

The willing Tribes their purchas'd Suffrage bring,
And Universal Voice *Proclaims him King* ;
As if *Heaven's Call* had been before in vain,
Saul from this proper Minute, *Dates his Reign*.
The Text is plain, and proper to the Thing,
Not God,

But all the (b) People made him King.

Satyr, submit to Human Censure here,
And for the Party's Banter now prepare ;

For

(a) 1 Sam. II. 1. *Then Nabash the Ammonite came up, and encamped against Jabesh Gilead.*

Here was a Siege and a Capitulation upon base and dishonourable Terms, if they were not Reliev'd in Seven Days.

(b) Now the Designs of God in his Providence were ripened for Execution ; *Saul Rouses*, 1 Sam. II. 6. *The Spirit of God came upon Saul, when he had heard these Tidings, i. e. The Errand of the Messengers of Jabesh ; and his Anger was kindled greatly. God had Arm'd his Soul for War*, and immediately he sends that famous Message about the Yoke of Oxen ; to signify, That the Defence of their Country from the Invasion of Enemies, was of much more Signification to them than their Farms and Lands : which if the *Ammonite* should conquer, their Oxen would soon be a Prey---- And the Consequence is plain, God work'd by his secret invisible Influence on the People, v. 7. *The Fear of the Lord fell on the People, and they came out with one consent.*

(c) 1 Sam. II. 17. *And all the People went to Gilgal, and there THEY made Saul King before the Lord : That is, They the People ; for God had nominated him to the Crown before ; but THET made him King, that is Accepted of him.*

For what hast thou to do with Texts and Rules,
Fancies to *wheddle Boys*, and manage Fools :
Pretend no more to keep Mankind in awe,
Immortal Custom's Seniour to the Law ;
All Men against the Scripture will Protest,
Tradition's Sacred now ; *The Book's a Jest.*

Satyr, New Troops of Arguments prepare,
To Custom, now, and History repair ;
Speak to the Ears of *Wise Experience*,
And tax them with the plainer Consequence :
Reason *will* to thy juster Cause *sub mit*,
Let Fools and Knaves alone to *own the Cheat* ;
Reason and *Nature* are thy Vouchers here,
Custom and History alike Concur :
Kings, *tho' by Art* they raise themselves too high,
Receive from those *they rule* their Majesty :
The free Subjection of a willing Land,
Creates the only Title of Command ;
The mighty Suffrage Right at first procur'd.
The rest is all *Exotick, and Absurd.*

JURE

JURE DIVINO:

A

SATYR.

BOOK III.

WERE I permitted to Inspect the Rolls,
The Sacred Archives hid beyond the Poles;
Had I a Title, cou'd I make Pretence,

To search the *awful Books* of Providence;
Cou'd I the hidden acts of Fate revise,
And see the antient *Sybils* of the Skies;
The *Chain of Causes* cou'd I but display,
And see how Consequences *there Obey*;
Discover mighty Works of Majesty,
And know not only *what he does*, but *why*.

This should be first of all that I'd enquire,
And this the utmost Bounds of my Desire,
Why Heaven permits the worst of men to Rule,
And binds the Wise Man to obey the Fool?

Why he gives Power to Princes to destroy,
And waste the pleasant World they should enjoy:
Why Fame bestows her *ill--deserv'd applause*,
Where Violence Triumphs on Nature's Laws:
Where Justice feels th'oppressive Load of Might,
And Usurpation sets her Foot on Right;
And he that's mightiest grown in Lust and Blood,
Scorns human Praise, and claims to Rule from God.

Why

Why Heaven provok'd with Insults, and with Pride,
 Lets Haughty Vice the Spoils of Heaven divide;
 And the Rewards of Vertues are possess'd,
 By him that sinks the Man to raise the Beast.

Why private (a) Miracles concern'd for Blood,
 And secret Murthers are by Heaven (b) pursu'd :
Nature's at Wars, and all the Brutes combine,
 To mix their Vengeance with the Wrath Divine;
 The Secret Horror of the bloody Fact,
 (c) Assists the Malefactor to detect ;
 The Guilty Trembling Hand, the falt'ring Tongue,
 Hurries the Vengeance of his Crimes along ;
 The wand'ring steps the wish'd-for Flight (d) refuse,
 And make the guilty Wretch himself accuse ;
 Conscience the hated secret will betray,
 And make himself the Debt to Justice pay :
 Hasten the Punishment the Laws defer,
 And make himself the Executioner ;
 Why shou'd just Heaven pursue the junior Crime,
 But leave exalted Criminals to time ?
 For Princes guided by the Gust of Power,
 In their ambitious Heat the World devour.

They that have Nations in their Lust destroy'd,
 And strove to make the whole Creation void ;
 That sacrifice whole Kingdoms to their Pride,
 Revel in Blood, and Nature's Spoils divide :
 These with Impunity in Peace remain,
 And Heav'n seems so far to Command in vain.

(a) History is full of Relations where private Murthers have been detected by Miracle.

(b) While Heaven pursues secret Murther by secret Justice ; it seems hard publick Murtherers of whole Nations should escape the Divine Vengeance.

(c) 'Tis frequent to have Murtherers contribute to their own Ruin, by evident outward Discoveries of inward Guilt, which have even made them sometimes deliver themselves over to Justice, before they have been discovered by any Hand of Common Justice.

(d) When the Criminal has endeavour'd to fly, and has had Opportunity, his Feet have denied their Assistance, and have brought him back to the place he wou'd shun.

In Conquest uncontroll'd they Tyrannize,
 And Seas of Blood can scarce their Thirst suffice,
 Vertue and Innocence resist in vain,
 Whole Nations Groan, and injur'd Lands complain;
 The dying Breath of Millions Vengeance calls,
 And Cries of Orphans scale the Heavenly Walls,
 Yet deaf and unconcern'd he Neut'ral stands,
 Deaf to th'Expecting Eyes, uplifted Hands,
 As if he'd bid them not look up to him,
 Referr'd the Vengeance back again to them.
As their own proper Business :

Let them know,
 What's their known Duty, he expects they'll do :
 He gave them *Reason* to direct the State,
 And *Power* that Rules of Power might Create ;
 He plac'd it as the *Sovereign Test* of Law,
 That *this* must drive, where *that* no more will draw :
 If *that* Erects a Government and Throne,
This must, when it Encroaches, pull it down ;
Heaven made no Kings, 'twas our own Act and Deed,
Heaven pulls none down---'Tis otherwise Decreed :
 When he at last to plague the *Restive Tribes*,
 Consents to give a King--*The text Describes ;*
The Groaning People, by those Kings oppress'd,
 Looking in vain to him for Liberty and rest.
 Till mov'd by just Complaints, he lets them see,
 The *Work's their own*, their Reason sets them free,
 And reason calls to use their Liberty. }
 He only clear'd their long incumber'd sight,
 Opened their Senses to their native right ;
 Taught them wherein Obedience did consist,
 Wherein they must obey, and when resist.
 Taught them their Understanding to obey, }
 Show'd them their Right, and let them see the Way, }
 That once to Fight does more than (a) twice to Pray. }
 Satyr,

(b) 'Tis hop'd none will be so foolish or malicious to Censure this Simily,
 as if I despised or undervalued the Agency of Prayer ; especially of
 publick Humiliations, the thing particularly meant here. --- But it is an
 Expresssion made use of to inculcate the Necessary and Advantage of joyn-
 ing our Endeavours in every lawful Manner to our Prayers.

*Satyr, Recover from the Mists of Doubt,
And let thy reason search the Matter out ;
Let no false Scruples in thy Breast arise,
For he who ne're will think, will ne're be Wise ;
Reason's the Oracle, and there enquire,
We find no need to trace the Causes higher.*

*Wou'd you know why the injur'd Nations Groan,
Why Kings by strong Oppressions mount a Throne, }
And why they Prosper in them when they've done. }
Why Kings condemn the Slavery of Rules ;
And Rob Mankind,----- -Because Mankind are Fools ;
Wheedl'd to act against their Common Sense,
And jumble Tyranny with Providence ;
For what they ought to do, look up to him,
Expect from Heaven what he expects from them ;
Lift up the Hands they should Employ below,
And not Perform the Duties which they know ;
Reason wou'd tell them what they ought to do,
Wou'd Men its mighty Dictates but pursue,*

*Reason's the sovereign guide of humane things,
Which leads the subject, and commands their Kings ;
The pole-star and the pilot of mankind,
The soul of sense, and optick of the mind
The arbitrator of the grand Dispute,
Betwixt the (a) Humane Nature and the Brute ;
The dignity and honour of the World,
Without it all's a Chaos.----*

*The light of heaven which shining in the soul,
Instructs the Parts, and Luminates the whole ;
And, if it corresponds with Light Divine,
It makes the very Soul it self to shine ;
Reason's the sovereign Image in the mind,
Can all things Judge, and most things Comprehend ;*

The

(a) Reason is the Gift that distinguishes Men from the Brutes and 'tis observable that where a Man is depriv'd of the Use of his Reason, the sensitive Life that remains in him, is less Sagacious than in the Common Brutes ; he's much more helpless and Despicable, and being absolutely depriv'd of Reason, makes the meanest sort of Beast you can think of.

The very life and substance of the Man,
 Carcass will all his other parts contain :
 By this he knows, can with himself Debate,
 Pursue his Interest, and avoid his Fate,
 And much of future Joys Anticipate.
 By this he can Organick Powers employ,
 Distinguishes, and is Distinguish'd by ;
 The Great Reflection of the Heavenly Ray,
 Which makes the Soul enjoy Eternal Day ;
 Fills it with Sovereign Knowledge of things sublime,
 And makes it judge of Circumstance, and Time,

The (a) Faithful Councillor in all Debates,
 The (b) Test of Law, the Charm a Tyrant hates ;
 The Frame of Peace, and shape of Government,
 Essence of Speech, and Test of Argument.

The Heavenly Image in the Minds of Men,
 Which qualifies them for that Heaven agen ;
 The Regulator of Digested Thought,
 By which the Senses are to Mediums brought ;
 The Great Corrector of the wandring Brain,
 Which without Reason wou'd but think in vain ;
 Notion, Idea, Fancy and Design,
 The Unconcocted Chaos of the Mind ;
 Are all a Deep of indigested Air,
 Till Reason makes them just and regular ;
 The fluttering Wind of incoherent Thought,
 Midwiv'd by Reason, brings Contrivance out ;
 she forms, from things Incongruous and Dull,
 And Hews the Man of Sense out, from the Fool ;
 For thought's a Vapour fluid and unfixt,
 With inconsistent Clouds of fancy mixt ;

But

(a) Reason is a faithful Counsellor, with whom, would Men constantly consult without the Agency of their Passions they would be guided to more regular Actions than they are ; as appears in the Lives of the old Philosophers, who by the Master-ship of their Reason kept their Passions, Appetites and Affections in a constant due Subjection to their Understanding.

(b) Reason is the Test of the Law ; for Laws which are contradictory to Reason, are void in their own Nature; and ought not either to be made or regarded

But when Condens'd by Reason, and reduc'd,
Science and Argument are soon infus'd.

Satyr, To this Great Spring the Wonder lead,
Reason the unknown Characters will read ;
Reason abstracted from the Mists of Sense,
Will read the Darkest Lines of Providence.

Would Men this (a) Glorious Faculty obey,
It would new Vigour to their Thoughts convey ;
By proper Lines they'd needful Truth discern,
What Reason dictates, all mankind may learn ;
But when the thinking Operation's Lost,
They will be mad sometimes what e're it Cost :
Nothing can stranger uncouth Doubts afford,
Nothing be more *abortive* and *absur'd* ;
To tell us Heaven should Rapes and Murthers own,
And Sanctify the Tyrant by the throne :
Defend the barb'rous Ravages they make,
By reasons from the very Laws they Break ;
This is a Story so directly bent,
To ruin all the Ends of Government :
Nothing but *Bedlam* can the thought endure,
Like *melancholy Mad*, too hard to cure.

What notions must such People entertain !
What strange Delusive Whymfies feed the Brain !
What must that thing they call a God be like,
With thunder in his hand, but dares not strike ?
How can they call him by the Sacred Name,
For Infinite and God are all the same ?

If Wisdom's Self admits of no Dispute,
And Goodness is his darling attribute ;
Who when he is unjust must cease to be,
Be weak in Will, and dark in Majesty ;

That

(a) Reason would either Comprehend and Discuss all the Systems of Religion, or make it appear to be rational that others should be believ'd ; for, to make it reasonable that Faith should supply, is the best Foundation from without, to build Religion upon ; and this makes it plain, that Religion is from a Divine Original, that a Man cannot renounce it, but in Opposition to his Reason.

Book III. JURE DIVINO.

7

That he should Patronize a Tyrant's Lust,
Dethrones the God, to make the man be just;
Dissolves the Constitution of the Skies,
And quite unhinges Possibilities.

For where's the Notion of a Deity,
Supremely Great and Good, Supremely High,
Unmixtly Pure Essential Sanctity ?
How can they make it correspond with Vice,
And fix the Harmony 'twixt Truth and Lies ?
Can they make Fire and Water correspond,
Couple the *Poles*, measure the (a) Pathless Round ;
Unite the (b) Bond of Nature, and explain,
The hidden Fluxes of the fluid Main ?
Can they the two great Ends of Nature twine ;
And Generation to Corruption joyn ?
The Locomotive Faculty Describe,
And reconcile the Story of the Rib ;
When they can these, and such as these Dissect,
Then, *Satyr*, let them Solve what we Object ;
How the Immortal Justice can invade,
And Ruin the Creation he has made ;
Combine with Tyrants, and with Beasts engage,
And Sanctify the Monsters of the Age.

If Kings may Ravish, Plunder, and Destroy,
Oppress the World, and all their Wealth enjoy ;
May Harrafs Nations, with their Breath may kill,
And limit human Life by human Will :
Then Nations were for Misery prepar'd,
And God gave Kings the World for their Reward ;
Kings were the General Farmers of the Land,
Mankind the Cattle,
Made for their Command ;
Meer Beasts of Burthen, Couchant and Suppress,
Whom God, the Mighty Landlord, made in Jest ;
H Deliver'd

(a) The Circle of the Heavens.

(b) By the Bands of Nature I understand here the Central Tendency of things, by which Confusion of Matter is avoided, and the World preserv'd from returning into its Original Chaos.

Deliver'd with Possession of the Farm,
 And he that quite destroys them does no harm ;
 They're only Bound by Tenor of the Lease,
 To leave it Peopl'd at their own Decease,

Had it been Vertue which disturb'd the Mind,
 Was Blood and Theft adapted to the Kind
 Had human Lust the least pretence of Good,
 Something conceal'd might here be understood ;
 But to believe that Heaven in vain Creates,
 And gives up what he loves, to what he hates ;
 Has numerous Nations wholly sacrific'd,
 To be by Sights of Government surpriz'd ;
 That Nations were Created for a Crown,
 And Millions born to be the Slaves of One :
 Nations on purpose peopl'd to be slain,
 And half the World of Mankind born in vain ;
 That Truth was made to be oppress'd with Lies,
 And Vertue bow'd beneath the Feet of Vice :
 'Tis horrid incoherent Blasphemy,
 Gives Nature, Sense, and Sovereign Truth the Lye
 It Contradicts the Notion of a God,
 And all the Rules by which he's understood.

The Laws of God, as I can understand,
 Do never Laws of Nature countermand ;
 Nature Commands, and 'tis Prescrib'd to Sense,
 For all Men to adhere to Self-defence :
 (a) Self-Preservation is the only Law,
 That does Involuntary Duty Draw ;
 It serves for Reason and Authority,
 And they'll defend themselves, that know not why ;
 The meanest Creature is upon its Guard,
 By Nature Guided, and in part (b) prepar'd ;

There's

(a) Those Creatures that have no Reason, yet by the Power of Sense diligently defend their Lives, and provide for their own Safety.

(b) Most Creatures have some Weapon given them for their Defence, against common Injury ; and Nature directs them how to make use of them to that end.

There's not an Animal, a Life of Sense,
But has some Native Weapon for defence;
Nature provides Oppression to oppose,
And Nature all the Rules and Method shows:
Instinct the needful Force of Skill supplies,
By this he fights, or else by that he flies.

The Brutes no (a) Passive Ordinance receiv'd,
Tho' their Subjection's ne're to be retriev'd;
Man was their (b) Master by their Maker's Law;
And Nature fill'd them with proportion'd Awe;
Yet they're instructed, and with Arms supply'd,
As if their just Submission they deny'd,
Boldly resist the World's great Magistrate;
And may delay, tho' not avoid their Fate:
Take Arms against his (c) Lawful Government;
And may oppose what they cannot prevent.

How much more blest are brutes than Passive Men!
For these when they're oppress'd may turn again;
Not man himself Reproaches their design,
'Tis fair they should resist and countermine;
Plot, Lie in wait, Surprise, and if they can
Revenge themselves on their destroyer Man:
And if the bold pursuer is oppress'd,
We blame (d) the block-head, never blame the Beast:

But man gives man, no Latitude or Law,
But Reigns by Law that Nature never saw;

H 2

if

(a) God gave no Command, either Verbl or by silent Nature working by Instinct, that the Beasts should not oppose their Governour, Man.

(b) 'Tis true, he put under his Subjection every Creature; and there is an awe even upon the Beasts, of their Common Lord, the Man; but they are not bound to be Passive under all his Oppression, and are allow'd to resist Force with Force.

(c) The Government of a Man over the Creation is by an undeniable Right, and of Divine Original, and yet the Creatures may resist.

(d) For coming in their way, who he must needs know would fall foul upon him, if they could; and that it was their Nature to do so.

If the exalted Tyrant claims his Right,
 The Passive Slave must patiently submit ;
 His Wife, Life, Land, his Sword and Gun resign,
 And neither must Resist, nor may Rapine ;
 It to be murther'd, must to Fate give way,
 And if to Hang his Passive Self : Obey,

But O ! the ^(a) Christian Legion thus behaves !
 Why then the Christian Legion must be Knaves ;
 Knaves to themselves, and to their own Defence,
 And might have Liv'd, and Fought in Innocence ;
 Ought to have Liv'd and Fought, and ought to be
 Punish'd for yielding to unjust Authority :
 He that his own most just Defence Declines,
 Felo de se, against himself Combines :
 For Life's a Debt, which no Man can deny,
 'Tis due to Nature and Posterity :
 'Tis lent us to improve and propagate,
 And no Man may anticipate his Fate :
 But he betrays the High Orig'nal Trust.
 Is to himself and Family Unjust,
 A Traitor to the Law of Common Sense,
 And Contradicts the Ends of Providence ;
 Rebels against his Reason, and Defies,
 The Rules of Life, and puts out Nature's Eyes.

If no man then may his own Life destroy,
But what Heaven gives, it binds him to enjoy.
 'Tis plain, from hence, it never can be just,
 That what he mayn't destroy, another must :
And still as clear the meaning must extend,
 That which he mayn't destroy, he must defend :
 He's damn'd without Retrieve, if he lets go,
 The Reins of Life, and Nature tells him how,
 With hand and Tongue he should his Life maintain,
 Or else his Hands and Tongue are given in vain ;

Self.

(a) The Story of *Mauritius*, Col. of the Theban Legion, See
Clark's Martyrol. fol. 127.

Self-murder's punish'd by the forc'd Event,
 He can't be Pardon'd, cause he (a) can't repent :
 The High Offence so many Laws offends,
Beyond the Place of Mercy it extends :
 Since the increasing Crime is ne'er compleat,
 'Till Death must Penitence anticipate
And 'tis but just to suffer this Offence,
 That's worst in Crime, be worst in Consequence.

Nature's just argument from this is plain,
 That if he must the Gift of Life maintain,
 With equal care he's bound to the Defence,
 From Foreign or Domestick Violence :
 It can't be just that Heav'n shou'd e're intend,
 We shou'd our Selves against our selves defend :
 And then to let another hand procure,
 The mischiefs we're forbidden to indure :
 This Consequence for ever will be true,
 He must not suffer what he must not do :
 And 'tis as Nat'ral still, and full as just,
 That what he must not bear, he may resist.

Reason from these just Consequences draws.
 The first Necessity of human Laws.
Laws were for Common Safety first design'd,
 To help Men this High Trust of *Life* Defend ;
 Unjust Encroachments calmly to restrain,
 That What we *may* Defend, we *may* Maintain ;
 And Laws in Form, and Figure wisely sent,
 This is the mighty thing call'd *GOVERNMENT* ;
 The solid Base of Order and Delight,
 Safety of Innocence and Guard of Right.

Satyr, Thy sense of Government explain,
 Without just Laws our Freedoms to maintain,
 Power's a Jest, and Government's in vain.

But

(a) The Sin of Self murder cannot be Repented of, because the very act it self carries us beyond the space of Time allotted for Repentance ; and the Fact is no sooner finished, but the Man is Launch'd into the Ocean of an irretrievable State.

But who must (a) latent Power of Law supply,
 And fill the spaces of Authority ;
 (b) Restore good Rules, and all the bad Restrain,
 Support the Crown, and yet controul the Man ?
 Shall they that are to Rule, that Rule direct,
 And choose the Rules that shall themselves detect ?
 Will this the End of Government pursue,
 When he's both King and (c) Legislator too ?
 Such Laws will never fail to be in vain.
 When he's to make 'em who they should restrain ;
 Such Kings are absolute, and when they please,
 May cancel Justice, and the (d) Laws dismiss ;
 This wou'd invert the Order of the thing,
 Set up the Tyrant, and pull down the King.

The Laws of Government were stamp'd on high,
 Came down from Heaven for Men to manage by,
 And bear the Image of Divine Authority.
 The Characters are Capital and plain,
 Printed by Nature on the mind of Man :
 Which all the malice of the Passive Race,
 Can never quite blot out, nor much deface.

Laws

(a) Law being allow'd to be the Rule of Government, here will rise a Question, and, which is started by some who Defend, the inherent Right of Princes, who the Legislature remains in, Whe her the Prince or the People.

(b) Besides, if Kings pretend to Power of Law, they may Dissolve as well as Make Laws.

(c) If the power of making Laws be in the Prince, he is then Absolute of Course, and needs no other Authority, than that of making Laws to declare him so.

(d) But all this is answer'd by one Maxim in the Law it self, That Laws are always to be squar'd by the Publick Good ; if Laws should be made by whatsoever Authority, repugnant to the Publick Good, they cease to be Laws, and are no more binding ; as in another Case, if Laws are made repugnant to the Laws of God, the Subject ought not to obey or regard them : Now let either King or People make the Laws according to the Customs of the several Countries, if they are bless'd with these Sanctions, that they are agreeable to the Laws of God, and squar'd by Reason and the Publick Good, they become Sacred, and must be obey'd.

Laws are th' Immortal Springs of Government,
 The high original from Heaven was sent :
 Fix'd in the minds of men, from thence they flow,
 And from the Order of the World below,
 Nature the high Intention will explain,
 And Instinct shows the model of the Man ;
 For Government's the Life-blood of the State,
 Subordinate to these is Magistrate ;
 Subordinate because in Power confin'd,
 For means are all subservient to their end.
 To set the Magistrate above the Law,
 Won'd all to hurries and confusion draw ;
 Superiour Right must first erect a State,
 Before there can be any Magistrate :
 King's are th' Effect, but Government's the cause,
 And he's no King that's not prescrib'd by Laws.

Kings cou'd not to themselves that power convey,
 To make the Laws which they themselves obey ;
 For then they would a lawless Power enjoy,
 And what they made, they always might destroy.

For power has always claim'd this ancient Right,
 It might destroy the thing it could create ;
 The Legislature must this power Enjoy,
 The Laws it makes, 't may when it will destroy.

And no man can the laws of Right invade,
 But that same power by which that Law was made :
 All Laws this Native Property enjoy,
 That none but those that made them can destroy ;
 Laws must depend upon the Maker's Will,
 And he alone who can Create may Kill.

Law.

(a) If it be ask'd who shall be Judge, 'tis plain God has fix'd the Determination in the Nature of the thing, the Discovery is in every Man's Reach, Nature is the Common Judge : if a King makes a Law that it shall be lawful for him to seize the Goods, Destroyer the Wives and Daughters, burn the Houses, and destroy the Lives of his Subjects ; Nature dictates these things being destructive of Human Society, and the Moral Good, are not to be submitted to ; and if so, the Consequence is plain, they may be resisted and opposed.

Law is the mighty Substance, *Magistrate*
Is but the *Upper-ervant* of a State ;
Law is the *Mighty Soul*, and King the Head,
The Organ thorow which the Life's convey'd:

All the Distempers which the Head endures,
Bring *Fever* in the Blood, and Calentures :
But if it ceases from the high Intent
The Soul informs another Tenement ;
The Organ may by accident be Slain,
The *Life's Immortal* still, and must remain ;
Kings are the Engines *Nature* Governs by,
And must, when she withdraws her *Influence*, Dye ;
But *Gov'rment's* Eternal Human Laws,
Are firm as Truth, for Truth's their *mighty Cause*.
But if we can the *Pow'r* of *Law* o'erthrow,
We Ruin *King* and *Constitution* too ;
If these Decay, or are Destroy'd by Force,
King Dies, and Government's *Dissolv'd* of course ;
For Law and Justice are the very same,
Laws are the *Essence*, Magistrates the *Name* :
King's but the *Shadow* of the Government,
Laws constitute the Frame, and represent
The Order of the mighty Thing to Man,
And *Justice* does the *Principle* contain.

Laws Recognize the Sovereign Attribute,
Reason submits, and no man can Dispute,
And then the *King* comes in to Execute.

If e'er this System comes to be made void,
The *Ends* of Government are all destroy'd ,
(a) Antiquity gives in her just Consent,
And Nations join their due Acknowledgment ;
Custom the mighty Doctrine will Confirm,
Allows the practice, and Explains the Term.
But first let's search the Nature of the thing,
To Nature's Laws the weighty Matter bring,
And there unfold the *Meaning of a King*.

Nature

(a) In the Course of things, the End is more worthy and Honourable than the Means ; because the Means are created for the End, not the End for the Means.

Nature subjects the Dignity of things,
To their Design Manner and Method brings;
Superiority of things decides,
And by Subservient Rules the Class divides.
Subordination does her Law attend,
And *Actions* all Obey their proper End;
Priority the Dignity retains,
And so the End's Superior to the Means.
He that to arbitrary Power inclines,
Subjects the End of Things below the Means;
Inverts the World, and crosses Providence,
And mingles mighty Cause with Consequence;
Contounds the Order Nature fix'd at first,
Makes all the World a *Crowd*, and Heav'n *Unjust*;
Would Reason from the minds of Men withdraw,
And set the *Foot of Power* upon the *Neck of Law*.

All things on proper Causes do depend,
Kings are the *Means*, 'tis Government's the End,
Justice is the Foundation of the thing,
The Reason of the Name, the *Cause of King*.
If any will the Classick Right Debate,
And let the *Law* below the *Magistrate*,
Let them by *Primogenial Birth* divide,
Priority will all Dispute decide.

When they can just Authorities procure,
That Law's the Younger Blood to Kingly Pow'r;
That Justice is the *Means*, and Kings the *End*,
And therefore Laws must on the King depend:
If they can *turn the Tables* on Mankind,
And prove *Us* for Tyrannick Power design'd;
Chain'd from the Womb, and Born subjected Slaves.
And doom'd by Fate to *Drudgery and Graves*;
Then Kings have right to call themselves Supreme,
And all the World was only made for them.
'Tis strange so weak a Whimsie should prevail,
And Reason's Empire seem so much to fail;
That Men shou'd all their Senses Sacrifice,
And cloud their Minds with deep *Absurdities*.
The Cheat's a *Manufacture* of the Deep,
Contriv'd to lull the wheel'd World asleep

From

From Hell deriv'd, a meer *Original*,
 And Providence is not concern'd at all :
 Mankind's drawn in by Pious Fraud of Words;
 To make them *quit their Senses* and their Swords;
 To tell us, Tyrants act by Power divine,
 And must be suff'red for the *Sacred Line* :
 That they may Government it self dismount,
And none but Heaven may call them to account ;
 This is a Doctrin Heaven it self arraigns,
 And binds the World in Tyranny and Chains ;
Impcackes Sacred Wisdom as unjust,
 Subjecting Innocence to Sovereign Lust ;
 Wanting in Conduct, and in Power too Weak,
 Making just Laws, which 'twould be just to break ;
 Forming incongruous Nonsense in the Brain,
 Forbidding us to do, what we must not refrain ;
 Directing Men to Contradict his Law,
 Which one while *this way*, one while *that* must draw ;
 Making his Pleasure contradict his Will,
 And Contradictions his Commands fulfil ;
 Damning the Laws of (a) *Reason* as unjust,
 And forcing (b) *Nature* to betray her Trust ;
 Bewild' red Sense must surely lose her way,
 Both ways *Rebel*, and must both ways *Obeys* ;
 And all the Bonds of *Being* first unty'd,
Life's left at Will, and Nature Disobey'd :
 The wand'ring Thought's in *Mists of Error* tost,
 Still'd in *Contradiction* till it's Lost ;
 And the unthinking *Animal* resigns,
 His Captiv'd Sense to Hell's unjust Designs.

Thus Tyrants raise their fancied Dignity,
 And Cloath themselves with *Self-made Majesty* ;
 Challenge the Sanction of the Pow'r Divine,
 And strive t'entail the Blessing on their Line.

Build

(a) Reason is condemn'd as dictating false Notions of Government.

(b) Nature is entrusted with Human Life, which, if she resigns to a Tyrant, she betrays her trust as much as if she destroy'd her self.

Build the Chimerick Fabrick in the Air,
 And cloth'd with Error Crown their Fancy there;
 Supposing Heaven wou'd their Contrivance own,
 And bless the Wretch because he Wears a Crown :
 Cherish the Fury in his Wild Mistakes,
 And follow with the Blessings he forsakes.

Satyr, distinguish here, the Kinds of Power,
 Lest Pop'lar Heat shou'd Government devour ;
 Explain the Terms of Just Authority,
 And Search the Sacred Right of Majesty ;
 Greatness, as by the moderns understood,
 Respects the Wicked Princes, not the Good.

Forbid it, *Satyr*, ne'er Debauch thy Verse,
 The empty Praise of Tyrants to rehearse.
 'Tis Justice Sanctifies a *Magistrate*,
 And Vertue only makes a *Monarch* Great.
 Kings that by Law the Government obtain,
 And Rule by Law, can never Rule in vain.
 Their just Behaviour does the Sanction bring,
This Justifies the Law, and *that* the King,
 While they within the Bounds of Truth remain,
 No man's Opprest, and therefore none Complain,
 For *Justice has a Right to Rule Mankind*,
 And *this* it may maintain, and *that* defend ;
 The King that justly Reigns is so Divine,
 And Honestly Entails it on his Line ;
 But 'tis while his Successors reign so too,
 And the same *Line* the same *Designs* pursue :
 As soon as they the Path of Light mistake,
 The Sanction will the Faithless Race forsake :
 Where'er the Lawless Powers of Lust begin,
 They let the King go out, the Tyrant in.
 The Subject feels the swift effect of Force,
 And Obligation will decay in course.

Kings

(a) Sane ex quo Civiles Societates instituta sunt, certum est Rectoribus cujusque speciale quoddam in suos jus questum : at si Manifesta sit injuria ; si quis Bursis, Phalaris, Thrax Diomedes, ea in subditos exerceat, quæ æquo nulli probentur, non ideo praeclusum erit jus humana Societati. Imo etiam si daretur, ne in summa quidem necessitate, Arma recte

Kings that by Law and Justice rules the Lands,
Have Heav'n's high Name imprest on their Commands;
 For Right derives it self from the *Most High*,
 And is the *Test* of all *Authority*;
 He that resists, and dares to *Disobey*,
 Insults his Maker, and demands to *Dye*.
 The Laws the Guilty Criminal detest,
 For God and Nations join in one *Request*.

Such Kings are *Saered*, Rights *Divine* appear,
 Law lets 'em in, and Law maintains them there;
 Justice supports him who by Justice Reigns,
 The *Law* the *King*, the *King* the *Law* maintains.

This is the mighty Thing call'd *Government*,
 By Nature form'd, does Nature represent,
God and the People joining their Consent.

If either part this (*a*) Order disobey,
 That Breach the Constitution must betray;
 The Obligation's equally *Divine*,
 And both concur in the *supreme Design*;
 Justice and Peace the mighty Thing explain,
 This is what when we talk of *Laws*, we mean,
 And what both *King* and *Subject* must maintain.
 The high *Collateral Principles* so just,
 Both must with Care *Defend* the mighty *Trust*;
 Both must the safe *Deposit* guard and see,
 'Tis left uninjur'd to *Posterity*;
 Justice is thus to *Peace* the only way,
 People must *Kings*, as *Kings* the *Laws* obey:
 If either side the high *Engagements* break,
 Reason direct the *Course* the rest may take.

recte, a subditis sumi, (quæ de re dubitare vidimus illos ipsos, quarum institutum fuit Regiam potestatem defendere) non tamen inde sequetur non posse pro ipsis ab aliis Arma sumi. Sic Seneca existimat Bello a me peri posse, quia mea gente sepositus, suam exagitat. Quæ res sæpe cum Defensione innocentum conjuncta est. Grotius de Jure Belli & Pacis, lib. II. cap. 25.

(a) Subditi obedire non debent Magistratui, si quid juri Naturali aut Divino adversum statuat. Grotius de Jure Belli & Pacis.

'Tis plain that Right and Peace must be secur'd,
If once they happen to be overpow'rd,
Order of Government of Course expires,
And God himself from such a Place retires.

People in vain to him for Succour cry,
He never saves the Man that seeks to Die;
They that resolve their Liberty to lose,
Heaven is too just that Freedom to refuse,
But lets them have the Slav'ry which they choose.
Till Reason opens their deluded Eyes,
Blinded with Notions and Absurdities;
Instructs them in the Rules of Providence,
And guides by Natures Laws to Self-defence.
Then Heaven returns, its needful aid affords,
And with its Blessing consecrates their Swords.

JURE

JURE DIVINO:

A

SATYR.

BOOK IV.

SATYR, to (a) *Parent Custom* now repair
 And search the antient Laws of Nations there ;
 Usage beyond the Memory of time,
 And *Long Prescription* Naturalizes Crime ;
Custom Legitimizes a Nation's Shame,
 Serves for a Law, and sometimes gains the Name.

Custom's

(a) It is strenuously argued by the Patrons of Arbitrary Power, that it has been the Custom of Nations to set up their Kings to a Superior Height above all Law, and that a Prescription of Ages will produce Examples of the profoundest Submission in the People ; and that in all the first Governments of the World, even down to the *Roman* Empire ; and that among the Subjects of the *Roman* Empire, none gave a more absolute obedient Deference to the Command of the Emperors, than the Christians, who on all hands chose rather to suffer Death, than to oppose their Emperors.

Custom's the long Tradition handed down,
From antient Erring Nations to our own;
Antiquity's its only proper Plea,
And long forgotten *Ages* raise its high *Authority*.

This weak Support, this wand'ring empty Cloud,
Puffs the Crown'd Wretch, and helps to make him proud;
Perswades him to Believe it must be True,
The Homage Fools have paid, become his due;
A Debt to Custom, and by *Custom* draw,
The willing *Ages* to believe 'tis Law.

Custom's the ancient usage of Mankind,
Custom may guide, but never ought to Blind;
Because the Nature of the Thing conveys
New Light, and by its self directs our Eyes.

Custom supplies Deficiencies of Law,
And may our voluntary Homage draw;
But where the Laws of Nature are so plain,
Custom's Impertinent, Tradition's Vain;
'Tis needless to refer to *Ages past*,
Where *Nature's* ready to direct the last;
Antiquity's a mean and empty Proof,
Where Reason dictates, we have Laws enough.

Custom's the Bastard of Antiquity,
The Light that *Error* cozens *Cock's-combs* by,
The *Juggling Fraud* has plagu'd Religion long,
With double Face, with loose and stamm'ring Tongue,
Conveying Fragments on from age to age,
While Humane Doctrines with Divine Engage;
Prevailing there, it creeps into the State,
And *apes the Law* to cheat the Magistrate.

No Rules, no Nat'ral Dictates it obeys,
But chiefly ancient Errors it conveys;

Modern Encroachments on our Vertue makes,
 And backs it with our Fathers old Mistakes ;
 As if our Rev'rence to their Ashes due,
 Should recommend their Crimes and, Follies too :
 And make us like some Modern Rakes appear,
 Who will be damn'd (a) because their Fathers were:

Besides, this Weapon's of too weak a Birth,
 The Exhalation's low, and near the Earth ;
 Custom's a weak, absur'd, and empty thing,
 Too much below the Dignity of King ;
 Ill-suited to the deep contriv'd Design,
 Of building Regal Power on Right Divine ;
 For if the sacred Race from Heaven came down,
 What need of Custom to support a Crown ?
 The High Descent would all so plain appear,
 There'd need be no need of such *Enigma's* here.

Of all Pretences Mankind cou'd invent,
 Custom's the widest from the high intent :
 It's long Original's to all Men known,
 Born of the Mob, and in the Crowd begun:
 Custom's the ancient usage of a Nation,
 Handed to Rolling Times for Imitation ;
 Improv'd by Craft in Error's Publick Schools,
 Brought in by Knaves, and then maintain'd by Fools:
 The Practice of the People made the Name,
 For Practices and Customs are the same ;
 From whence *Prolifick Vice* this Maxim takes,
 The Crime one Age commits, *no Age forsakes*

And

(a) A stanch Argument, which is in Common the Defence made about Religion, viz. its *Antiquity*, and its being the Religion of our Ancestors ; and many People insist upon this or that Choice as to separate Opinions, that it was the Opinion they were bred in, and which their Fathers were brought up to before them.

And yet this Hetrogeneous Ill-born thing,
Fails in the Point, fails to support the King;
Customs falls off from the weak grounded Cause,
 And Baulks the Tyrant to restore the Laws;
 It can't concur to make our Reason void,
The Sense of Nations has the Fraud destroy'd:
 Kings have indeed from the beginning strove
 To propagate the Crime that all Men Love;
 'T has been *their Custom* to insult Mankind,
 And Tyranny was always in their Mind;
 Mankind was always with this Temper curst,
 That all Men wou'd be Tyrants *if they durst*;
Custom has always taught the Kings to ride,
Oppress the Subject to support their Pride;
 But People always have oppos'd the Cheat,
It never was their (a) Custom to submit;
Custom this one unhappy Truth will tell,
 When Kings grew Tyrants *Subjects wou'd Rebel*:
 'T was always so, and Monarchs strive in vain,
 Nature to Time's decease will the just Rule maintain;
It must be thus, Heav'n so design'd the thing,
The Tyrant's inconsistent with the King;
 The People may, *Custom* gives her Assent,
 Dethrone the Man to save the Government:
 The Laws to their own Channel may restore,
 And still the Crown's as Sacred as before.

Satyr, with Indignation let's Review
Their Custom who believe this Doctrine True;
 Of all the Nations in the Universe,
 None preach it more, and none observe it less.

If Godship must attend on Majesty,
 This Nation's Damn'd down to the Tenth Degree;
 From Forty One, to this unhappy time,
 We're all debauch'd with this Paternal Crime;

I

Bj

(a) The Custom of Resisting Tyrants is much more antient than that of absolute Submission, and the Instances given in the 9th Book prove this as in the Case of Sardanapalus, Nebuchadnezzar, and all the Ancient Monarchies of the World; so that Custom is directly against them here, and Resistance of Tyranny plainly prov'd from it,

By Turns have all the fatal Fault embrac'd,
 By Turns *Rebell'd*, and Monarchy by Turns *Defac'd*;
 Heav'n's High Vicegerent *twice reverse* by Force,
 Once *Sword in Hand*, and once a Way that's worse;
 To make out all the Articles of Trust,
 And tell the World that either way 'tis just;
 The Unbelieving Crowd the (a) Father Slew,
 The (b) Church the Son, and yet *believ'd it true*;
 Declar'd him *Sacred* blind Allegiance swore,
 And Hang'd the Whigs for Killing Kings before:
 Heaven must such Infidelity detest,
 Or else the Crown's Divinity's a Jest.

Posterity when Histories relate
 This Passive Sham, will ask, *What Monster's that?*
 What inconsistent, indigested thing,
 Which *mocks the Subject first*, and then the King;
 The *Ignis Fatuus* of obedient Slaves,
 Who promise *in the Gross*, perform'd by halves;
 The Dream of *Contradictive Loyalty*,
 Which makes Men (c) *suffer first*, and then obey;
 The *Jest of Subjects*, and the Snare of Kings,
 Which these to *Rebels*, those to *Ruin* brings.

And when succeeding Ages shall retire,
 And of our High Performances enquire;

When

(a) They slew him in effect for they drove him into Banishment; and afterwards fought against him, shot at him, and if they did not kill him, 'twas because they could not.

(b) The Church of *England* here is taken not for the Church, as such; for the Church never own'd this Doctrine, but they that would have been call'd Members of the Church, and professing her Doctrine, pretended to believe this preposterous Doctrine, were the first that acted contrary to it, and abandon'd, fought against, and in the Sense of their Actions, murder'd their Prince, which I call a worse way than the former murder'd his Father, because it was first deluding him, and then a betraying him.

(c) Passive Obedience is a Contradiction in Terms; for, if they suffer, it must be for first disobeying; if they obey'd, there could be no Penalty inflicted; if they first merited the Penalty, How could they Obey?

When they shall see *the Sacred Mask* thrown by,
 The People arm'd against the Monarchy;
 The Oaths the Doctrine, *and the Men* forgot,
 And *Non-resistance* die upon the Spot;
 The Passive Swearing Clergy up in Arms,
 Defending Glebe, and *Dean and Chapter* Farms;
 Their Liberty and Property protect,
 And Loyalty and *Forty Oaths* reject.

They'll Blush, and search the Registers of Time,
 In hopes to *shift the Race off* with the Crime;
 With forc'd Regret they'll own *the unhappy Breed*,
 That such a *Race of Coxcombs* shou'd succeed;
 They'll cancel all the Records they can find,
 To blot their *baser Conduct* out of mind;
 Strive to *forget the Line* from whence they came,
 And *blast* the Practice when *they bless* the Name.

They'll own their *Erring Fathers* to be Fools,
 Whose Penitence their Practice ridicules;
 Fools that to *Fancies* sacrific'd their Sense,
 And plac'd their *Kings Supreme* to Providence;
 Till *Nature, spight of Art* restor'd their Eyes,
 And made them *their own Innocence* despise;
 Till injur'd Reason re-assum'd its Reign,
 And forc'd them their own Freedoms to maintain;
 Forc'd them to own they had been mad before,
 And made them (a) *justly break* what they (b) *unjustly*
[swore.

Monarchs too may, by late Examples, see,
 The utmost Bounds of Human Loyalty:
Tho' big with Words the Airy Fraud may swell,
 When e'er they are oppress'd, *they all rebel*.

(a) It was juster in them to break the Oath of Passive, Absolute Submission, than it was to take it; for the taking an Oath, which they that take it have no Design, or indeed Power to perform must be unjust.

(b) It was also impossible to keep such an Oath, without being guilty of betraying the Liberties of their Country; and therefore it was just to break it.

What tho' they're Churchmen zealous and severe,
 Who Preach'd it first, and to perform it swear;
By Fine Distinctions they abandon'd both,
 Bound by their Int'rest *faster than their Oath*:
 'Tis vain on empty Notions to (a) depend,
They'll all fall off, whatever they pretend;
 Reason the secret Riddle will untie,
When Nature Contradicts, they must obey:
 Their blind Obedience may in Words prevail,
 But when they shou'd perform, they always fail;
 (b) *Self steps between with new Authority,*
Int'rest is Nature's Law, and will not lye;
 Politick Frauds may other things pretend,
But all things in their Consequences end.

Men may sometimes by Subtilty and Slight
 Oppose themselves, and Sacrifice their Right;
 But all's a Blast, the empty Fraud's in vain,
 Int'rest Instructs, and all's restor'd again;
 (c) *Self-Love's the Ground of all the things we do,*
 Which they *that talk on't least* do most pursue;

For

(a) He that Trusts to Subjects, who will swear to perform what his own Reason might dictate to him, they have neither Power to do, nor he Right to claim; deceives himself, and will always be abandon'd in his Extremities.

(b) Self-Interest is such a prevailing Bond, especially where Reason concurs, that it never fails to open Mens Eyes to their own Advantages, when they are brought to Extremities; and that's the Ruin of all those People that depend upon them.

(c) Some have affirm'd there is no other Principle, either Religious or Civil, than our Love of God is bounded by, and can extend no farther than our Sense of Property in him; and thence came that Ancient Expression, *Tolle Meum, & Tolle Deum* — There are four Objections and Distinctions to be allow'd in the Case; but in this Case the Argument is just, That the Good of the People, or Self-support, is the End of Government, and consequently the Test of Obedience: They that obey Tyrants, do it from some absolute Necessity, as being void of Means to resist, or must be esteemed as Men depriv'd of their Civil Understandings; and whenever Extremities reduce them to their Senses, they will certainly put a stop to their sordid Submissions.

For *This we hope*, for *This believe*, and *pray*,
Heaven's no Heaven to us if Property's away ;
 'Tis *Hopes of Good* is Nature's chief Design,
 And no Man can his native End decline ;
 When e'er he deviates from the just Intent,
The Lunatick to Bedlam shou'd be sent ;
 His Head's disorder'd, Nature's in a Storm,
And when his Sense returns, he will reform.

Would Men give Reason its extended Scope,
 No Man can act, when *he desists to Hope* ;
 'Tis *Hopes of Heaven*, for which we Heaven obey,
 For *Fear's a Bondage*, not a Loyalty ;
 No Man regards the *Law* that once despairs,
 The Madman his expected End prepares ;
 That Government which makes Men *hope in vain*,
 May for a Season forc'd Submissions gain,
 But ne'er can long their Loyalty maintain.

From hence 'tis worth observing, when we find
Undue Subjections have debauch'd the Mind ;
 The Wretches freely propagate the Jest,
 When any *but themselves* are so oppress'd ;
 Or when in *special Case* their Kings prepare,
 To let them *of the Plunder* have a Share ;
 But when the *Passive Thieves* thee Burthen feel,
They'r always first to draw the Angry Steel.

No Man can surely so much Folly show,
 And not the *Meaning of the Maxim* know ;
 'Tis vain with Words to make our Volumes swell,
 If Speech betrays 'em not, *their Actions will* ;
 The Meaning's plain, when they caress the Crown,
They'll bear with all Mens Ruin but their Own.

If ever Prince thou'd after this pretend,
 On Non-resisting Zealots to depend ;
 Tho' the *first Fraud* might well trepan the Crown,
 When e'er they're *Trick'd again*, the Faults their own :
 If they from *Pulpit Loyalty* expect,
 That Men should not their Property protect :
 And from such Notions venture to oppress,
 Presuming on the Doctrine we profess ;

Who e'er he be that shall *this Fraud* advance,
Let him to Bedlam go, and not to France.

Thus Tyrants are in their own Schemes deceiv'd,
 And (a) Perjury by Perjury retriev'd;
 The Devil by his own *Darling Sins* betray'd,
 And Lyes and broken Oaths become a Trade;
Kings first their Oaths of Coronation break,
And so their Peoples Perjury bespeak.

Then, Satyr, give Antiquity a Call,
 And search *this Crime* to its Original;
 From what *Foul Root* the strong Delusion grows,
 How Subjects came to swear, and Kings t' impose;
 How *these did first Demand*, and those Pretend,
 Subjects *first Swear*, and Princes *first depend*.

The (b) Jealousy of Tyrants was the Cause,
 Who *doubted the Protection* of the Laws;
 For 'twas convenient that they shou'd prepare,
 By Rules unheard of, Laws unheard to bear:
 Tyrants by *this* confess when we obey,
 W'are *honester and greater Fools* than they:
Fools to suppose, when Royal Oaths are vain,
 The People's Obligation *shou'd remain*:
 That the void Contract shou'd the Subject bind,
 Should leave the Monarch free, *the Men confin'd*;
 And *Honester they must be* to retain,
 The Force of that which binds the Prince in vain.

Tyrants are always jealous, breach of Laws,
 Shows the too conscious Wretch the Native Cause

Of

(a) 'Tis evidently explain'd, the Breach of Compact was a Perjury in the King, the Breach of an Excentrick Loyalty illegally and impolitically sworn to in his blind Slaves of Subjects, was a Perjury in them; but the time of that Perjury seems to be at the taking of the Oath; of which after.

(b) The binding Subjects by the Obligations of Oaths, has its Original in the suspicious Fears and Apprehensions of Princes; and those chiefly founded upon the conscious Sense, that they were imposing things upon them, which Reason would direct them to oppose; but being bound by their Oaths, would bear for fear of Perjury.

*Of all Resistance, Common Reason speaks,
Subjects will ne'er obey the Laws he breaks;
Kings who resolve the People to oppress,
Will be resisted: They expect no less;
And therefore to Exotick Projects fly,
To Paint a new unheard of Loyalty;
By Oaths oblige, where nature left them free,
And Fright Men with the Mock of Perjury.*

*None has such Right to be oppress'd as they,
Who can in such sublime Degrees obey;
To Couchant Isacher's old Tribe Ally'd,
For Slaves, and not for Subjects, quallified;
Kings that have brought their People to such Rules,
These must be Tyrants own'd, and those be Fools;
The Case is plain, the Consequence is just,
The last appears the Reason of the first.*

*'Tis pitty they who Liberty despise,
Shou'd want a Tyrant for their Exercise;
'Tis pitty but they shou'd be all oppress'd,
Who covet Chains, and make themselves the Jest;
Kings ought to ride when People so submit,
That they may feel the Nature of their Wit;
As they who scorn the Light shou'd never see,
So they who wou'd be Slaves shou'd ne'er be free;
I know not who live most unnatural Lives,
The Subject that his Liberty survives,
Or Kings that trample Law and Freedom down,
And make free Justice truckle to the Crown.*

*But this one Caution let them take that do,
Law flies at first, but 'twill at last pursue;
Art may by mighty Dams keep out the Tide,
Check the strong River, and mighty Streams divide,
Pen up the Swelling Waters and deny,
The easie Waves to glide with Pleasure by,*

*But when the injur'd Stream's retain'd too long,
And Nature calls it to resent the Wrong;
It breaks th' Illegal Opposition down,
And Claims by Force the Channel for its own.
So Tyranny may govern for a Time,
But Nature sinks the Monarch with the Crime.*

Custom from Nature *just Conclusion* draws,
 And Serves the Nations now instead of Laws ;
 The General Practice of the World appears,
 And Custom old Precedents now prepares ;
 The Ancient well defended Rules sets down,
 In Nature's Book to all the People known :
 The Weakest Sense the Dictates understands,
 And all Men freely sloop to her Commands.

Of all the numerous Champions of the Cause,
 Who set up Kings above the Power of Laws ;
 I never found *the willing Martyr* die,
 A (a) *Party-Sacrifice* to Loyalty ;
 I never found a Man so void of Sense,
 As freely to abandon Self-defence ;
 Basely from Sense of Loyalty and Law,
 Shou'd from his *juster Liberty* withdraw ;
 That to a Tyrant wou'd his Life Subject,
 And not his *injur'd Property* protect ;
 That, *blest with Power*, shou'd all that Power lay down,
 And die a Victim, to *That God, the Crown*.

The truest Subject will to Truth Appeal,
 And if that Truth's oppress'd, (b) *in Truth Rebel* :
 Will Force to Force, and Right to Wrong Oppose,
 And Nature's Laws engage with Nature's Foes.

If any Prince is flatter'd to believe,
 Subjects will blind Obedience to him give :
 Let him be wary how he comes to try,
 They'll all by Practice give their Words the Lye :
 Custom's the *just Authority* they'll plead,
 Custom is Nature's Book, and all Mankind may read :
 If any doubt the Caution is not so,
 Let them to England for Examples go.

England

(a) Not one of our Preachers of the Passive Doctrine ever gave an Instance of it in themselves, but unanimously oppos'd their Sovereign, as soon as he began to touch their particular Rights.

(b) Innumerable Instances of it are to be found in both Sacred as well as Profane History, almost from the beginning of Monarchies in the World, to this time.

England the Doctrine openly (a) profess,
 And all the Marks of Slavery Carest;
 We courted Chains (b) but 'twas in *Court-Disguise*,
 And *Holy Fraud conceal'd* the Sacred Lyes;
 The Church the Mountebank, the King the Jest,
 The *Wheedl'd Monarch*, and the wheedling Priest;
 For when *Coercives* first began t' appear,
 They made their Monarch *buy the Jest* too dear;
 Told him they'd willingly support his Crown,
 In any ones Oppression *but their own*;
 But when their own Destruction they foresaw,
 They cry'd out loudst, *Liberty and Law*:
 Their vow'd Allegiance early they withheld,
 First beg'd their Monarch's Pardon, (c) then rebell'd;
 Softly dismiss'd him from his *Right Divine*,
 And (d) *unswore* all Allegiance to his Line;
 How natural 'tis to Man to Save his own!
 And rather to be perjurd, *than undone*.
 But all the Villany is plain from hence,
 Not in the Change, but in the first Pretence;
 That Kings the Sovereign Power so represent,
 That when they Tyrannize in Government,
 Men shou'd submit to be by them oppress'd,
 And suffer only to uphold the Jest;

A

(a) The Doctrine of absolute undisputed Obedience was never so Publickly Profess'd, and so far extended, as in *England*, where the very Clergy Preach'd, That the Kings Command extended even to the Lives and Liberties, as well as the Estates of his Subjects, and his Attempts must not be resisted, but submitted to a Judgment from God.

(b) 'Tis to be observ'd, That in the late Revolution some of those Gentlemen who were the open Professors of the Doctrine of Divine Right and Absolute Subjection, were the first that threw off the Mask, when the Practice of Royal Imposition came to bear hard upon themselves.

(c) And even still some of these that now Preach up this Doctrine afresh, and pretend Kings can do no Wrong, and must not be resisted, were some of the loudest Exclaimers against the Affair of *Magdalen Colledge*, and the Impositions of the Reign of the late King *James*.

(d) In their taking new Oaths to the present Establishment they relinquish'd their former Allegiance to the late King *James*; but in the Abjuration, they perfectly Renounc'd his Race.

A Jest indeed, and so the *Monarch* found,
 Charm'd with the Airy empty *Fab'ulous Sound* ;
 For when he prov'd the *Patient Passive* Tribe,
His Suffering may their *Loyalty* Describe.

Satyr (a) go down, and search the *Pathless Deeps*,
 Where *Pluto* all his *Treacherous Legions* keeps ;
 There make Enquiry 'mong the *Faithless Race*,
This Treason shines of that infernal Place ;
 Kneel to the *Black Bassa*, and ask of Hell,
 'This one kind secret Sin but to Reveal ;
 Ask them *what Name, what Phrase* describes the Crime,
 Repeat the *Circumstances* and the *Time* ;
 My Life for thine, the *Honest Dev'l* Replies,
 The Fact beyond infernal Knowledge lies :
 Lends thee a Spirit or two, the thing t' explore,
 And owns 'twas *never heard of there* before.

The *Het'rogeneous Crime* no Parent finds,
 'Tis born of *false Conceptions* in the Minds ;
 And Vice engender'd with *corrupted Fumes*,
 The Vapour *strange incongruous Flights* assumes ;
This Ill-decod'd in a vicious Brain,
 Must *Crimes unheard*, and *Crimes unknown* contain ;
Thus Hell's out-sinn'd, and *Hypocritick Fraud*,
 Spreads the *black Manufacture* first abroad ;
 Improv'd to *Politick Death* the vile Extreme,
Throws Kingdoms Down, and levels *Crowns* to them.
 When

(a) This is an Excursion upon the horrid Crime of Wheedling a Prince to believe such incongruous Nonsense, as, that his Subjects, whatever they might be brought to Swear, would ever be brought to submit to his absolute and uncontroul'd Power, that they would sit still and see their Laws, Religion, Liberties and Estates subverted, destroy'd and plunder'd, and only with Prayers and Tears invoke Heaven for Redress — And that they should, to delude him the more, suppose such Absurdities of themselves to him, and Swear to it also; and as all this must be against their own Knowledge and Nature, and done on purpose to betray him into Mischiefs they thought they should get by for the present, but as they knew must ruin him at last; I think 'twas a Treachery, will be hard to be found in the World before, and therefore I send the Satyr down to enquire, if there be any particular Name for such a Villany among the Devils.

When Subjects (*a*) Court the Prince to tyrannize,
 And swell the Bladder of his Pride with Praise;
 Prompt him to exercise Tyrannick Power,
 And tell him they're the Men he may Devour;
 How to t^e exalted Idol they erect,
 With Homage Lower than his Vanity could e'er expect;
 Tell him to Rule by Law's to rule by Halves,
 And own themselves his Cattle and his Slaves;
 Pray cant, and swear, extick Ways contrive,
 To make their Bubbl'd Prince the Fraud believe;
 Bind their dissembl'd Homage to the Crown,
 And bend the Solemn of Religion down;
 Call in the Sacred to uphold the Cheat,
 And make the (*b*) Sacrament confederate;
 Join Heaven and Hell in one united Crime,
 And mix th' Infernal up with the Sublime:
 Such Men are past the Power of Argument,
 Nature Condemns them with a known Consent.
 Satyr, think on, contrive some new made Word,
 For Speech denies, and can no Phrase afford;
 Study the Language of the Gulph, and see
 Th' Infernal Dialect of Treachery;
 Learn some New Term the Modern (*c*) Crime t'express,
 Suited to its Politer Wickedness;

That

(*a*) 'Tis certain, that the Flattery o' Court-Parasites, and Men of Design, who too often have the Care and Favour of Princes, have led them on to the most Tyrannick Methods of Government, by the Bait of these foolish Suggestions; thus they have prompted them to Tyranny, who would otherwise have been tolerably sober, swelling their Thoughts with the Fancy of being God's Vicegerents, and accountable to none but him; and all, by the Hypocritical Promises of that blind Obedience on their own Parts, which they never design'd to pay.

(*b*) An Oath is call'd a Sacrament in other Languages, and the Sacrament here is frequently made use of as an Oath, and as a Bond of Sincerity.

(*c*) It was a Horrid Deceit, and cannot be enough exploded, to draw the late King into the Arbitrary Methods he fell by, only to make him ruin his Subjects, that they might share the Plunder; and afterwards abandon and overthrow him, that had hearkened only to their Advice, and I know no General Word to give it, but of the blackest Villany.

That we may see the Picture of the Times,
And *know the Men* in their exalted Crimes.

For these are always foremost to betray,
And with their early Treasons lead the way ;
These are the Famous *Knights of Sal'sbury*,
(a) The Tribe of *Life and Fortune, Loyalty* :
The *Stand-by Men*, the Old (b) *Abhorring Race*,
Who had no Courage, 'cause they had no Grace ;
Yet boldly ventur'd only to look on,
And see their injur'd Monarch fight alone :
Desert him in the Quarrel they had made.
As Men too guilty not to be affraid.

Treason and Loyalty go Hand in Hand,
Till on the dangerous Precipice they stand ;
Embroid'd with Laws, and injur'd Nations Arms,
Guilt breaks the Circles, and dissolves the Charms :
The Wretch that fawn'd with Hypocritick Breath,
(c) *Deserts him in the Agonies of Death* :

What

(a) The Common Phrase of the Addressees, which the Gentlemen of the Non-resisting Party in King *James'* Time used to him, was, That they would *STAND BY* Him with their *Lives and Fortunes*. Vid. *New Discovery*, p. 17.

Now'd that if ever he his Fate should try,
With Life and Fortune they would all stand by ;
So afterwards they did, at Sal'sbury.

When that King came to Face the Prince of Orange at *Salisbury*, they all forsook him, and first or last went over to his Enemy.

(b) *Abhorring Race*, taken from the Famous Addressees for abhorring Petitioning in the Time of King *Charles* the Second, when the Subjects being injur'd, Petition'd for redress of their Grievances; and these Gentlemen address'd the King on the contrary, applauded his Oppressions, and declar'd themselves to be Abhorers of Petitioning.

(c) When King *James* was taken at *Sheerness* in the County of *Kent*, and falling into the Hands of the Rabble of *Faversham*, whether there was real Danger of his Person or not, is not material; but the King apprehending it, his Majesty applied himself to a Clergyman who was there, in Words to this Effect ;

Sir

What Verse the Blackn'd Party can expose,
 Art sinks, as the *Infernal Mischief* grows ;
 No Words the *Horrid Principle* can tell,
 'Tis born of Crime, and laid too Deep for Hell ;
 Since then we never can the Cheat explain,
 Let's quit the Fact, and dwell upon the Men.

C——on with Ecclesiastick Dignity,
 Supports the Regal Power, and (a) gives the Lye ;
 To all the Usurpations of the Church,
 Leaves Becket, *Laud*, and *Sibthorp* in the Lurch :
 The High Canonick Grandeur he pulls down,
 And sets the Mitre underneath the Throne :
 Owns the Supremacy of Kingly Right,
 And makes the *Crosier* to the Crown submit ;
 Believes the *Jus Divinum* freely swears,
 His Passive Homage to the unknown Heirs :
 Lays all his Senses in a Misty Sleep,
 And took those Oaths he knew he (b) cou'd not keep :

And

Sir, 'Tis Men of your Cloth, have reduc'd me to this Condition, I desire you will use your endeavour to still and quiet the People and disperse them, that I may be freed from this Tumult. The Gentleman's Answer was cold and insignificant ; and going down to the People, return'd no more to the King : And several of the Gentry thereabout and Clergy, who had formerly Preach'd and Talk'd up this mad Doctrine before, never offered the King their Assistance in that Distress ; which, as a Man, whether a Prince or no, any Man would have done ; which therefore to me renders them suspected in the Integrity of their Design, when they pretended to an absolute Submission, viz. That they meant only that they expected it from their Neighbours, whom they design'd to oppress under the Protection of this Notion ; but resolv'd never to practice the least part of it themselves if ever it should look towards them.

(a) He gave the Lye by his Practice to all those former Priests that had rais'd the Power of Ecclesiastick Authority, for he absolutely submitted it all to the Regal Dignity and Divine Right of the Prince.

(b) They that took this absolute Oath, knew when they took it, they were not able to keep what they swore, if they were put to the extremity ; and so it afterwards appear'd.

And as with *Hair-brain'd Loyalty* he swore,
H' had scrupl'd none *had there been Forty* more.

Had he been faithful to his Sovereign Lord,
And fought him with the *Weapons of the Word*;
Had he with *Honest Duty* first appeal'd,
And all his Sense of Liberty reveal'd;
'T had been *less Crime* his Sovereign to instruct,
Than first deceive the Prince *he wou'd reject*;
In's future Conduct we thou'd all confess,
H' had shown the *Statesman* more. the *Villain* less;
Rebellion would have had *some fair Pretence*,
He might have reconcil'd it to his *Sense*;
Some juster Reasons *then*, he might have shown,
To put the *Mitre* off, the *Helmet* on;
Law, Right and Justice would in League appear,
To make the *Man of God* a *Man of War*.

(a) But he that had his *Blinder Duty* swore,
And dip'd his *Hands* in Arbitrary Power;
That *Leagu'd with Hell* his Country to betray,
And *pull the Church down first*, The Shortest Way;
What Right had he to Liberty and Law,
Whom neither *this* could drive, nor that could draw?
The Passive Priest with Sword and Pistol rides,
And for the Churches Safety *now provides*;
Obedience *buckles down* to Preservation,
And quits Allegiance to secure the Nation:
Forgets his Random Oaths consults his Sense,
And *Clouds his Perjury* with Providence.

Satyr, *Distinguish Crimes*, and let us see,
Wherein consists the Guilt of Perjury.

The Crime in his *unlawful Swearing* lay,
For none may swear *what he must not obey*.

Tis

(a) Had not the Person who this Character belongs to supported the Doctrine of absolute Obedience to the Crown, his after Conduct had been less liable to Censure; for though, without question, he was in the Right of it at last, yet by his own profess'd Doctrine, which he taught and encourag'd in all People, it was down-right Perjury and Rebellion in him, whatever it would have been in another.

'Tis he forswears (a) *that takes the willful Yoke;*
 He can't be further guilty when 'tis broke.
 For he that binds himself in *such a Sense*
 As cannot be perform'd without Offence,
 The Perjury will in the Oath remain,
 And he's oblig'd to swear it off again;
 'Twas a false Oath, as it respected him,
 And must be broke (b) *the taking its the Crime.*
 To take an Oath with which we can't comply,
 Must be premeditated Perjury;
 And equal Guilt on both sides must appear,
 In they that give the (c) Oath, or those that swear:
 To break the Strong Preposterous Bonds no Crime,
 All things submit to Circumstance and Time;
 Contingent Nature such Provision makes,
 To bear with unavoidable Mistakes;
 Nature the Obligation will revoke,
 Because it can't be kept, it must be broke;
 But he that in the willing Chain stands bound,
 Does Faith and Honesty at first confound;

The

(a) The Perjury seems plain to me; in the first Act, he that takes an Oath, which he knows he cannot keep, takes an Oath with a Design to break it, which is premeditated Perjury, and the Crime is double; the Oath it self is unlawful, and the Sense 'tis taken in is unlawful; an Oath that cannot be perform'd is an unlawful Oath, and he that knowingly takes it, swears unlawfully, and the Crime of this lies in the Beginning, in the first Fact; and the Man is not more Guilty in breaking than he was before in taking this Oath.

(b) 'Twas never known before the Days of King Charles II. That an Oath of Allegiance was worded to extend to the King and the Heirs of his Body indefinitely — But to the King's Person, or at most to his Heirs and Successors, Kings or Queens, &c. that is, provided they come to be Kings and Queens; for this would oblige us upon any Change to raise War in behalf of the Immediate Heir, or to Rebel against whatever Government shall be set up.

(c) The Incongruity of the Circumstances in this Oath, makes it very unlawful to take it; but it doubly aggravates the Guilt of those that impose it, who are equally Guilty of Perjury, as they that took it.

The Oaths *the just Condition* should explain,
 Or tho' the Oaths are void, *the Crimes remain*;
 As they that Lawful Oaths *shall fairly take*,
 Are perjur'd when those lawful Oaths *they break*:
 So they that Swear unlawful things to do,
 Are perjur'd whether they're perform'd or no.

He that an absolute Allegiance swears,
 Implicitly (a) for Martyrdom prepares;
 Ought, *When the Monarch orders him to die*,
 Submit to his unjust Authority;
 With Freedom execute his High Commands,
 And let out Life with his obedient Hands:
 He can no *Non Obstante* here pretend,
 Not God himself, the Crime can countermand;
 Heaven's quite foreclos'd the positive Design,
 Must supersede the Rules of the Divine.

But it *the Laws of Heaven* are brought in play,
 And Reason dictates *where* we should obey;
 A limited (b) Obedience then comes on,
 And owns a greater Head *than his that wears the*
 [Crown]

Damns the Supremacy of Humane Power,
 And owns 'tis something less, and something lower,
 Than *the Divine*, than the Eternal Hand
 That Guides, who ought t' Obey, and who Com-
 [mand.]

li

(a) For an Absolute Oath must imply, That if the King Commands a Literal strict Obedience, tho' in Life or Estate the Person will comply; and so he either expects Death, or is a cunning Knave, and takes the Oath, with a Design to keep it no longer than it serves his Real Design; and, if so, he's Perjur'd intentionally, whether ever he breaks it or no.

(b) The Passive Slave, in this blind Sense, is bound at the Command of the Prince, to resist both the Laws of God and Nature; and, if he requires it, to destroy himself, and save the Tyrant the Labour; and this is as positively a Debt in the Sense of Passive Obedience, as any other Act of Submission.

If Heav'n can limit us to *Who* and *What*
We must Obey: It may direct, *when not*;
 The Limitation must come down from him
Who made all Power, and therefore is Supreme.
 And *this High Law's* from Heaven declar'd Supreme,
 No Power's Legitimate that Rivals him;
 When Humane Laws, or Humane Powers invade
 That Power, by which all Powers and Laws were made;
They're (a) void of Course, of Course the Sanction dies,
 And there's an End of all Authorities;
 We must no more Obey, no more Submit,
 For all's subjected to Immortal Right.

Subjects, that *absolute Obedience* I wear,
 Engage with God himself in open War;
 By the pretended Sacrament they're bound,
 To that *Usurping Mortal* they have Crown'd;
 For him they're bound to Arm themselves, and Fight
 With God and Reason, Law and Native Right;
 All things without distinction are their Foes,
 Tho' *Jove's Almighty Thunder* thou'd oppose;
 They neither must to Heaven nor Earth submit,
 Unless the Royal (b) Mandate suffers it.

If less than this be true, it must confute
The Passive (c) Doubt, and end the short Dispute,
 For Power restrain'd, can ne'er be absolute.

K

IF

(a) It is a Universal Rule, that all Humane Laws are subject to the Divine; and if a Law is made by Humane Power, which contradicts the Laws of God, it is void in its Nature; and the Scripture gives a stated Rule for it in those Words, *Whether it be lawful to obey God rather than Man? Judge ye*; and the Practice of all Christian Ages agree to it.

(b) Passive Obedience is a thing gives Humane Power a Superiority over the Divine Law, and raises War and Rebellion against God in the world.

(c) Passive Obedience is a partial Doctrine; for it makes Men passively Obedient to the Prince, and actively disobedient to God; and so gives that to Man which they deny to their Maker.

If 'tis restrain'd at all, 'tis so restrain'd,
 As to subject it to (a) the High Command;
 Immortal Power has the Imperial Sway;
 This People must observe, and Kings obey;
 If the Crown'd Wretch rebels, & fights with Heav'n,
 The Voice of Nature speaks, the Signal's given;
 People must never with th' Invader join,
 His Crown falls of Course, his Scepter's held in vain, }
 By whatsoever Right he came to Reign:
 Subjection's always to be understood,
 Saving the Laws of Nature, and of God.

The Laws of Nature dictate to the Sense,
 That all Men claim the Right of Self defence;
 And they that swear a larger Debt to pay,
 Insult their Maker when they thus obey;
 Depose the Rightful Rule of Providence,
 Confound their Reason, and dissolve (b) their Sense:
 Subject the Humane Nature unto Rules,
 Not fit to govern any Brutes but Fools;
 From this just Cause it always comes to pass,
 Let the Fool Man be ne'er so much an Ass;
 The Laws of Nature ne'er so much suppress,
 And the blind Wretch be ne'er so much a Jest:
 The just Dominion of Eternal Right,
 Dissolves the mist at (c) last, and clears the Sight;

Does

(a) If he will come off from this, and say the Laws of God are so to be excepted, the very Word limits the absolute Obedience he insisted upon before, and all the Machine of Power falls to the Ground at once; for if Subjection to the Laws of God are allowed, Self-Defence, Property, and Resistance, have all their Original in the Law of God; and so the whole Doctrine falls to the Ground of Course.

(b) 'Tis Bantring God Almighty as well as the Prince, to swear to pay a larger Obedience to Princes than the Laws of Nature have furnish'd the Man to perform; Mankind can't, and Nature will not suffer him to bear the Insults of Tyranny; the Ravishings, Plunderings and Murthers of a Tyrant, his hands will disobey, and he cannot help it.

(c) That Man is abus'd and impos'd upon, in the supposing a Superiority in Humane Power to the Divine is most certain; and the Cheat may remain a while, and sometimes ill Consequences

Does all the Sense of Injury *restore*,
 And brings things back to where they were before ;
 The *thin vain Vapour* which Eclips'd his Eyes,
 Dissolves of Course, and Reason naked lies ;
 His Judgment to its Exercise (a) retires,
 And Reason all the *Exhalation* fires ;
 The Man enjoys himself, and sees by Rule,
 That all his Life before *he's been a Fool*.

From this new Life his (b) Reason dates her Reign,
 And after this all new Attempts are vain ;
 His Native Liberty he will pursue,
 The Fetters of his *tangled Sense* undo ;
 Dissolve the hated Bonds of Slavery,
 And let his Body as his *Mind* be free.
 Tyrants in vain attempt the enlighten'd Man,
 The *Gilded* (c) *Snare's* propos'd to him in vain ;
 He loves the Monarch governing by Laws,
 He Scorns the Tyrant, for he *Hates* the Cause ;
 The Principles by which just Monarchs Sway,
 Are all the same by which he would obey ;
 These Reign by Right, *those* Rights their Title prove,
 And they obey by Right, *because they Love* :
 (d) Justice engages all the Nations Parts,
 It rules their *Purses*, and Commands their *Hearts* :

K 2

This

quences may come of it ; but the Majesty of the Divine Law always gets the Mastery of this Delusion, and at one time or other clears up the Sight : the Men come to be undeceived, and then they re-assume their Original Power.

(a) All these Delusions are only from the C'ouds and Mists of Interest or Education, which flee away before the Custom of our abstracted Reason, as Vapours from the Sun.

(b) 'Tis natural for Men to pursue their Liberty, to covet it, and endeavour to procure it ; and this Love of Liberty blows up all the Schemes of a Set of Men, who stand against this Doctrine.

(c) If the Man's Eyes have been open'd by Circumstances or Persons, it's in vain ever again to bring him into the Snare ; he always then submits to the Government of his own Reason.

(d) Justice as it is the Foundation of Government, so it is the Bond of Government ; it directs the Duty of every Relation, and maintains

This is the strongest Bond of Government,
 And perfectly agrees with Heavens Intent :
 The High Engagement's in the mutual Trust,
 The People Honest, and the Monarch Just ;
 The Bond's Reciprocal, and form'd above
 The Monarch's Justice, and the Peoples Love.

Who e'er for *Passive Doctrine* would appear,
 Will gain but very few Believers (a) here ;
 Plain Arguments will run their Sense a-ground,
 Their own Examples their Pretence confound ;
 For (b) where's the Man with Passive Zeal o'er-grown,
 That Cares to make a Footstool to a Throne ;
 That for the Crown would his own Life despise,
 And Calmly make himself the Sacrifice :
 That to obey the Princes High Command,
 Wou'd bow his willing Neck to his Destroying Hand :
 Would his Obedience to his Life preter,
 And be himself the Executioner.

(c) Some have been so absurd as to bring in,
 (d) Divine Commands concurring with the Sin,

That

maintains an Equality in due Proportions on every side; it obliges the Prince to proper Systems and Limitations, as the Bounds and prescrib'd Extent of his Government ; it obliges the Subject to such Submissions and Subjections as are properly their due, and as 'tis just they should, yield to their Prince.

(a) Here, that is in *England*, where our Eyes are open'd, and where the Sovereignty of Sense and Reasons has so lately prevail'd over all these Delusions and Chimeras of Projecting Statesmen.

(b) Such a Subject is very hard to find in these enlighten'd Ages of the World, but more especially in *England*, where the Experiment has been so lately made, and where the highest Pretenders to it have been the forwardest to explode it by their Practice.

(c) Sir Robert Filmer, who writes very largely upon the Subject, and was very well answer'd by *Algernon Sidney*, who fell into the very Arbitrary Tyranny, he wrote against, and paid his Life for the Experiment, at the Prosecution of those very Men, who afterwards own'd the Doctrine to be true, which they put him to Death for, and practis'd the very same thing which he was murder'd for defending.

(d) The Authors of this Notion shou'd one of the most exact
 Specimens

That Heaven the High Performance so requires,
 And God himself Commands whate'er the Prince desires,
 From whence this juster Consequence they draw,
 The King's Command's become a *Heavenly Law*;
 The *Sacred Sanction's* by his Breath convey'd,
 And they *without Dispute* must be obey'd.

And thus they make it plain, the Royal Breath
 Must be obey'd, and to repine, is *Deth*;
 When once the High Command is past, *the thing*
Is no more his, but his that made him King;
 Soon as his mighty Words are heard abroad,
 The Voice o' th' King, becomes the *Voice of God*;

K 3

And

Specimens of their absolute Doctrine that these latter Ages had ever known; and from whence the Strength and Force of their Principle may be fairly determin'd, as follows;

Sir Robert Filmer being th Great Champion of this Doctrine, had defended it in print, *Algernoon Sidney*, an Ancient Branch of the Noble Family of the *Sidneys*, and Brother to the then Earl of *Leicester*, drew out a true System of Original Power, and the stated Bounds of Government and Subjection by the Laws of God, Nature and Reason; and tho' it might be design'd for the Press in answer to Sir Robert Filmer, it was not yet perfected or finish'd for the Press, nor had it been expos'd to View; but the Manuscript being seized, and the Subject examin'd, it was thought fit instead of answering him with the Pen, to answer him with the Axe, and conquer his Argument by the Extent of that very Power he exploded.

This must pass for an Admirable way of disputing, and is so natural to the thing, that it may pass for a Maxim, That Arbitrary Power is only to be defended by Arbitrary Power, and Passive Absolute Subjection can only be exemplified by it self.

He that when he is argued against, can answer with his Sword instead of his Pen has certainly a full power in his hand to confirm this Doctrine, and need no other Method; nor is it any other way to be defended: When therefore they found *Algernoon Sidney's* Argument unanswerable by Words, the only way left them was to lay aside debating with the Book, and fall upon the Man——So they cut off his Head, meerly because they could not answer his Book.

The Book has since been printed, and remains unanswerable to this day; and a Man would desire no better Conquest over the Adversaries of Liberty, than to desire them to reply to it now, when they have Freedom to speak, and won't be answer'd, as the Author was, by the Scaffold or Gilbet.

And he that disobey's the Heavenly Voice,
Is *Damn'd of Course*, and goes to Hell by *Choice*.

But here the Contradiction is *so plain*,
No room for Possibilities remain;
For then Mankind may come to *such a Case*,
He may be (a) *Damn'd, in spight of Sovereign Grace*,

Suppose the Tyrant Dooms the Wretch to die,
And bids him (b) *hang himself*, if he'll obey;

Let

(a) The Author desires to be understood here not to suggest the possibility of opposing the invincible Agency of *Sovereign Grace*; but the Simily aggravates the Absurdity: for, to put a Man into a Condition that may force him upon inevitable Rebellion against God, is to drive him to Hell headlong, and put him into a necessity of eternal Damnation — *He that resists receives to himself Damnation*, says the Text; now if obeying puts the Man upon an Act which has the same inevitable Consequence, the Man must be ruin'd without Relief, and there can be no better way of arguing against this Doctrine, than by driving the Defenders of it into such inextricable Labyrinths that both ways they must allow Heaven to force the Man upon sinning, which is contrary to the Nature of God, and Meaning of all Religion.

(b) 'Tis no Intrenchment upon the Gentlemen that defend the Doctrine of Passive Obedience, to suppose a Tyrant should command a Man to kill himself; because, whether there has been Examples of the kind or no, it answers the thing; if they will except Sel-murder, they except something; if any thing be excepted, then the Monarch's Power is limited; if in the least 'tis limited, 'tis not absolute; and if it is not absolute, it may be resisted.

'Tis not material in what it may be resisted; for the Argument is, whether it may be resisted at all — if at all, they must determine wherein, and then they come to the Point; which is, that when the absolute Will of the Monarch commands any thing contrary to the Laws of God, Nature or Reason, he may be disobey'd: if he attempts to impress those Commands by Force, he may be resisted by Force; and this is the Sum of the Argument: If it be not true, then this must be true, that a Man by this Doctrine may be reduc'd to such a Necessity of Sinning, that as in the Line above,

*He'll come to such a Case,
He may be damn'd in spight of Sovereign Grace.*

Let Mankind answer for his future State,
 'Tis my Opinion *all Men (a) know his Fate* ;
 This Doctrine damns him too *if he refuse*,
 Th' unhappy Wretch is *left no room to choose* ;
 Fate has hedg'd up his undirected Way,
He dies if he'll Refuse, *(b) he's damn'd* if he'll Obey.

(a) 'Tis hardly any Breach of Charity to believe a Man lost, that is his own Executioner, because it seems inconsistent with the Rules of Religion, by which we judge of Salvation, and by which it is to be obtain'd, *viz.* Faith and Repentance, which the Fact seems to leave no room for.

(b) The Absurdity of this Doctrine, I think is such as can never be replied to, and one would wonder at the Supine Temper of those who can argue for one, and yet be convinc'd of the other; the absolute Will of a Prince contradicting the Divine Law, and in its Consequence forcing the Subject upon his own Destruction can never be of Divine Original it self; because nothing that is so, can command any thing that is in it self sinful, or that tends to bring Men under the Necessity of doing what is destructive to themselves, either Soul or Body.

I would be glad to have the Gentlemen, that Dispute for an absolute unlimited Subjection to the Command of the Prince, as to the Command of God, come fairly into the Merit of this Argument.

They must at last submit to a necessity of subjecting the Commands of the King to the Laws of God, and Nature; which if they do, they bring in a *LIMITATION*, which is the thing they would avoid, and not without good ground: For if any Limitation, they must next submit to a Determination of those Limits, and a Judge of those Determinations; all which must be equally Superiour to the King, and will most inevitably ruin the Passive Doctrine, or run the Defenders of it into inextricable Difficulties and Absurdities.

JURE DIVINO:
A
SATYR.

BOOK V.

SATYR, the Quest of Tyranny pursue,
And bring the Infancy of Time in view;
Look back to old Originals of Power,
Long before Men knew how each other to devour:
Bring out the Mortal from his Maker's Hand,
Lord of the World, and fitted for Command;
Not yet debauch'd with Tyranny or Pride,
But with his pregnant Reason fortify'd;
Vest'd with Judgment to direct his Way,
And chuse how he should rule, or who obey:
While his succeeding Sons were just and few,
Paternal Modes of Government they knew;
But as the kind increas'd, they soon found Cause,
To limit Forms of Government by Laws:
Degenerate Nature soon seduc'd by Crime,
Quickly inroach'd upon the Power sublime;
And Reason found it needful to explain,
Laws to prescribe, and Limits to restrain;
For Man's a lawless Wretch by Inclination,
If once let loose to his ungovern'd Passion;
No Brute has half so little Sense as he,
When Vice prevails upon his Honesty;
The Man that would his pathless Wand'rings trace,
When Reason sleeps, and Crime usurps the Place;
In untrod Mazes will be strangely lost,
And in vast Seas of Difficulty tost:

Book V. JURE DIVINO.

Laws are the just Restraint of wilder Sense,
And Reason form'd them for its own Defence:
What tho' by Crime they're introduc'd at first,
'The Crime, not the Contrivance, shou'd be curst;
For Laws are Reasons Outworks to inclose,
And fortifie the Man against his Foes;
Built from immediate Dictate from on High,
To strengthen and defend his Property.
Laws in their Nature led Men to depute,
A Person and a Power to execute,
Whose Office was to settle *Right and Wrong*,
And see *the Just* protected by *the Strong*.

Had there been no Offence, no Seeds of Crime,
In vicious Men, the Sense of Power Supreme,
Had been sufficient all Men to instruct,
For Law came both to limit and correct:
Thus *Crime* the first Design of Power must bring,
Reason directs *the Form*, Nature directs *the Thing*;
The People *must* the Person first create,
And so the Man became a *Magistrate*.

If any Right directed in this Choice,
'Twas *Property* obtain'd the gen'ral Voice;
He had the justest Title to command,
Whose Property prevail'd *and own'd the Land*;
And so Elective Power *commenc'd its Reign*,
Where *equal Right* of Property began.

The Land divided, Right to rule divides,
And universal Suffrage then provides;
The Government lay in the general Voice,
They only had the Power, *that had the Choice*;
The undisputed Right is plainly trac'd,
Where Nature first had due Possession plac'd:
Thus the Collective Body of a Land,
In Right of Property, had Power contain'd,
And all Original Right *with them* remain'd.

They had the Right, because *the Land's their own*,
And Property's the Basis of a Throne:
He that had all the Land, had all the Power,
The Property, the Title must secure;

If he enjoy'd in Common with the rest,
While Right remains in Common, Title must;
No Man can claim a Power of Government,
Where they *that own the Land* will not consent.

If any single Man possels this Land,
And had the Right, he must have the Command;
If once he was but (a) *Landlord of the Isle*,
He *must be King*, because he own'd the Soil;
No Man his just Succession could dispute;
He must both make the Laws, and execute;
No Laws cou'd ever be on him impos'd,
His Claim of Right, the Peoples Claim *fore-clos'd*;
And he that wou'd not to his Rule submit,
Must quit the Place, the Place was all his Right:
From *this just Title* Men might fairly plead,
Divine Succession has a Sacred Head:
For Right of Property's a Sacred Law,
Nature consents, and Reason's kept in Awe:
All the just Bonds of Government in Man,
In this *Foundation Principle* began;
Here only Right Hereditary lies,
Succession's born of this, and *with it dies*;

This

(a) The Nature of Government is such, that as it removes with the Inhabitants, it must depend upon the Proprietors: He that owns a Country, and is Lord of the Soil, must have a Right to direct who shall, or shall not, live upon his Estate, and upon what Conditions; as he parts with any of the Property he *shares out* the Hereditary Power, 'tis annex to the Estate, Right of Government is a Perquisite of the Inheritance; and if any one Man own'd the Fee-simple of this Island, the Inhabitants must all be his Tenants, and must receive Laws from him; if he pleas'd, he might command them to remove, as Landlords warn out their Tenants, when they will let them enjoy the Farm no longer: If the Landlord should sell this Estate or Property, the Right of Power must give attendance, and stand annex to the Freehold, else the next proprietor would be a Slave to his Tenants; they would pay him no Rent, but what, when, and how, the purchaser should direct, and be a Slave himself all the while he was a Prince,

*This is Divine, and from the First of Time,
By this One Title, (a) God himself lays claim;
He rules the World, because the World's his own,
And by this Claim first Government begun;
By this the Power defends; by this 'tis just,
For were the Lands our own, the Kingdom must:
Where-ever Providence transplants a Nation,
The Government goes always with Possession.*

*If Governments have since swell'd up too high,
Assum'd on Life, and vanquish'd Property;
The Error in the Governours appears,
'Thas gain'd on Time, and swell'd its Power by Years;
But all's Encroachment still, and Usurpation,
And Time can never bless the Alteration.*

*Th' enlighten'd Soul to Knowledge first inclin'd,
All necessary Incidents contain'd;
And the first Instance of capacious Sense,
Appears in Methods of Preheminence;
Men were not ignorant of Native Right,
No partial Mists had douded Genuin Light:
They knew the early light of Government,
And knew it ought to have their known Consent.*

*For Government's a Science, Polity
Was Nature's eldest Son, and Parent of Philosophy:
First born of Wisdom of Divinest Birth,
The primo-genial Off-bring of the Earth;
The early Token Mankind shou'd be blest,
With Sense to govern what he had possess:
Order's the Life and being of the Whole,
The Spring of Nature the Creation's Soul:
Subserviency of Parts its Fate prevents,
And is the Index of the whole Contents.*

*'Tis plain, when Man came from his Maker's Hand,
He left him free, and at his own Command;*

Gave

(a) The Allusion to God Almighty's Government of the World by Right of Creation, is not at all improper, since the Title God has to the Obedience of Mankind, as he is their Maker, and consequently proprietor is no small Consideration.

Gave him *the Light of Nature* to direct,
 And Reason, *Nature's Errors* to inspect;
 Fully instructed, Evils to prevent,
 And qualify'd (a) for *his own* Government.
 Heaven *seldom* acted by immediate Power,
 And *when he did*, 'twas only to restore;
 To heal the Breaches Sin and Folly made,
 And *save the Wretch* that had himself betray'd:
 But as to Government, the Man knew how,
 Nature, the Heavenly Handmaid's *born to show*,
The Ends, the Course of Nature guides him too:
 If Crime did *lawless Dignities* advance,
 It was *his Weakness*, not *his Ignorance*;
 'Twas *want of Power*, Encroachments to restrain,
 Made Innocence sit down, and Mischief reign;
 But still 'tis all Exotick and Unjust,
 Impos'd by Craft, or by *Ambition Forc'd*.

When any thus by Force or Fraud obtain,
 Power not deputed Right, *that Power's in vain*;
 The People only true first Power could show,
 What *only they enjoy'd*, *they only* could bestow;
 Their Maker *taught them* Tyrants to prevent,
 And trusted them with *their own* Government:
 No Rules of Management were e'er set down,
 Nature *was furnish'd* to direct her own:
 The *high unerring Light* of Providence,
 Left that to latent Cause and Consequence;
 Hardly suspecting Men wou'd be *such Fools*,
 To let their Monarchs tread down Nature's Rules:
 No nat'ral Fence of Power Supreme prepar'd,
 But left *the Crime* to be *its own Reward*;
 Left Men to be *by their own Follies* curst,
 And he, or they, that will be ruin'd, *must*:
 He left them *Masters of themselves*, and Free,
 And trusted them with their own Liberty;
 For Providence, *which never works by Halves*,
 Wou'd ne'er ha' made Mankind, to make 'em Slaves.

It

(a) Mr. Milton gives a large and extraordinary Scheme of the First State of Man, before the Fall, and what Powers the Man was blest with and for what use, *Parad. lost, Lib. 4. Fol.*

It quite destroys the *Meaning* of the Thing,
To make a Nation *only for a King*;
To make *One Life* to Forty thousand Heads,
And give *One Wretch the Knife* to cut the Threads;
Heaven gave them *Sense* and Reason to direct,
The Liberty he gave them to protect;
But as they have that Liberty betray'd,
And so defac'd the *Glorious Thing* he made:
They that are willing to be thus oppress'd,
He lets them *live unpitied, die unblest*.

Satyr, give off the Search of Sovereign Right,
Tis found, the ancient Secrets come to Light;
Not in the flaming Crimes of barbarous Men,
Who conquer Nations, meerly to obtain,
The *Name of Tyrant*, and the Power to reign;
But *wheresoever the Property appears*,
The *True Regalia's* there, the Kingdom's theirs;
Whether in all the People it remains,
Tis **PROPERTY** the Right of Power contains.

Despotick and Elective Right from hence,
Forms their *essential Term* of difference;
Be it *disperst*, it differs but in Name,
Or in *One vast Freeholder* 'tis the same:
If 'tis in all the People, all must chuse,
If 'tis in *One*, none may that *One* refuse;
The Dignity of Crowns will never fail,
Where once the *Rights of Property* prevail.
From such a Right, if any Kings descend,
To find him out, and make that King thy Friend;
If any Prince such Line as this presents,
Deriv'd from *Property*, and just *Descents*;
By Legal Right, that *Property obtain'd*,
And still the *Right and Property* remain'd;
And if in all his Race I cannot see,
An *Intersection of Authority*;

Usurpers, broken Lines, and Heirs depos'd,
No Right by growing Injury fore-clos'd;
If there's no murther'd Prince, by Arms set by,
To clear the Path to rising Tyranny;
No weaker Kings oppress'd, who had the Right,
And only wanted *Hearts or Hands* to fight;

No

No *Villains crown'd*, and lawful Heir betray'd ;
 No *Violence*, or *Abdication* made.

That shall be call'd *the (a) Phoenix of the Crown*,
He reigns from Heaven, and Government's his own ;
To him the high inherent Debt we'll pay,
 And whatsoever he commands, *obey* ;
Implicit high Obedience is his Due,
 And all that he requires, *we OUGHT TO DO* ;
 No Man his Sacred Title could confute,
 And no Man his direct Commands dispute ;
 If he shou'd please, a Tyrant to commence,
We'll take his Tyranny for Providence :
 If arm'd with Fury, 'tis his Will t' oppress,
 His Fury shall *our Duty* but increase ;
 And it in Lusts and Blood he bathes the Land,
 We'll cry to Heav'n, but not *that Lust or Blood*
[withstand ;

When he our Cities *burns about our Ears*,
 We'll only *quench the Fire* with *Pray'rs and Tears* ;
 If to our Wives and Daughters he'll pretend,
 We'll not *their injur'd Chastity defend* :
 And as in Blood the rifl'd Nation flows,
 Our *passive Throats* we'll nakedly expose :
 The Case is plain, the just Conditions made,
He can no Property of ours invade :
 The Land's his own, and if we *do think fit*,
To live on his Estate, we must submit :
 The high Conditions in the *(b) Lease* appear,
 We're at Discretion, *what he does is fair* :
 His is the Property, *the Land's his own*,
 And if we like it not, *we may be gone* :
 None has a just Possession there but he,
 And none *can limit* his Authority ;
 For all our Right of Being he must give,
 And 'tis on his Permission we must Live : To

(a) And very well may be call'd so, for 'tis most certain, no such Prince can any where be found in the World, or any such Succession ; and the contrary is prov'd by a Crowd of Examples in the succeeding Books of this Volume.

(b) It is plain, that all Government is founded in property, the Owners of the Land must have the Right of power with
the

To Arbitrary Rule we all consent,
 And stoop to his demands of Government;
 The Contract's plain, if we dislike his Law,
 We must from his impropriate Lands withdraw:
 The Nation's all *his House*, his People lie,
 Within the *Limits of his Family*;
They're his Domefficks, in his Service bred,
 His Slaves by Birth, and *he by Birth's their Head*:

Or if by Stipulation some appear,
 As Servants *fairly hir'd* to come there,
 'Tis on Condition that they first submit,
 And none of the severest Laws dispute;
 If they grow weary of the vile Submission,
 'Tis *change of Place* must alter their Condition:
 They can't (a) compel the *Master of the House*,
 To *change his Laws*, and give them leave to chuse;
 That would the just Possessor basely rob,
 Be all Rebellion. Mutiny and Mob;
 If *he abus'd* his just Authority,

They ought not to resist again, *but fly*. [Crown,
 But where's the Prince that *thus* demands his
 That claims the Lands he governs *for his own*?

The

the Original possession, if they have deputed it, the persons deputed to, hold of the first proprietors, as they are the Landlords and proprietors, all the rest of the people are but Tenants, and ought to submit to the Terms impos'd by the Landlord, or remove, they having no Right to remain on the premises, but on such Conditions by which they capitulate with the Landlord to stay, and if the Conditions are unreasonable, they might have refused them at first.

(a) Suppose the Landlord imposes other Conditions than the Tenant agreed to, and so injuriously treats him, he may legally contend with his Landlord for the performance of those Conditions, and compel him to perform, but the Landlord cannot forfeit the Farm to him, he cannot put him out of his Inheritance; but if this proprietor chuses a Steward, Bailiff, or Super-Intendant, to look after the Farm, protect the Tenants, receive the Rents, &c. if this Man oppresses, beats and abuses the Tenants, him the Landlord shall turn out, and dispossess of his Office—the Case holds here, the Freeholders make a King, his Right is deriv'd from them, and if he oppresses, tyrannizes, and turns his Arms against the Subjects, he forfeits his Office, and his power returns to the Freeholders, or Landlords of the Soil, from whence he had it.

The *Frame* of whose direct Authority,
 By undisputed Property, is *sqwar'd* on high;
 On strong Foundations his just Title stands,
 Commands the People, and enjoys the Lands:
 He ought to Rule the Lands *that are his own*,
 And he that *owns* the Country, *owns* the Crown.

What tho' the early Ages of Mankind,
 Might such a *primitive Freeholder* find,
 His true Successor's long ago deceas'd,
 And Mankind of *that legal Chain* releas'd;
 No just Descent can now a Title Claim,
Succession's void, and *Line's* an empty Name;
 And tho' the Line the ancient Blood contain'd,
 The Power would cease, unless the (a) Property re-

Then where's the *Jus Divinum* to be seen, [main'd.
 The first *True Right* has long extinguish'd been:
 And if Succession could the Right convey,
All Usurpation must that Right destroy:
 Such only claim, because they do possess,
 And sanctifie the Title of Success.

For 'Right of Rule's *divided* with the Land,
 They who do this enjoy, do that command:
 And Government has always been begun,
 In those who to be Govern'd *gave the Crown*:
Some Kings by Stratagem may Power obtain,
 And Craft may steal what Merit cou'd never gain:
Nations are jilted, and to Slavery Sold,
 And Liberty's *too often* truck'd for Gold;
 Men may be robb'd of what they once possess,
 And Right and Law by Violence oppress:
 And in the Governments which thus commence,
 The Slavery comes like Cause and Consequence.

But such can ne'er depend upon their Reign,
 Which *but while none can help it*, will remain:

Kings

(a) It may be objected, the Lands may be Sold, with Condition to reserve the Sovereignty; but this is retaining a Right in the property of the Lands, as far as that concerns the Sovereignty, and such a Man is Lord of the Mannour or his whole Kingdom, and the Tenure is not properly a Freehold, nor has he parted with the Right, he is Lord of the Soil still.

Kings who *by Craft (a)* have Government obtain'd,
By Force must hold, what they by Treason gain'd;
 By Power they must maintain what they possess,
 The People *won't be willingly oppress'd*;
 And they who an *unwilling Nation* rule,
 Must chuse *the Tyrant* to avoid the Fool;
 No Nation ever will be brought to bear,
 The Tyrant whom *they have not (b)* learnt to fear:
 Tyrannick Power can nothing less expect,
 And those 'twould have obey *it must subject*.

If Monarchs therefore wou'd not be betray'd,
 It must be where *they're willingly obey'd*:
 Consent of *(c)* Nations is the Sovereign Call,
 The *Best*, the *First*, the *True Original*;
 The great *Vox Dei's* in the Publick Choice,
 And always Heaven concurs *with general Voice*;
 Nations can never Loyalty refuse,
 And *balk their Homage* to the King they chuse;
Here's the strong Right, and hence it is Divine,
 The Nations *fix*, and Heaven *confirms the Line*:

L

And

(a) The Necessity of supporting what is unjustly gain'd makes it out that Tyranny is the constant Consequence of Usurpation; for they that first by Stratagem and Policy leapt into the Possession, found it absolutely necessary to maintain that Possession by Force, and injurious Proceeding: The Reason is plain, because whenever the Stratagem is discover'd such Princes would be depos'd again immediately; the People would soon dethrone the Usurpers; but the People are often subjugated and over-aw'd by such incroaching Tyrannies, and so fall under it, learn to submit, and grow Slaves.

(b) 'Tis Fear compels Nations to submit to Tyrants, and Fear forces Princes to turn Tyrants, as it were in their own Defence, that is, in defence of their attempted Exaltation.

(c) Consent of Nations is the best Original of Kings, and the particular Call to Kingdoms, and all the Kings in the World have their Original in this, except where Force, which is seldom argued for, may sometimes put in for a Claim; but as to consent, or the Peoples chusing, the Text is plain, that even *Saul*, who the Party that advocate for this Divine Right, are so fond of, as an Example, was chosen by the People, and this is plain, besides what is already said of that Story, *Lib. VIII.* of this Satyr, from 1 Sam. 8. 18. *And ye shall cry out in that Day, because of your King which you shall HAVE CHOSEN you.*

And *here Hereditary Right* began,
 When Nations blest the Race of the *First wel Chosen*
 Agreed his great *Posterity* to Crown, [Man;
 From whence the *Wretch* demands it for his Own;
 As (a) if the *flagnate Vapours* of the Flood,
 Which now *infect* the Fountain of his Blood,
 And which, had it been visible at least,
 His (b) High Progenitor *had been dismiss*;
 Shou'd not the young *degenerate Wretch* dethrone,
 And Right to its *Original* return;
 As if his Regal Power shou'd not submit,
 To that *First Head* that plac'd it on the Seat:
 The *Fathers Right* may to the Son descend,
 But more no Fathers give, no Sons pretend
 The Right to rule derives from those that give,
 And (c) no Men can convey more Power *han that*
 [they have.

The *Dark Phenomena* of Sovereign Right,
 Are *solv'd by this*, and clear to every Sight;
 Here s all the Claim which Governments require,
 That Kings *can wish*, or Subjects *can desire*;
 Successive Right from Kings to Kings descends,
 In People *first begun*, in People *ends*:
 He that would further Policies contrive,
 And search for Powers *which People* ne'er cou'd give,
 Must seek a Spring which can those Powers convey,
 And seek for People too that will obey.

Why

(a) It does not follow, that if People having chosen a King, and capitulated with him, that his Posterity shall reign after him, that they must therefore be bound to the Posterity, if they degenerate from the Honour and Justice of their Ancestors, and tyrannize over those they should protect.

(b) And this is plain, because had the Great Progenitor had the same Infirmities which the Successor discovers, he had never been chosen, and 'tis enough he inherits the Crown and Vertue of his Ancestors together, or loses them together.

(c) The Father had his Right by Suffrage, and no Son can gain by Inheritance, a greater Right than his Ancestor enjoy'd, by whom he came to the Inheritance.

Why should the Monarch scorn (a) to have it said,
 The People place the Crown upon his Head;
 'Tis conscious Guilt of early Mischiefs done,
 Lest they who set it there thou'd pull it down;
 From hence the Stamp (b) of Sacred they assume,
 And place mock Right in real Titles Room:
 Banter the easie World into the Jest,
 And sacrifice to what they ne'er puss st;
 Set up for Idols, and erect a Throne,
 To jostle God himself out of his own:
 Scarcely with Heights of Humane Praise content;
 Scarcely the blasphemous Extreme prevent;
 Unwilling Homage pay to the Most High,
 And stoop to own they stand below the Sky:
 Subtile in Politicks, and vain in Praise,
 And swell the Bubble up their Luxury must raise.

To what strange Shifts are vicious Men reduc'd,
 And how the brightest Gift of Heaven abus'd;
 Who having given the Power of Right and Law,
 To settle States, and keep the World in awe,
 Permit preposterous Notions to prevail,
 And let their Senses, with their Birthright fail;
 Submit by Lust and Pride to be oppress'd,
 And sell the Rights by Nature they possess;
 Examine Satyr, let us rightly know,
 For sure in the (c) Beginning 'twas not so.

The Infancy of things could not foresee,
 The early Seeds of latent Tyranny;
 Ambition lay in Embrio's conceal'd,
 And Natures Laws in Natures Sons prevail'd;

L 2

Till

(a) 'Tis both Pride and Ingratitude that makes Kings disown
 receiving their Titles from the People; 'tis ungrateful, since as
 People certainly first deputed Kings to reign, 'tis hard they
 should thus fly in the Face of those that exalted them so high.

(b) The Stamp of Sacred was assumed by Kings, chiefly,
 that those who claim'd Power to set them up, might not also
 insist upon the Power of putting them down again, so that this
 is but a sham Pretence, to wheedle the People to quit that Power,
 and divest themselves of the undoubted Title they have to the
 Government of themselves.

(c) Dum Seget erit quam Troja fuit.

Till vicious Men, *abandon'd to their Lust,*
 And fond of sinning with a greater Gust;
Rebel'd against the stated Laws of Life,
 And join'd the mighty Tyrant to the Thief;
 Heap'd Sin on Sin, and Vice by Vices draw,
 Till Crime by Practice grows into a Law.

Pride with all other Crimes of Men explain,
 'Tis grafted in the Nature of the Man;
 His early Vice, the Fruits of which appear,
 In all the *Angels* of his Character;
 From hence the spurious Multitudes of Sin,
Dilate themselves, and here they all begin:
 From this first Center *all his Errors* spring,
Pride makes the Tyrant, *Nations makes the King.*
 This does his just Authority deface,
 Expose his Person, and his Crown displace,

Were Kings as Sacred as *they would be* thought,
 Were there *sublimier Likeness* truly wrought;
 Were they *all Gods*, with Sacred Wisdom blest,
Like him in Government, and *like him* just;
 Were the Diviner Parallel pursu'd,
 And as they're high in Place, *their Conduct* good;
 Were all their Negatives *exact* and true,
 And did they *all their Maker's Laws* pursue,
 The Stamp of Sacred plainly would appear,
 There would be some *Pretence of Duty* there:
 He that possess the High Imperial Seat,
 And really *was Good*, as he *was Great*;
 His *Right Divine* would then be understood,
 He ought to be *as Great as he was Good.*

But *Personal Sanction* being thus laid by,
 And Kings divested of *Divinity*:
 When they the God *laid down*, they scarce retain,
 The common lawful Dignity of Man;
 So apt to sin, *up to their High Degree*,
 They *sink the Man*, to keep up *Majesty*:
 The Crimes in his corrupted Nature found,
 A Fruit of *early Sin*, the general Wound,
 Affects the Breed, the *early Curse* is spread,
 And every Member *strive to be the Head.*

When

When *Israel's* hasty Tribes by Fate led on,
Petition'd angry Heaven to be undone :
 When cloy'd with *Freedom*, they for Bondage cry,
 And (a) bought new Chains with their Old Liberty :
 Indulgent Heaven, tho' with the Sin provok'd,
 (b) Warn'd them, and shew'd them how they would
 [be yolk'd :

Describ'd the Temper of a Man in Power,
 And told the Madmen, how they'd curse the fatal
 [Hour;
 How they'd the Sense of former Days retain,
 And how look back on Liberty in vain.

He told them, Kings were but exalted Thieves,
 Would (c) rob Men first, and then wou'd make (d)
 [them Slaves :

He told them, Kings were (e) Instruments design'd,
 Not to improve, but to correct Mankind :

His Rods and Scorpions, Sovereign Power to show,
 And make the guilty World their Duty know ;
 His Engines, suffering Nations to afflict,
 That those he would not save, he might subject :

L 3

Not

(a) They paid dear enough, for they bought their Pomp and State of a Court, at the Price of their Liberty ; and that it was a Bondage, is plain from the Words of the People of *Israel*, to King *Rehoboam*, 1 Kings 12. 4. Thy Father made our YOKE grievous, now therefore make thou the grievous SERVICE of thy Father, and the HEAVY YOKE which he put upon us lighter, and we will SERVE THEE. Here was Bondage with a Witness, and all this purchas'd at their own Entreaty, at the Price of their Liberty.

(b) 1 Sam. 8. 11, 12, 13, to the 17th Verses, where *Samuel* told them the Consequences of their Folly, and how the Thing, call'd a King, would use them.

(c) He will take your Fields, and your Vineyards, and your Olive-Yards, even the best of them, and give them to his Servants ; there is invading of their Property, 1. 14.

(d) He will take your Sons, and appoint them for himself, to run before his Chariots, v. 11. and he will take your Daughters to be Cooks, and to be Bakers ; that is, to do his Drudgery ; here was Slavery of every Sort.

(e) This is constructively included in *Samuel's* Behaviour to them, tho' not literally in the Words.

Not that his Judgments were to these confin'd,
 But that it was *the Nature of the Kind* :
 Mankind delights his Neighbour to devour,
 And is not fit to be supply'd with Power :
 No other Beast will prey on his own Kind,
 But glutt'd Reason, leaves the Sense behind.
 (a) " Nature has left this Tincture in the Blood,
 " That all Men would be Tyrants if they could :
 Not Kings, as Kings, not Ecclesiastick Pride,
 But Parliaments, and all Mankind beside ;
 There's not a Man, but 'tis *his Souls Request*,
 That he might live to govern all the rest ;
 But wou'd subject the World in servile Chains,
 'Tis want of Power, and not of Will restrains.

This the Almighty to their Judgment brings,
 And askt them (b) *Twice*, if they'd desire such Kings:
Twice the Affirmative they blindly gave,
Till Twice provok'd, by those he thought to save,
 He gives the Judgment *they too blindly* crave. }

But that they might be *Self-Condemn'd* at last,
 And double the Regret of Actions past :
 He drew the Picture of the Tyrant's Reign ;
 Bid them prepare to (c) *mourn their Fate* in vain:
 Told them the Consequences to their Land,
 And all the Mischiefs that *the Word* contain'd ;
 How a crown'd Mortal would insult their Peace,
 And plunder them of all their Happiness ;
 How he'd support their Luxury and Pride,
 Their Wealth among his Favourite Rakes divide ;
 Quarter his (d) Troops upon their Freehold Land,
 And murder such by Law, as should withstand ;

Make

(a) These are repeated from the Introduction, but very proper here, to illustrate what follows.

(b) Once when he told them the Manner of the King, as is above, and how he would treat them ; and afterwards, when he presented him to the People.

(c) 1 Sam. 8. 18. *And ye shall cry out, in that Day, because of your King, and the Lord will not hear you.*

(d) This seems plainly interr'd, in that he tells them, v. 12. That he will appoint him Captains over Thousands, i. e. Colonels

Make unjust Wars, his Neighbours to destroy,
 And force them out to fight, they know not why;
 To Pride and Conquest sacrifice their Lives,
 Ravish their Daughters, and debauch their Wives;
 Subject their Persons to unlawful Power,
 And all their Substance by his Lust (a) devour:
 (b) These are the Consequences Heaven foretold,
 But Men are always wisest when they're old:
 They scorn'd to learn, tho' the Almighty taught;
 Experience teaches best, when dearest bought.

They askt, he gave, and quickly they perceiv'd;
 But Blessings lost, are not so soon retriev'd;
 They gain'd the Tyrant, Heaven had so foretold,
 And all their Hopes, and all their Freedoms sold.

Some hence infer, with equal Truth and Sense,
 The (c) Right of Kings, and not the Consequence;
 That Heaven did thus to listening Israel show,
 Not what Kings wou'd, but what they ought to do:
 That when the Lust of Tyrant Kings thinks fit,
 To murder Subjects, they must all submit;

L 4

Present

nels of Regiments, and Captains over Fifties, that is *Subalterns*, or, in *English*, he would keep a standing Army upon them; and it follows, these should reap his Corn, and Till the Ground, and Gather the Tenths of their Seed, that is, Collect his Taxes by Force, which, I think, makes the exact Picture of a Tyrant.

(a) Large Comments might be made upon *Samuel's* Description of the Tyrant they were soliciting for — but 'tis sum'd up in few Words, v. 17. *And ye shall be his Servants*, a comprehensive Sentence of all Sorts of Tyranny, and a Commination which was effectually made good in a very little Time.

(b) Tho' this Story be twice introduc'd, it is on a different Occasion.

(c) These are People that argue, That when God bid the Prophet shew them the manner of the King that shall reign over them, he shew'd it them, not as what his Lust and Ambition would lead him to, but as what he ought to do, and that he would have a Right from the Crown to exercise all these Tyrannies — but as the Scripture is silent in any such thing, and no thing can be drawn from the Words to imply it, I think 'tis too weak a Suggestion to enlarge upon, the following Stories effectually condemn it, when God justified the Revolt of the Ten Tribes, for the Tyranny of *Rehoboam*.

*Present their Daughters, prostitute their Wives,
And thankfully, at his Command, their Lives;
No Property, but to his use possess,
Obey his Lust, and all his Crimes possess.*

*This Loyalty wou'd make the Royal Kind,
A greater Plague than ever Heaven design'd;
For tho' th' Almighty warn'd them to avoid,
The Consequences of exalted Pride:*

*Told them, it was so nat'ral to the Man,
The Gift of Sovereign Power to entertain,
That all his Virtue would resist in vain.*

*Yet Heaven did no where threaten to bestow,
Commission to his Tyrants to be so:*

*And if a King in Judgment plagues a Land,
Tho' he's the fatal Engine in th' Almighty Hand,
Let him not boast of his more Sacred Throne,
The Mischiefs may be Theirs, the Crime's his Own.*

*The Sanction of a Crown is plainly meant,
Not of the Governour, (a) but Government;
There may be something Sacred in the Throne,
Tho' an exalted Monster wears the Crown;
There the Divine Impression must remain,
The Office may be Sacred, not the Man;
But if a Tyrant in the Place appears,
He's not protected by the Crown he wears.*

*And this was plainly what th' Almighty meant,
In all his early Schemes of Government:*

*The Sacred (b) Story stands upon Record,
Voucht by the High, Divine, Immortal Word:*

When

(a) I always endeavour to make this Distinction, and I repeat it the oftner, that the Cavilers at this Book, which I expect will be many, may not plead Ignorance, but may remember, that I allow the Divine Original of Power, only debate its being committed to any Body but the People, for whose use, in Communities, and just Governments, it is appointed.

(b) This is the Story of the Defection of the Ten Tribes, recorded as a stand-Instance of the Wisdom, as well as Duty of Princes, consist- in their Lenity and Justice to Subject; the contray to which, justified the Tribes in renouncing their Allegiance

When *Israel's Tribes* from *Judah's Scepter* stray'd,
And *Laws of Nature*, not of *Kings*, obey'd.

The young insulting Tyrant knew no Law,
To check his Lust, or keep his Power in awe:
His Father, spight of all his Wit and Sense,
Had, with his Wisdom, mixt the (a) Grand Offence.
He had the patient Tribes too much oppress'd,
Who tyr'd with Taxes, now expect some rest:
The War-like David harrafs'd them with Arms,
And wak'd the peaceful Tribes with Conquest and

[Alarms:

His (b) *Æsculapian-Son* imbroil'd their Peace,
With Taxes (c) for his sumptuous Palaces;
His Building Projects, and his vast Designs,
To great for Seas of Gold, or deep *Peruvian Mines*;
The Peoples Hearts, as well as Purses drain'd,
Who fear'd he'd make one City of all their Land:
Thus with Two vigorous Monarchs long oppress'd,
From the young peaceful King they hope for rest;
In humble Phrase, his Majesty address,
And calmly ask for Property and Ease.

But when the hot young angry Tyrant saw,
Subjects pretend to teach their Sovereign Law;
With Anger swell'd, his Thoughts no Bounds contain,
But treats the injur'd People with Disdain.

Says

legiance to their Sovereign, tho' God himself had anointed and
singled out his Family for the Crown, and intail'd it by Pro-
mise on his Posterity.

(a) The common Crime of Kings, viz. tyrannizing over his
Subjects, and oppressing them with arbitrary Impositions, call'd
in the Text, a grievous Yoke, and, in another place, chastising
them with Whips, 1 Kings 12. 4. 14.

(b) Because skill'd in Science.

(c) Solomon could have but Two Occasions to want Money,
One was his costly Buildings, the Other, his numerous and
strange Wives, for he never had any Wars; as to his Buildings,
the Scripture gives a large Account, how he was furnish'd, and
how God made the Kings of other Countries, contribute to the
Charge, and defray more than he wanted, till Gold was as
plentiful, like the Stones in the Street; so that it must be the
Excesses of his strange Women, and the Follies of his Age,
which he fell into at last, that must cause him to oppress his
Subjects, to support his Expensive Luxury.

Says he, (a) I'll show you 'tis your Place to bow,
 And if you know not, I'LL INSTRUCT YOU how:
 I bear from Heaven the Ensigns of my Sway,
 My Business is to rule, and yours t' obey.
 The Burthens of my Fathers gentle Reign,
 Of which with little Reason you complain;
 To teach you how you should his Mildness prize,
 I'll double now, 'till Suffering makes you wise;
 By you let all seditious Subjects learn,
 Their Duty and their Interest to discern:
 I see how needful tis new Means to try,
 And mix your Peace with just Severity.

Therefore your Scandalous Address withdraw,
 'Tis my Command, and my Command's your Law:
 Sedition grows from Seeds of Discontent,
 And Faction always snarls at Government:
 But since my Throne of God alone I hold,
 To him alone, my Councils I unfold;
 My Resolutions he has made your Laws,
 You are to know my Actions, he the Cause;
 Wherefore I stoop to let you understand,
 I double all the Tribute of the Land.

The mild Corrections which my Father gave,
 Has spoil'd the People he design'd to save:
 You murmur'd then, and had you thus been us'd,
 You'd ne'er his easie Clemency abus'd;
 But Liberty, like an unhealthy Air,
 Has made you sick of Peace, for want of Fear:
 I'll be the Grand Physitian of my Realm,
 And let you know, a Pilot guides the Helm:
 To double Punishment I'll all subject,
 And double Taxes henceforth I expect;
 And if your Discontents and Feuds remain,
 Petition, and I'll double them again.

Spoke

(a) The Text represents him delivering himself with the utmost Contempt, I WILL add to your Yoke; I WILL chastise you—and as if expressing the utmost Dejection of their presuming to attack him with their Petition, and capitulate with their Sovereign; and that they deserv'd Correction for that very Attempt, and scorns to give any Reason for his Reply, but the Tyrannick Argument of his own Arbitrary WILL, 1 Kings 12. 14.

Spoke like a King, *that strain'd the Royal Reins,*
 Whose (a) Birth had made him so, and not his Brains,
A Royal Coxcomb, by his Father blest.
 In Wealth and Power, and People well increas'd,
 And all Things, *but his Wisdom,* he possess'd:
 Descent of Souls is not prescrib'd by Rules,
 The wisest Fathers form the grossest Fools.

The (b) injur'd People, treated with Disdain,
 Finding 'twas to no purpose to complain:
 Nature directs, as God himself design'd,
 What once he gave them, they should now defend.
 He did, by Miracle, their Land subject,
 That they, without it, might that Land protect;
 And as their just Possessions were his Gift,
 'Twould be their Sin to see themselves bereft.

Long they had made Submissions to the Crown,
 And long the Sense of Liberty had known:
 The Kings, they ask'd of God, had let them see,
 What God himself (c) foretold of Tyranny:
 The Father had exhausted all their Stores,
 With costly Houses, and more costly Whores;
 But doubly robb'd, by his incroaching Son,
 They rather chose to die, than be undone.

The

(a) He was of the Line, for he was the Son of Solomon, but inherited his Dignity without his Wisdom.

(b) Injur'd, in that the Yoke of Solomon was not Heavy only, but Grievous, which I understand of its being unjust, as well as great; that it was a Breach of their Right, something like raising Money without Consent of Parliament, and this is evident from the Peoples Words, *Ease thou somewhat of thy Father's Yoke, which he put upon us, and we will serve thee,* 2 Chron. 10. 4. plainly implying, that they had a Right not to be so impos'd upon, and so it appear'd by the Consequence, when he rejected — *What Portion have we in David?* says the People, v. 16. if you treat us thus, you forfeit your Crown, and have no Right to command our Obedience.

(c) By Samuel the Prophet, whose Predictions of the Tyranny of their Kings, was well illustrated in this Example, 1 Sam. 8. 18. *And you shall cry out in that Day, because of your King, which you shall have chosen you, and the Lord will not hear you in that Day.*

*The Tyrant bloated with his Scepter'd Pride,
Believing God and Nature on his Side;
To the High-Altar in a Rage repairs,
And rather tells his Tale, than make his Prayers:*

BEHOLD! says he, (a) the Slaves o'er whom

[I reign,

*Have made the Power I had from Thee in vain:
From thy Diviner Rule they separate,
And make large Schisms both in Church and State:
My just Intentions are, with all my Force,
To check Rebellion in its earliest Course;
By powerful Hand, to bring their Stomachs down, }
Revenge th' Affronts of my insulted Throne, }
And save (b) thine injur'd Honour, and my own. }
And as thy Conduct did my Fathers bless,
He claims thy Help, who does their Crowns possess.*

*Let (c) Tyrants listen to the Sovereign Vote,
Think of his High Command, and tremble at the*

[Thought.

STIR NOT A FOOT: Thy new rais'd Troops

[disband,

Says THE ETERNAL Voice,

'Tis my Command:

*I gave thy Fathers first the Hebrew Crown,
I set it up, but 'tis your selves pull down:*

For

(a) This Flight is a License always allow'd in a Poet, for tho' the Scripture does not expressly say that Rehoboam went and inquir'd of the Lord; and 'tis very probable he did not, for had he done so at first, he had never given that senseless, sordid Answer to the People.

Yet 'tis very rational to suggest, that the King had such Thoughts as these in his Mind, when he went and rais'd an Army of 180000 Men, to reduce the Ten Tribes to their Duty.

(b) Some People are very fond of intituling the Glory and Honour of God to all their Actions, and to pretend to act for him, when his Providence openly disowns them, and, in the End, abandons them, as it was manifest here.

(c) It is an admirable Lesson, for all the Hot-headed Tyrants in the World, to consider of, whether, when they go out upon their vast concerted Projects, they should not be found opposing even God himself; and that the Thing that they are bent against, was not the Work of his Hand.

*For when to them I Israel's Scepter gave,
 'Twas not my chosen People to enslave :
 My first Command no such Commission brings,
 I made no Tyrants, tho' I made you Kings :
 But you my People vilely have oppress'd,
 And misapply'd the Powers which you possess.*

*'Tis Nature's Laws, the People now direct,
 Where Nature leads, (a) I never contradict :
 Draw not thy Sword, thy Brethren to destroy,
 The Liberty they have's their Right t' enjoy ;
 My Providence did never yet intend,
 But what they might enjoy, they might defend ;
 And if they have deserted from thy Throne,
 The Actions (b) mine, but all the Faults thy own.*

*Let any Tyrants view the High Commands,
 In Sacred Writ, the Sacred Sentence stands :
 The Eternal Censure's on the Action past,
 And Arbitrary Government was Try'd and Cast.*

*If (c) Rehoboam had no Sacred Line,
 Shew me a King like him for Right Divine :
 But Heaven the Ten revolting Tribes defends,
 And Judah's numerous Troops himself disbands :
 Owns the just Claim of Right to Liberty,
 And leaves the Brand of Fool on Tyranny :
 Tells us how Hebrew Sages first advis'd,
 Tells us how Hebrew Sages he despis'd :*

His

(a) The Harmony of the Divine Actions is too just to contradict one another ; Nature acts Originally from God, and immediately from his powerful Influence, and the Actions of his Providence are so directed, as never, absolutely, to contradict Nature.

(b) 1 Kings, 12. 24. *Thus saith the Lord, ye shall not go up, nor fight against your Brethren, but return every Man to his House, for this thing is of me.*

(c) The Right Rehoboam had to the Crown of Israel, was, doubtless, as DIVINE as ever Prince had, God having singled out his Father's Family, from all the World, by his own Hand, and annex an intail of the Messiah upon his Blood, and yet he forfeits by Tyranny ; the People rise in Arms, and God Almighty justifies the Insurrection, as done by his particular Influence.

His young *Pop-Councellers* debauch'd his Mind,
 Too much before to Tyranny inclin'd;
 Those *Mountebarking States-Men* always see,
 The Gain, but not the End of Tyranny;
 And when in Mischief they involve the Throne,
 They leave the *wheel'd Wretch* to fight alone;
 Desert th' *ambitious Tyrant*, and stand clear,
 Share the Advantages, but shun the War.

But 'tis alledg'd, When pop'lar Heats engage,
 There's something (a) *boundless* in the Peoples Rage;
 But 'tis because they're first provok'd so high,
 And bear so long the Chains of Tyranny,
 That when they once resolve to be set free,
 (b) All flies before the Storm of Liberty.

But humane Things are subject to extreams,
 As swelling Floods despise contracted Streams;
 The gentler Brooks to rapid Torrents grow,
 And all the flowery Meadows overflow;
 But when the accidental Causes cease,
 The hasty Flood returns to Calms and Peace.

If the (c) *unruly Mob*, by their Excess,
 Increase the Mischiefs which they would redress;
 If Blood's the Fruit of their ungovern'd Rage,
 Which nothing but just Vengeance can assuage;
 'Tis Murder, if it's done without the Laws,
 But here th' Event's excluded from the Cause;
 If they did only their Defence intend,
 Actions are always govern'd by their End; The

(a) Tyrants must reflect on that, who urge the People beyond their Power to bear, and run Things on to such Extreams, that Humane Passions are apt to run too high: Nature has its Buttings and Boundings; and there are Cases in which Flesh and Blood cannot bear any longer the Pressure, but, like the Worm, will turn and oppose.

(b) 'Tis observable, that in universal Insurrections, nothing's so amaz'd, so desisting, unready, and a righted, as a Tyrant; they always fly, if they have time, from the Tumult and Clamour of the enrag'd Multitude.

(c) 'Tis true, the Fury of a Mob is an unbounded thing, and no One knows where it may end, and therefore nothing is more carefully to be avoided, than provoking the People to such Extreamities, for, in all such Cases, the Weight of the Guilt will lie upon the Cause.

The Blood *no publick Guilt* can there contract,
But lies on him *that shall commit the Fact*;
The People seldom do to Blood *in line*,
The Accidents not *in the first Design*;
But Tyranny remov'd, and Peace procur'd,
The End's obtain'd, when Liberty's restor'd.

Tyrants sometimes *in Revolutions fall*,
Tho' their Destruction's *not design'd* at all;
When they *the Torrent of Revenge* resist,
And *meet* the Dangers which they might *ha' mist*;
But all that fairly can be said from hence,
Quits the Design, and blames the Consequence.

As hasty Show'rs, when they from Heav'n flow
[down,

Are sent to fructifie, and not to crown;
And in the Torrent, if a Drunkard sink,
'Tis not the Flood that drowns him, but the Drink;
But 'twou'd be hard, because the sinner's slain,
for fear of drowning, we must have no Rain.

Blest are the Days, and wing'd with Joy they fly,
When Monarchs join in Subjects Liberty;
When settled Peace in stated Order reigns,
And nor the People, nor the King complains;
In juster Measures both alike combine,
And mutual Int'rest, mutual Methods join:
'Tis then the happy Nations blest the Crown;
'Tis then the happy Monarchs rule their own;
No Title's equal to the Peoples Hearts,
When every Branch of Power enjoys their proper
[Parts;

Encroachments, and oppressive Arts unknown,
Kings first support the People, they the Crown;
The Ends of Government in both agree,
And these grow Great, but just as those grow Free;
And in that very Freedom they assent,
To all the essential Rules of Government.

Thus legal Monarchy in triumph reigns,
And all the Arts of Tyranny disclaims;
Revolving Years have crush'd the vile Design,
Just Princes now with Free-born Subjects join;
The

The Governing and Governed agree,
 Those gently rule, these willingly obey;
 The Equal Scale of Government depends,
 These like the Means, and those approve the Ends;
 Unbyass'd Hands the Beam of Justice hold,
 And Powers *Iron-Age* is turn'd to Gold.

But where's the Nation?

Kings and People join,
 Against their own Felicity combine;
 To help amuse the World, its Peace destroy,
 And blast the Happiness they might enjoy;
 Contrive Sham Plots, their own dear selves to Curse,
 And love to have their Blessings *out of Course*.

'Tis vain to open Eyes that will be blind,
 No Charm can cure the Feaver of the Mind;
 When Nature's fullen, and the stagnate Brain,
 Resolves on Death, our Application's vain:
 Man's like the Horse, that frightened at his Shade,
 Leaps down a Precipice,

And not afraid,
 Of real Danger, from his Fancy flies,
 And bold in Death, for his Instruction dies.
 'Tis strange that Nations too should lose their Sight,
 And shun the Beams of true instructing Light;
 That Crowds of Men should to Confusion run,
 And form Debates how they may be undone;
 Study, Dispute, and spend their learned Breath,
 To find out the Advantages of Death.

Whither will blind bewilder'd Nature lead,
 When once she's toucht in her prolifick Head;
 The strong *Delirium* hurries her away,
 Like Swine possess'd, to choak her in the Sea
 Of Bondage:

Dazl'd with the gilded Chains,
 She cheats her self, and purchases her Pains;
 Courts her own dark Destruction, and pursues
 Shadows that only fetter and amuse.

*Hail Liberty! Thou Physick of the Soul,
 That chears the several Parts, and heals the Whole:*

*Beam of enlighten'd Sense, for Liberty,
Is Heaven's Reflection, into Nature's Eye: .
Instructive Glance, that Rules to judge creates,
And by those Rules the rest illuminates;
Where e'er thou dost the Darks of Guilt survive,
At thy Appearance Nations learn to live;
For Liberty is Life, and every Slave,
Moves only in the Circle of his Grave,
Is dead to all the Ends of Life,*

*His Breath,
Serves only to inhance the Price of Death;
Imbitter Sorrow, and oppres his Sense,
And make his real Torture more intense:
So Tyrants kill by long and ling'ring Pain,
The Terrors of their Vengeance to maintain.*

*Thou dost the Nations to their Sense restore,
Possess with raging Lunacies before;
Dethrone their captivating Follies, and,
To its own native State, return the Land;
For Liberty is Nature's Gift to Men,
Born in their Blood, and runs in every Vein,
And all but Lunaticks the Gift maintain:
Every degenerate Step to Bondage shows,
A Madness Man to Crime and Custom owes;
A Contradiction to the Laws of Sense,
That bears its Punishment in the Offence.*

*But when the weaken'd Nature can endure
No more,*

*And Reason seeks abroad for Cure,
Seeks for some Antidot t' expel the Taint;
Then Liberty come in,*

*The Glorious Hint.
The spreading Plague at first appearance kills,
And Nations are made free against their Wills;
Cordials and Life are in the very Words,
Ev'ry repeated Sound new Spirits affords;
Thro' all the Angels of the Heart they roul:
Hail Liberty! Thou Physick of the Soul.*

JURE DIVINO:
A
SATYR.

BOOK VI.

SATYR thy Quest of Loyalty renew,
 The *flying Phantasm* closer yet pursue;
 Let it be publish'd by Immortal Fame,
 How far 'tis *Substance*, How far *empty Name*:
 Let Kings no more *be flatter'd* and *deceiv'd*,
 And blame, too late, the Knaves they ha' believ'd;
 Let Governours, and Governed agree,
 And state the Measures of Authority;
 Ballance the mighty Management of State,
 Betwixt *the People*, and *the Magistrate*;
 Bring all the Articles to Publick Sight,
 How *these must rule*, and how far *those submit*:
 People will then *no more* be so oppress'd,
 And Legal Power *no more* be made *their Jest*:
Subordination will its order keep,
Ambition dye, and all Rebellion sleep;
Justice its undisturb'd Command procure,
 And *Right and Property* at once restore;
The weeping Nations shall begin to laugh,
 The Subject *easy*, and the Monarch *safe*:
Plenty and Peace embrace just Government,
 The Kings *be pleas'd*, the People *all content*:
Find the blest Nations out, and let us see,
 The Happiness of *Just Authority*.

Then draw the *Draft* of Arbitrary Power,
 And paint the Monsters which the World devour;
 Exalt th' *Incaruate Devil*, and let us know,
 If he's as Black, as we pretend, or no:

Suppose

Book VI. JURE DIVINO.

2

Suppose a *Nero* mounted on the Throne,
Thinks he's a God, and all Mankind his own;
 That sports himself to *set the World on Fire*,
 And thinks it ought to burn at his Desire:
Fancy him (a) Robe'd in all his *Right Divine*,
Right in his Claim, unquestion'd in his *Line*;
Crown'd with Applause, all due Allegiance swore,
The Due perform'd, but he *exacting more*:
 Suppose him blasting all the Nations Peace,
 And ranging all the Methods of Excess,
Busy in Blood, and eager to destroy,
 And cursing all the Blessings we enjoy;
 View him the common Hang-Man of the Town,
 And daily Murthers *Deifie his Crown*:
 The floating Monarch revels in the Flood,
 And *baths his Scepter* in the Streams of Blood:
The Senate massacre'd, *the City* fir'd,
 And all the Hopes of Liberty expir'd;
 The *busy Wretch*, contriving Desolation,
 And studying soonest to destroy the Nation;
*Witty in high Extreame*s of Cruelty,
 And racks his Brains, to teach Men *how to dye*;
Glutting his Thoughts with Misery and Blood,
 And *feasts his Eyes* upon the slaughter'd Crowd.

View him roll'd up in hated Lusts and Wine,
 Rapes, Incests, Blood, and all unnatural Sin;
 Debauch'd beyond *th' extreamest Act* of Crime,
The Wonder and the Horror of the Time;
Blaspheming God, and eagerly enclin'd,
 To sin beyond the *Rate* of all th' Infernal kind;
 Raving, and *mad with Anger* and Disdain,
 That Heaven it self can limit or restrain;
 His Crimes beyond the Power of Words to tell,
Defying Heaven, and then *Contemning Hell*.

See him, to gratifie his wild Desire,
 Embroil Mankind, and set the *World on Fire*;

M 2

And

(a) *Robe'd*, Drest up with all the flattering Vanity of his Courtiers; and he himself believing the foolish Notions put into his Head by them that design'd to make a Prey of him, or to Tyrannize under him.

And to do all the Mischief that he cou'd,
Willing to *quench it* with the Peoples Blood;
Surrounded with his mercenary Guards,
Who with the Peoples Money *he rewards*;
Strong Bands of *Cut-Throats* execute his Will,
Whose Trade's in Blood, and their Delight's to kill.

Who'er *he dooms* by his destructive Breath,
These are *his ready Messengers* of Death;
Who all his dreadful Orders execute,
And neither Cause or Consequence *Dispute*;
They fetch the *chastest Virgin* to his Arms,
And *rifle Nature's self* of all her Charms;
To the *securer Altars* they repair,
And drag the *Sacred* from the *House of Prayer*;
Make Breach of Laws the Fashion of the Time,
Strict Honesty a Fault, and *Wealth* a Crime.

And that we may the dreadful Picture draw,
And paint the *vilest Wretch* the World e'er saw;
Fancy his Insolence swell'd up so high,
He scorns his Kind, and *claims Divinity*;
Erects himself for something more than Man,
And makes the Devil *all the God* contain:
Expects from Men, what *Nature's Laws* abhor,
And they that wou'd obey, must *now adore*:
Th' Unbounded Idol surfeited with Blood,
And fitted for a *Fury*, not a God;
Proceeds by Blood to make them Idolize,
And wildly Worship what they *should Despise*.

Injur'd Subjects to the *Laws* appeal,
This wou'd be to *resist*, and that rebel;
In vain with *humblest Manner* they address,
It makes their *Burthens* greater, not the less;
The prostrate Subject that *can stoop to pray*,
Is so much farther fitted to *obey*;
They that once beg their Prince for leave to live,
Own *his just Right* to take as well as give;
Submit *their passive Necks* to bear the Yoke,
And with extended Throats expect the Stroke;
Abandon *Life* to his degenerate Will,
And recognize his *Right to save or kill*;

*Such fairly forfeit native Liberty,
Are justly so oppress'd, and ought to die.*

*Suppose, at last, the passive Slaves begin,
To find their long Obedience turns to Sin ;
By Ruin and destructive Death made Wife,
Begin to joyn Resistance to their Cries ;
Begin to think of Nature and Defence,
And twist their Strength about their Innocence ;
Petition first, but with the Power of Words,
Joyn the prevailing Reason of their Swords.*

*Viewing their Country desolate and waste,
And the approaching Ruin of the rest ;
Religion trampil'd on by Men of Blood,
And Barbarisms breaking down the House of God ;
The Law suppress'd, and Justice overthrown,
And arm'd Destruction raging on the Throne ;
The Virgin ravish'd, and the valiant slain,
And Power resolv'd to ruin those remain.*

*Suppose the Few, that yet have found no Grave,
Consult the wretched Remnant how to save ;
Their little faithful Forces boldly joyn'd,
Their Laws, Religion, and their Lives defend ;
Resolv'd the just Attempt to make, and then,
If they must die, at last, to die like Men ;
To pay Posterity the Debt of Trust,
And fall by Force but never own it just ;
Resolv'd, in Nature's just Defence to die,
And sacrifice their Lives to Liberty ;
Yet intermitting not (a) the milder Way,
With Humble Phrase, the Relaxation pray ;
What tho' the Sword defends the Righteous Cause,
And guards the just Request, it only guards the Laws.*

*If this be call'd Rebellion, this unjust,
Then all the World are Traytors to the mighty Trust ;
Then Nature's Laws are Treason in a State,
And Heaven it self affronts the Magistrate.*

M 3

It

(a) *The milder Way* of Prayers and Intreaties, if possible, to prevail with the Prince, to stop the Hand of Tyranny, and check the Torrent of Blood, to give them Ease, and restore the Laws and Government to a due Course of Justice, according to the Nature of the Thing, and the common Right of the People.

*It can't be Treason in our own Defence,
 To obey the Dictates of our Common Sense :
 He that his Right demands, can ne'er rebel,
 And may by Force, the Wrongs of Force repel.*

*May we not for Posterity contend,
 And ravish'd Virgin-Chastity defend ;
 Protect the Injur'd, and the Innocent,
 And total Devastations so prevent :
 Then Vertue's plac'd beneath the Feet of Vice,
 And Mischiefs backt with just Authorities :
 'Tis best for Man, to load himself with Crimes,
 To gain the strong Protection of the Times ;
 Confederate Powers, Confederate Vice maintain,
 And suffering Vertue courts the World in vain ;
 'Tis Nonsense to be Sober, Just, and Wise,
 It only prompts Mankind to Tyrannize ;
 We should be Villains, Thieves, and Men of Blood,
 Society should so be understood ;
 He that could be the worst, should always reign,
 And he that murder'd most, the better Man ;
 'Twould all be fair, no Man could be oppress'd,
 Because he'd do the same by all the rest ;
 Justice would dwell upon the strongest Arm,
 And Idol Fortune be the only Charm ;
 And he that could not gain the bloody Seat,
 Because he cou'd not conquer, must submit ;
 The World wou'd be a Desert, Men of Prey,
 Wou'd range the Waste, and weak Ones must obey ;
 Vertue wou'd be against all Common Sense,
 Men must be Devils, 'tis in their own Defence.*

*Satyr, from Rage and Rapture now arise,
 The Laws of God and Liberty revise :
 What tho', too often, we the Strain (a) repeat,
 Too often viler Men impose the Cheat ;
 When Men their Sense and Nature too despise,
 Satyr shall Sense and Nature recognize ;*

Explode

(a) The Repetition of these Arguments are necessary, as they meet with and cross the several Windings of the Pretenders to support the weak Authority of Tyrannick Power.

Explode the empty Notion, and explain,
The passive Nation, and the Tyrant Man ;
 Describe *the heterogeneous Birth*, and show,
 How Men their native Liberty *may know*.

Right is the Grand Design of Government,
 Oppression *ruins* the Divine Intent ;
 Defeats the Sovereign Thought, *inverts the Rule*,
 And turns *the Heavenly Scheme* to ridicule :
 That Kings the Sovereign Power so represent,
 That when they Tyrannize in Government,
Men must submit, to be by them oppress'd,
 And suffer *only to uphold* the Jest.

This brings the God of Reason *down so low*,
 Satyr, we can *no Words to name it* know :
 Heaven must prescribe no Methods of Command,
 And he that form'd the Soul, *not understand* ;
It robs the Sacred Power of Common Sense,
 And banters God's Eternal Providence.

When Kings *the Pact of Government* destroy,
 There's no more Bonds to hold Obedience by,
 Order and Laws, *of Course*, must cease to be,
 And Mankind's level'd down to One Degree,
And God himself's reduc'd as low as he.

Force and Confusion follow Hand in Hand,
 No Man *is bound to obey*, and none command,
 For Justice is the Soul of Civil Power,
 But if Oppression shall that Right devour,
The strong Suspension suffocates the Laws,
 And *Obligation ceases* with the Cause.

He then that thus resists Tyrannick Power,
 Does *not the Laws resist*, but Laws restore,
 Reason may cross a Monarchs high Intent,
 But Reason *can't subvert* a Government ;
 'Tis want of exercising Reason right,
 Makes Men at Shadows rail, *as mad Men fight*.
King-Craft in State, and *Priest-Craft* in the Church,
 This does our Faith, *and that our sense* debauch.

The personal Independency of Kings,
 Is *meer State-Popery* in several Things :
 That Kings have *absolute Command* of Fate,
 Is *Transubstantiation* in the State ;

The Senses this new Doctrine can't receive,
 But what we cannot see, *we must believe* :
That Coronation sanctifies the Thing,
 And (a) Consecrates the God, as well as King :
 The high Invisibles to Faith remain,
 The real God commands, and not the Man.

That Kings can be accountable to none,
 And he *can do no wrong* that wears the Crown ;
 Makes Monarchs, Popes, and Civil Tyranny,
 Be furnish'd with Infallibility.

The *Jus Divinum* of his Government,
 Is *Image Worship* in the last Extent ;
 And tho' the *Limbus* may be but a Story,
 It turns whole Kingdoms to a Purgatory.

Passive Obedience is implicate Faith,
 And contradicts its own prevaricating Breath ;
 A blind *Non Entity of Words* to signify,
 Something the very Words (b) themselves deny ;
 The suffering *passive Wretch* the Sense defeats,
 For still he *disobeys* when he submits ;
 There's no Command to suffer, *but obey*,
 And *Breaches only* Claim the Penalty,
 The Sufferings the *Obedience* first denies,
 And he *that's passive*, first must disobey.
 'Tis strange, that Men of Argument and Sense,
 Should please themselves with such Impertinence ;
 But where the Cause is weak, *these Arts* prevail,
 Least Faith as fast as Argument thou'd fail.

Empty and vain, like this, the Case appears,
 Asham'd to show the very Dress it wears :

Tyrannick

(a) This is a sort of *State Popery* indeed, and equivalent to the real Presence in the Sacrament, which, by the Consecration, becomes no more Bread but, as they say, real God, so the Coronation of a Prince, which in other Countries, is call'd the consecrating him, is pretended to make a Divine Person of him, which must have its Original in Faith, for I can see nothing of it in Common Sense.

(b) This is a fair Argument against the Term *Passive-Obedience*, which is a plain Contradiction, for to be *passive*, implies suffering, there can be no suffering, but with supposition of first refusing to submit to obey, which is Disobedience ; he that suffers, is first active in disobeying, and if he be *passive* afterwards in his Submission to Penalties, 'tis yet *passive* in Disobedience, the other is Nonsense in the Term, as well as in the Practice.

Tyrannick Power *avoids the Force of Words*;
Such Kings lay by their Scepters for their Swords:
Did not coercive Terror cloath the Man,
To reign by force of Reason wou'd be vain;
Reason would blow up all the great Machine,
And all the mighty Babel wou'd fall in;
The mighty Ruins wou'd it self suppress,
And make the Rubbish more, the Wonder less.

The Force of Government *deserts a Crown*,
When he that shou'd uphold it, pulls it down:
Obedience ends before these high Extreame,
The Sanction's gone, when once the Man blasphemes:
The Laws of Government are overthrown,
When such Infernal Dragons mount the Throne;
No Methods of Obedience can remain,
We then resist the Devil, not the Man:
The Wretch is of his Nature dispossest,
And we obey the King, depose the Beast.

Satyr, the Brand of Infamy avoid,
Rebellion in its Nature's here destroy'd;
Where strong Oppressions force a due Defence,
He that submits, despises Providence.
That King that drives his People to Despair,
And with the Rules of Government makes War;
That first commands what they ought not obey,
'Tis he's the Rebel, Satyr, 't can't be.

Thou Sin of Witchcraft, First-born Child of Crime,

Produc'd before the Bloom of Time:

Ambition's Maiden Sin, in Heaven conceiv'd,

And who could ha' believ'd!

Defilement could in Purity begin,

And bright Eternal Day be soil'd with Sin.

Tell us, fly penetrating Crime,

How camest thou there? thou Fault sublime,

How didst thou pass the Adamantine-Gates?

And into Spirit thy self insinuate?

From what Dark State? From what Deep Place?

From what strange uncreated Race?

Where was thy Ancient Habitation found,

Before void Chaos heard the forming Sound?

Wast

*Wast thou a Substance, or an Airy Blast,
A Vapour flying in the fluid Waste
Of unconcocted Air,*

*And how at first didst thou come there?
Sure there was once a Time when thou wert not;
By whom wast thou created, and for what?
Art thou a Steam from some contagious Damp exhal'd?
How should Contagion be intail'd,*

*On Bright Seraphick Spirits, and in a Place,
Where all's Supream, and Glory fills the Space?
No noxious Vapour there could rise,
For there no noxious Matter lies:*

*Nothing that's Evil can appear,
Sin never cou'd Seraphick Glory bear;*

*The Brightness of the Eternal Face,
Which fills as well as constitutes the Place,
Would be a Fire too hot for Crime to bear,
'Twould calcine Sin, or melt it into Air.*

How then did first Defilement enter in?

*Ambition, thou first vital Seed of Sin;
Thou Life of Death, how cam'st thou there?*

In what bright Form didst thou appear?

In what Seraphick Orb didst thou arise?

*Surely that Place admits of no Disguise;
Eternal Sight must know thee there,
And being known, thou soon must disappear.*

*Sure some of the Seraphick Race,
Too curious to survey th' Expanse of Space,
Unsent, some great successless Sally made,
The Deeps and Darks of Chaos to invade;
And here as they the Liquid Regions past,
Expanding brightest Wings, and make Celestial Haste:
Ungenerated Matter at first prevails,
And Vapour which their own Seraphick Fire exhales;
Their powerful Stagnant Fumes direct,
With pointed Acids, Seraphs to infect.*

*For Chaos doubtless, in the First of time,
Had in the Seeds of Nature, Seeds of Crime;
At least, was subject to Contingencies,
From whence Degenerate Principles might rise;*

And

*And the first Warmth they fet must needs create,
Some Fermentation in their rately Seat.*

*Was it from hence, or some more secret Cause,
Heaven first receiv'd a Traytor to the Heavenly Laws?
Did what they saw in Chaos larker Womb,
Swell their Angelick Breasts when they came Home:
Say, ye Immortal Instruments of Death,
What secret Fumes, what strange infecting Breath,
Debauch'd your Glorious Principles at first,
How came you to be cull'd?*

*Heaven's a bright Orb, with Glory circl'd in,
Where there's no Entrance, nor no Room for Sin:
You must some fatal strange Excursion make,
Before your Nature could of Crime partake,
Because your High Immortal Stations there,
Were fixt, where no Corruption could appear.*

*But since the Fatal Truth ye know,
Without the Matter whence, or Manner how:
Thou High Superlative of Sin,
Tell us thy Nature, and from what thou didst begin.*

*The first Degree of thy Incease,
Debauch'd the Regions of Eternal Peace,
And fill'd the Breasts of loyal Angels there,
With the First Treason, and infernal War:*

*Thou art the High Extream of Pride,
And dost o'er lesser Crimes preside:
Not for the mean Attempt of Vice design'd,
But to imbroid the World, and damn Mankind:*

*Transforming Mischief, how hast thou procur'd,
That Loss that's ne'er to be restor'd,
And made the Bright Seraphick Morning Star,
In horrid monstrous Shape appear.*

*Satan, that while he dwelt in Glorious Light,
Was always then as Pure as he was Bright,
That in Effulgent Rays of Glory shone,
Excell'd by the Eternal Light, by him alone:
Distorted now, and stript of Innocence,
And banish'd with thee from the High Pre-eminence:
How has the splendid Seraph hang'd his Face,
Transform'd by thee, and like thy monstrous Race;*

Ugly,

Ugly, as is the Crime for which he fell,
 Fitted by thee to make a local Hell,
 For such must be the place where either of you }
 [dwell.]

Stand forth Rebellion, let us know thy Face,

Deceive no more the Sacred Race:

Thou busie Mischief, poison of Mankind,
 Art always brooding Treason in the Mind;
 Who since thou wast thrown from the World of Bliss,
 Hast always busie been, disturbing this.

Thine Enemies are Justice and the Law,
 These keep thee down, of these thou stand'st in awe:
 Thou hat'st Subjection, and dost Power oppose,
 And well fixt Governments are all thy Foes;

Thy Rage at Constitutions flies,
 And dost the Thrones, as well as Kings despise;

Subjection is the mortal Wound,
 Which does thy very vital Strength confound;
 Whatever Head thou pleasest to possess,
 The Grand Distraction gives him no recess,

All Applications are in vain,
 He'll suffer no Man, but himself to Reign:
 Assassination, Blood and Civil War,

Thy blest Companions are;
 Plunder and Ruin, Lust of Rule, and Death,
 Are Mischiefs generated in thy Breath;
 Good Government sometimes is thy Pretence,
 But Tyranny's the constant Consequence.

Satyr distinguish now, and tell Mankind;
 The Marks by which they may this Mischief find;

Since when a Tyrant is pull'd down,
 He always cries REBELLION, and the CROWN.

Rebellion, by this constant Mark is known,
 Its Rise is Treason, and its End the Throne;
 Misses the Grievances, but hits the Kings,
 And always aims at Persons, not at Things;
 And if its Black Intentions it obtains,
 The People change their Masters, not their Chains:
 As he that for the Thrones would Kings suppress,
 Would be a greater Tyrant, not a less.

But

*But when Oppression makes a People rise,
The Freedom gain'd, the People satisfies;
And if in Arms they are oblig'd it appear,
'Tis not Rebellion then, but Civil War.*

*As blustering Winds disturb the calmest Sea,
And all the Waters rave and Mutiny:
The Billows loudly of the Wrong complain,
And make an Insurrection in the Main;
The watery Troops insult the lofty Clouds,
And heave themselves in huge rebellious Crowds;
Tho' the tumultuous Rage our Wonder draws,
The Water's not to blame, the Wind's the Cause;
And if the aggressing Tempests please to cease,
The Inclination's all to Calms and Peace:
The Cause remov'd, the Grievance is redrest,
And Nature glides the willing Waves to rest.*

*So Tyrants drive the People to Extreams,
And they that still stand out, it still inflames;
But when the End's obtain'd, they always show,
The honest Reasons of the Thing they do:
When Power's reduc'd, the Motions always cease,
All tends to Settlements, and all to Peace:
The Actions prove the Peoples Innocence,
The Cause was right, and right the Consequence.*

*But when Ambition rules the exalted Head,
Then Power's in view, and all Religion's fled;
The Cause is bad, the Principle's decay'd,
Treason the Medium, the Foundation Pride;
The End's Oppression, Tyranny and Blood,
And so REBELLION should be understood.
Insulting Tyrants, own the slated Guilt,
Rebellion's theirs, and their's the Blood that's spilt;
The injur'd Subject bears no real share,
The Guilt goes with the Causes of the War.*

*The broken Laws, the ravish'd Liberties,
The Blood's the Treason, there the Traytor lies;
The broken Compact, the forgotten Oath,
One proves the Injury, the Injur'd both:
Both make to Heaven, The solemn high Appeal,
And sink the perjur'd Monarch down to Hell:*

Both

*Both do the Sanction of his Throne blaspheme,
The Tyrant and the Rebel are the same.*

*The faithful Subject then to Arms must fly;
He fights for Heaven, that fights for Liberty:
The League's collateral, Heaven it self's engag'd,
As Chief Confederate:*

*Heaven would be enrag'd,
Should passive Subjects patiently sit down,
And see his injur'd Honour traml'd on:
Mankind's oblig'd Invasion to suppress,
His juster Claim of Reason to profess;
He forfeits all the Title to his Sense,
And quits his Claim to Heaven and Providence,
When he betrays the Freedom of his Life,
And holds his naked Throat to the Tyrannick Knife:
The High deposits all a Sacred Trust,
He's bound to guard it, or he can't be Just.*

*Much more the Liberties of Nations stand,
A Debt the Ages yet to come demand;
'Twas Handed to us thro' a Sea of Blood,
And faithful Ancestors the Prize convey'd:
Mountains of murther'd Heroes bury'd lie,
Beneath the Column of our Liberty:
This is the Birth-Right which we all enjoy,
In spite of Tyrants struggle to destroy.
(a) Our Fathers kept the spotless Virgin Chast,
The Monument of their Immortal Actions past;
The Badge of their unstain'd Fidelity,
And Test to judge their spotless Honour by.*

*Tyrannick Power cou'd never dispossess,
Their proper Claim, nor make them guard it less:
The Voice of Nature strictly they obey'd,
And what they whole receiv'd, as whole convey'd;
The mutual Obligation still remains,
Their Debt to us, our Debt to ours contains;
Our Fathers Blood, this Promise does require,
That we thou'd hand it down again intire.*

No

(a) The Barons, in the Wars with King John, for the Great Charter of English Liberty, fought for us their Posterity; and often, in their Treaties with the King, told him, they could by no means part with the Laws and Liberties of England, upon that vey account.

No Age of Time cou'd e'er wipe out the Stain,
Shou'd we enjoy *their purchas'd Blood* in vain;
Posterity would curse us in our Graves,
That we *left Free our selves*, thou'd leave them *Slaves*:
The Eternal Brand of Infamy descends,
We *neither shou'd be Fathers*, nor be Friends:
By the Hereditary Law we're bound,
To leave the *perfect Liberty* we found.

When Kings against *the King of Kings* rebel,
And *the crown'd Christian* turns an Infidel;
When mortal Man his Maker once defies,
We *may the Man*, tho' not the King, despise:
Here the Distinction may be wisely shown,
Betwixt *the Man that wears it*, and the Crown;
But if to Blood and Murther *they descend*,
And by their *Right Divine* the Crimes defend;
Trample on Justice, and suppress the Law,
And think their Crown *must injur'd Subjects* awe:
Nature directs the People *what to do*,
And People Nature's Dictates *will pursue*:
The Sanction of the Crown at once transfer'd,
Blood calls for Blood, and Nature *will be heard*;
The Crown no more can such a Wretch defend,
He's damn'd by Nature's Laws, his *Reign must end*;
What tho' by Strength of Hand he keeps the Throne,
He's no more King, tho' he *possess the Crown*:
Tyrant and King are vastly different Things,
We're robb'd by Tyrants, but we're rul'd by Kings;
This may uphold, but that o'er-turns a State;
This is the Man, but *that's the Magistrate*:
Our Safety will on this Distinction rest,
For this we must obey, *and that we may resist*.

If it be ask'd how the Distinction's known,
Oppression marks him out; the Nations Groan,
The broken Laws, the Cries of injur'd Blood,
Are Languages by all Men understood;
The Voice of Bondage, and Destruction's known,
And summons all Men to defend *their own*:
Freedom's the native Right of all Mankind,
And they that slight it, leave their Sense behind.

No Laws of God *our Property* expose,
Kings were the Peoples Guards, their Freedom to en-
[close;

And they who what they should defend invade,
Forfeit their Office, have their Trust betray'd;
To him that first employ'd them shall account,
As Sovereign Power does Humane Power surmount;
But they that *by him have been sore oppress'd,*
Shall take *that Power* away which he possess;
So far shall punish Mischiefs done before,
As to prevent the willing Wretch from more;
Shall take the Sovereign Glory from his Head,
And set up Right to govern in his Stead.

And lest this Doctrine should be *ill design'd,*
Let's search the general Practice of Mankind;
In all the Acts of Times, since Kings were known,
The Power of Justice supercedes the Crown:
The Regal Glory *has been carried high,*
And Notion sometimes flatter'd Majesty;
But first or last, Tyrannick Powers submit,
To General Good, and Universal Right.
In Nations void of Politicks and State,
They Kings for general Conduct *they create;*
Their Government's prescrib'd to general Good,
For Government must so be understood:
If its inverted to a wrong Intent,
'Tis Combination, not a Government.

FURE DIVINO:

A

SATYR.

BOOK VII.

SATYR, to vulgar History repair,
 Innumerable Precedents are there;
 Rifle Antiquity, and view the Thrones,
 And ransack all the Registers of Crowns;
 Look back as far as ancient Rolls will last,
 And search the long Records of Ages past,
 Beyond what Elder Story can relate,
 While Kings had People, *People Magistrate* :
 Back to the very Infancy of Time,
 When Humane Pow'r resembl'd the Supream.
 Nations, e'er since (a) there has been King or Throne,
 Have pull'd down Tyrants, *to preserve* the Crown.
 When vicious Heads, and impious Hands ha' met,
 And with the Peoples Blood debauch'd the Royal
 (Seat.
 The

N

(a) The Instance of this is Historically made out in the Eighth Book.

The Laws of Nature then, *as still they do*,
 Taught them their Rights and Safety to pursue.
 Justice and Property's (a) the Peoples own,
 And Laws were far more Sacred than the Crown:
 And if a King that shou'd protect destroys,
 He forfeits all the Sanction he enjoys.
 Custom from nameless Ages is our Proof,
 And Nature wou'd, if Custom wa' n't enough.
 There's not a Nation ever own'd a Crown,
 But if their Kings oppress them, pull'd 'em down:
 Concurring Providence has been content,
 And always blest the Action in th' Event.
Christian or Heathen, all has been the same,
 'Tis Nature, not Religion, bears the Blame.

If Tyranny, in early Times appear'd,
 'Twas loss of Reason first the Way prepar'd:
 Mankind debauch'd with Crime, to Crime gave Way,
 Oppression's introduc'd, and Fools obey.

(b) Hail Noble Parent, (c) First-born Child of
 (Power,
 (d) Brother of Time, who saw the First bright Hour,
 Saw

(a) No Hereditary King ever reign'd in the World, but to govern by Laws and Constitutions, which were establish'd before he came to be King, *Coke's Detection*, Vol. I. Page 13. and it is the Peoples Right to have the Sword of Justice employ'd to execute the Law. See *King James's Speech to the Parliament*.

(b) These Epithets describe not Adam only, but the Time of his Being, and the Circumstances of Nature at that Time.

(c) First-born Child of Power. Adam indeed was not the First Creature made, but he was the First living Soul, which was the most glorious Effect of Power, and, consequently, the First-born Child, as he is call'd in Scripture, *The Son of God*, Luke 3. 38.

(d) Brother of Time.... Time, as it is Space given to the World, begun at the Creation of all Things, and so Adam was Contemporary with the Beginning of Time, and saw the First of it, at least within a Week, for Time may properly be said to commence at the fixing the Course of the Sun, which is the Measure of Time.

Saw the (a) *bald Racer* first when he set out,
 And view'd the (b) *steady Paces* of his Foot :
 Measur'd the *equal Pulses* of thy Blood,
 And all the Harmony of Nature understood ;
 How with his fleeting Speed thy (c) *Life* kept Pace,
 And beat true Time to his exacter Race :
 Saw the vast Circulation of the Whole,
 And saw thy Maker first fold up (d) *the mighty Roll* :
 Sere thou sat'st under *the Sacred Shade*,
 And saw the *Chain of Cause and Consequences* made :
 Heard the Establishment of Nature's Laws ;
 Thou First Effect of Heaven, *the First Great Cause* :
 Thou *Eldest Soul*, the primo-genial Birth,
 Of *Causing Nature*, and Complying Earth :
 (e) Tell us from whence the Seeds of Crime began,
 How cam'st thou this Black Guest to entertain :
 Convey the (f) *Schemes* the fly Invader laid,
 And tell us how thou cam'st to be betray'd :
 How thy strong Sense, and high exalted Soul,
 Stroopt first to Vice,

and Crime debauch'd the Whole :

N 2

And

(a) *Bald Racer*, alluding to the old Poets, who painted *Time* with a Lock of Hair before, but bald behind, so that if you would take hold of him, you must take him *en passant*, by the Forelock; if you let him slip, *post est occasio calva*, he was all bald behind.

(b) *The steady Paces of his Foot* : Time runs at a steady and even Pace, never stands still.

(c) This Observation cannot be unacceptable, how the Pulses of the Blood, or Motion in Circulation, which is the Life of Man, keep true Time, and an exact Pace with the Seconds of the Pendulum, by which the Sun's Motion is exactly measured.

(d) *Fold up the mighty Roll*, i. e. Close the great Book of Creation and Providence.

(e) This would be a difficult Question to resolve. Mr. Milton brings *Satan*, whose Fall and Defection he makes to be prior to Man's Creation, tempting *Eve* to Evil, and so the Seeds of Sin are of the Devil; and his Description of it is very admirable Milton's Par. lost. Fol. Lib. 3.

(f) The Scheme of Sin was laid, by seducing *Eve*, whom *Satan* knew to be weaker, and tempting her Vanity, some will have it, her Lust, prevail'd upon her to entertain this dangerous Guest.

And tell us then, by what strange (a) Vessels laid,
 The Grand Courageous Mischief is convey'd,
 And (b) why thy lawful Lineal Progeny,
 Must bear the Taint of thine Infirmary :
 Be Slaves to Crime, and Vices Laws obey,
 And thy vile Principles to ours convey :
 Why Man by Laws of Nature's so confin'd,
 That all his Crimes shall all his Offspring bind :
 The secret sympathetick Rules are laid,
 The Likeness with the Life is all convey'd :
 The Laws of Life are so prescrib'd by Fate,
 By Nature, not by Choice, we propagate :
 By Grand Necessity *the same* convey,
 And all *the same*, by like Necessity :
 Nature performs the Work, the (c) *passive Mould*,
Can nothing add, and nothing can withhold.

From this unhappy fatal Consequence,
 Descends the universal Blemish of our Sense:
 Exalted Nature, first deprest by Crime,
 Feels the strong Blow to the Extent of Time.
 Man *born to rule himself*, (d) himself betrays,
 And with the early Fool, *the Slave* conveys:
 Subjects his Free-born Soul, subjects us all,
 And native Pride usurps the Reverend Stall;

With

(a) This world be very hard indeed to ~~do~~ Philosophically, but Scripturally it is explain'd, by Adam's standing in a publick Capacity, and Nature receiving a general Taint, express'd afterwards in God's Words to Noah, *The Imagination of the Heart of Man is Evil, and only Evil, and that continually.*

(b) The Justice of this is undisputedly clear, because in his Righteousness his Posterity had enjoy'd the Blessing.

(c) The Laws of Nature preserves the Species of Creatures in an admirable Connexion of Parts, and if every Creature was not under the Necessity, and bound down to the Propagation of its own Kind exclusively, the World would be confounded with a Mixture of Species.

(d) The beginning of all Bondage, is seen in Man's first Bondage to Sin, which having gotten possession of the Soul, exercises an uncontroll'd Dominion, and tyrannizes there without controul.

With scepter'd Power, th' Inroacher there appears,
 And raises Tumults, Feuds, and Civil Wars;
 Possesses several Parts, embroils the Whole,
 And ravages the Regions of the Soul:
 The Captive Man subdued the Fortrefs quits,
 And all his Soul to Tyrant SIN submits;
 There Arbitrary Government begins,
 And he's a Slave, *as soon as e'er he Sins* :

From hence the hated Emblem's handed down;
 From hence they take the Measures of a Crown.
 Tyrannick Power's of this Infernal Race,
 And bears its native *Stigma* in its Face.
 Nature its ancient Liberty has lost,
 This is the dreadful Price, the trifling Pleasure cost.

When Crime at first possess the Humane Soul,
 The *Wise First-Man* sunk down (a) *below the Fool*:
 Not only lost his Rectitude of Mind,
 But all his new *illustrious Sense* declin'd;
 The *Infernal Vapour* fum'd up to his Head,
 And all his intellectual Part lay Dead;
 The *strong Debauch* his Reason stupify'd,
 And wild Impertinence the Place supply'd.
 The strange unhappy Alteration prov'd,
 The change of Principle from which he mov'd;
 His vast capacious Soul, by which he knew,
 What form'd his Glorious Self, *as well as WHO*;
 Clouded with Darkness, Sense of Guilt and Fear,
 In *what bewildred Shapes* did it appear !

N 3

Divested

(a) Without doubt, the capacious Understanding, with which Man was at first indu'd, sunk into Darkness of Mind, at his Fall, the Powers, or Faculties of his Soul, were contracted in their Operations, and clouded in their Prospects, and Man became an enquiring Creature, that wanted Instruction, and stood in need of Experience, and all common Helps to improve him, and to recover the Illumination.

Divested of the Sacred Influence,
It (a) sunk *beneath the Class* of Common Sense :

View him *to Day* conversing with his God,
His Image both enjoy'd and understood ;
To *Morrow* (b) skulking with a senseless Flight,
Among the Bushes, from the Infinite,
And fancy'd he was Blind, who gave him Sight.
With forbid Labour, *Tagging Fig-leaf-Vests,*
To hide his Body *from the Sight of Beasts,*
Hark how he faintly pleads for forfeit Life ;
First he (c) reproaches Heaven, *and then his Wife,*
The Woman thou bestow'st, as if the Gift
Cou'd rob him of his little Reason left :
A double Fool, to shift his early Crime,
And think accusing her, *wou'd excuse him.*
But high incroaching Vice dethrones the (d) Sense,
And intercepts the Heavenly Influence;
Debauches Reason, *makes the Man a Fool,*
And turns his active Light to ridicule.

(a) Nothing

(a) It was a most unaccountable Thing, that even before God had pronounc'd the Curse, after the Fall, and the Criminal was not convicted, yet his Guilt had so darken'd his Mind, that he was fallen from the Glorious Light, in which God had first plac'd him, below the Practice of Common Sense.

(b) The Absurdity was very gross, and shews the wonderful Effect of Guilt, how it dismounts the Soul, takes his Understanding off of its due Exercise, and places it below its Self, quite out of its Sphere.

(c) The Weakness of his Excuses is as strange as the rest, that the Woman God had given him, should prevail upon him to trespass the Command of the Donor, *That thou gavest me,* 'tis spoken as a kind of a Retort, as if he should reflect upon his Maker, for putting such a Snare in his Way, lodging such a Syren in his Bosom, that had betray'd him, that having her from God, he thought he might have depended upon it, there was no Guile or Folly in her, and so wascluded.

Thus he pleads Guilty, but extenuates his Crime, throws it off upon his Wife, and tacitely upon his Maker.

(d) Sin makes us all Fools, and nothing falters in Speech, and betrays it self by its Inconsistencies and Nonsense, like a detected Criminal, with Guilt in his Face.

(a) *Nothing removes the Soul so far from Home,
 As conscious Guilt to Demonstrations come :
 Thro' all the dark Retreats of Art she flies,
 Wing'd with Despair, and hurried with Surprise :
 She courts the meanest Shelter in her Flight,
 To hide her Blushes from th' invading Light :
 Fear adds swift Speed to her amaz'd Retreat,
 Her guilty Thoughts, her Common Sense defeat :
 Amus'd, she'll blindly to'r own Mischiefs run,
 And meet the very Dangers she would shun ;
 Till by too swift detecting Truth pursu'd,
 Her Flight's in vain, surrounded and embay'd :
 Despair makes Head, and faintly stands at Bay,
 And what she can't avoid, she'll justifie.*

*But here she's by her very Friends betray'd,
 And Nature shuns the Fight, of Shame afraid :
 The guilty Faculties relaxe their Pace,
 And wild Confusion governs in the Face :
 The Eyes to every Angle look for aid,
 And filled with Disappointment, stare, dismay'd :
 The trembling Hands confess the Terrors strong,
 Deny'd too faintly by the falt'ring Tongue :
 The inconsistent Speech her self confutes,
 Reason declines to back the faint Disputes :
 Returning Blushes croud the angry Face,
 And intermitting Paleness fills the Space :
 At last confounded, Self-condemn'd, and Dumb,
 Confessing Tears, bring the lost Exile Home ;
 The penitential Mourner these restore,
 And owns the Crime she justify'd before.*

*View Satyr, stricter Inquisition make,
 Neither the Fool nor Crime, the Man forsake :
 Both to his late Posterity convey'd,
 The same the Crime, the same the Folly made.*

N 4

For

(a) A Digression, to illustrate how Guilt acts upon the Soul, dethrones Nature, and deprives the Man of all Presence of Mind in any Exigence.

For Nations who to Tyranny submit.

Can ne'er be scandaliz'd for too much Wit:

Their Hood-winkt Senses must be quite suppress'd,
And when they're made a Prey, *they're made a Jest.*
Even the Tyrant who invades their Right,
Mocks the Stupendious Darknes of their Sight;
Laughs at the Blindness of the Men he rules,
And makes them Slaves, *because he knows they're Fools.*

We talk of *mighty Sense* in earlier Time,
So near the Ruins of the *Light Sublime*;
But if we view them in their pol'tick State,
Sin Hand in Hand, with (a) *Folly*, waited at the Gate;
Th' strong Analogy its Force maintain'd,
And *frequent Bondage* kept what *Sin* had gain'd.

No Men are half so (b) fit for Slaves as they,
That all the *Meannesses of Crime* obey;
Who first can stoop to Vice, and bend the Knee,
At Hell's Command, are qualify'd for Tyranny.
Chains are the Emblem of the dark Abode,
The Consequence of high *Revolt from God*;
And as the early Vengeance of the Curse,
Tyrannick Government came in of Course;
Opprest th' inteebl'd Nations, kept them down,
And *Satan* rul'd by the incroaching Crown;
Both join, at once, t' insult the Power Sublime,
Crime brought the Tyrant in, *the Tyrant Crime*:
Despotick

(a) *Folly* gave frequent Instances of its Connexion with *Sin*, in the early Ages of the World, as particularly in that senseless Project of Building *Babel*, to secure them from the Hand of God, as if he that could send a Flood to drown the Land, could not send Fire to burn them in that Tower, or, as if the Power of a universal Deluge, would not too easily have soften'd and loosen'd the Foundation, for such a Building to be able to stand.

(b) Slavery to Crime prepares the Mind for Slavery to Man; and he that can yield to be a Slave to his Vices, is half qualified for any Sort of Bondage.

Despotick Powers prepar'd the World to Sin,
And Crime prevail'd, as (a) *Tyranny came in.*

Satyr, the long forgotten Secret tell,
How Tyranny's ally'd, and near of Kin to Hell;
Its dark Original's deriv'd below,
And Devils alone its true Conception know:
Bred in the horrid Regions of the Deep,
Where Millions yet of *unborn Mischiefs* sleep;
Infus'd in Sin's vast undiscover'd Womb,
From whence new Worlds of Crime *are yet to come*:
When first it teem'd, and found an easie Birth,
It startled Nature, and it shook the Earth:
The mighty Groans were to Centre heard,
The trembling Poles, the growing Monster fear'd;
Immediate Conquest waited on its Call,
And Freedom sunk in Man's Original Fall:
The captivated World was sunk so low,
The Slavery reach'd (b) *the Soul and Body too*:
And as the Soul the early Guilt contain'd,
The Effects, the latent Causes soon explain'd;
The Soul's enslav'd, and there, by Consequence,
The Tyrannizing Temper must commence;
The Seeds of Mischief from first Crime arise,
And Tyrant-Sin made all Men Tyrannize;
Th' Infernal Chains first captivate the Mind,
And sympathetick Inclinations find,
And so Mankind's to Tyranny inclin'd.
'Tis sown in Nature, and so quickly grows;
The black Original it eas'ly shows;
Impregnate by the Vapours of the Deep,
Where Satan's Legions, Satan's Prisoners keep.

No

(a) The making Tyranny to be the Off-spring of Sin, cannot be an unjust Allegory, because, it is plain, it was the immediate Consequence of it in Cain and Abel.

(b) 'Tis not at all improper to observe, that the Fall of Man having made him a Slave to the Devil, Man grew something Diabolical himself, and strove to practice a synonymous Power over his fellow Creatures, &c. to imitate the Devil in Tyrannizing o'er one another;

No sooner did the Monster Life obtain,
 But *early (a) Parricide began his Reign* :
 Corrupted Nature's so to Strife inclin'd,
 And *(b) Empire* had so soon debauch'd the Mind :
 Blood built the Throne, and Murther lets us know,
 What Time and Mischief would oblige us too.

**(c) The First created Monarch cou'd not know,
 What his new tainted Pride wou'd guide him to :
 No Rival prompted his ambitious Breast,
 (d) No Dreams of envied Pow'rs disturb'd his Rest ;
 The universal Monarch rul'd alone,
 The only stated Pleasure of a Throne.
 While single he, the World his own survey'd,
 And all his silent Subjects, silently obey'd :
 The Chastity of Government maintain'd,
 Not yet with Cruelty and Rapin stain'd ;
 No Civil Wars disturb'd his peaceful Throne,
 No Rebels aim'd at his exalted Crown ;
 No Plots his Person to assassinate,
 Usurp his Right, or discompose the State.
 He had no Parliaments, or Peers to please ;
 No discontented Murmurs to appease ;
 No strong incroaching Neighbour to alarm,
 Or force him in his own Defence to arm.*

WVar

(a) The first Sin of Cain, was Ambition, which meeting with a surprizing Disappointment, in God's rejecting his Offering, and accepting his younger Brother, threw him into all the Convulsions of Pride and Contempt of God, and these workt up to Envy, and that to Revenge, and the End was Blood, as it generally is, in like Cases, to this Day.

(b) Cain murder'd his Brother, as his Rival in the Favour of God, and consequently, in all the Effects of his Favour here.

(c) A Digression on the single Condition of Adam and his Family, to illustrate the Smily of Tyranny, ingrafted in the Nature of Man.

(d) Men of Ambition are frequently represented dreaming of the Powers they envy invading them, and of their conquering them, which is not unlikely, is acted and injected, by the Devil, to prompt their Ambition,

War had no Name, Peace had no Laws to break,
And Power had yet describ'd no Strong nor Weak;
Right, Wrong, Oppression, Justice, Fraud and Force,
And all the Sins of Time's unhappy Course,
In this untainted Age were all unknown;
He'd neither Sword nor Scepter to his Crown.

Ah! Satyr, shall we now the Reason own
And show the Sham of his securer Throne:
Because there was no other Man but he,
No Second to oppose his Majesty,
Th' Dev'l was in't if he cou'd not agree.
And to make out thy Satyrs to be true,
They (a) fought as soon as ever there were Two.
Envy and Death, the Race so soon possess,
Envy and Death, since that has never ceas'd,
Envy and Death, prevails among the best.

On the degenerate Race the Crime's intail'd,
And Blood and Murther ever since prevail'd:
Th' Antiquities confess the early Race,
With early Crimes, the Sacred Light deface:
The Youth of Nature's soon debauch'd with Blood,
And thus the World in its first Ages flood,
Till Heaven, to show his Pow'r was still supreme,
Suff' red his Vengeance to obey the Voice of Crime:
Delug'd the hated Breed beneath his Curse,
Least growing Sin shou'd make their Nature worse.

Tho'

(a) In the Discovery of *Burmoodus*, it was very remarkable, that there were but Three Men left upon the Island, they were Masters of the Place, it was then all their own, but these Three Kings fell out about Property, and could never decide the Difference: Two of them quarrell'd to that Degree, that they often fought, and had not the Third secured their Swords, they had certainly murder'd one another; afterwards, the third Man dying, they found a large Piece of Ambergreece, enough to have enrich'd them both for this World, could they ha' been true to one another; but they quarrell'd so violently, that when the Ships return'd from *Engiand*, they betray'd one another, and so lost the Prize to both. This is an eminent Instance of the Power of Ambition and Pride in the Nature of Man, from whence all Tyranny proceeds.

Tho' this his Mighty Sovereignty restor'd,
 The *wretched Principle* he (a) still endured :
 The *tainted Nature* sinks into the Race,
 And still the Dev'l appears in (b) *spight of Grace* :
 Th' *Infernal Prince*, his fatal Reign restores,
 And Craft supplies the Indigence of Powers ;
 Forms a (c) *Confederacy*, with Heaven makes War,
 And draws the Wretch into th' *Infernal Snare* ;
 Leagues his *Black Forces* with the willing Race,
 To *conquer Heaven it self*, and then usurp the Place.

Satyr, in what wild vast Abyss we steer,
 What *Fleets of Poets* have been shipwrackt here ?
 What Rocks, what dangerous Shores may we descry,
 That call, *stand off* and live, *advance* and die ?
 Fear not the untrod Path of endless Thought,
 This straight to those *vast Seas of Light* lead out.
 The bright pacifick *Sea of Knowledge* stands,
 Behind these tow'ring Clifts, those threatening Sands,
 And if with steady Sail thou canst but pass,
 Time will present thee there with Nature's Glas:
 The bright transparent *Mirror* will unfold,
 Such Truths as *Pen ne'er wrote*, or *Story told* ;

How early Kings, and crown'd Ambition strove,
 To fetch their Titles from the Laws Above ;
 And subtly strove to state the Cheat *so clear*,
 That as they're Gods Above, *they should be here* ;
 Partake with Heaven in high exalted Power,
 And make *the guilty World* their Crimes adore.

'Tis

(a) Tho', in the Deluge, the Race of Sinners was extirpate, yet God suff'ed no Alteration to be made in the Nature of Man, but still Nature convey'd the Original Infection, the Deluge being a Punishment upon the Men then alive only.

(b) In defiance of common Grace, not that Sin can resist the invincible Power of effectual Grace upon the Soul.

(c) This is a Scetch of a Design, to describe how the Devil leagu'd first with Ambitious Men, to set up their mutual Powers against God, one to usurp his Right of Government, and the other his Right of Adoration, of which in the following Sheets.

'Tis past, the less'ning Danger's out of Sight,
Satyr lanch out. despise the threatenng *Straight* :
 Behold the Bright Eternal Rays appear ;
 What room for *thy luxuriant Verse* is here ;
 What Wonders read'st thou in the *Book of Time* !
 What ancient Things, in long Records of Crime !
 There thou shalt see th' Infernal Rolls of Hell,
 And Stories, Mankind never heard of, *tell* :
 The *Inner-Chambers* of his Councils see,
 The *Dark Recess* of Hell's Antiquity :
 The *ancient Archives* of th' Infernal Prince,
 How old his *First-born Mischiefs* were, *and whence* ;
 The Story of his First Defection find,
 And *why* to ruin Mortals he's inclin'd.
 Search the strict Laws of his Captivity,
 And there, *almost as far, as (a) Milton* see,
 For no Man e'er was here before *but he*.

Satyr, the Depths of *Satan's Kingdom* view,
 And tell us what Infernal States-Men do :
 The vast Occasion entertain with Joy.
 And view the Arts which all the World destroy :
 The huge Machin of Sin ; the Wheel of Fate ;
 The Council of the Dark Infernal State ;
 See how the Spring of Ruin there appears,
 Regard the Engin, and the Engineers :
 How they in strict Confederacy appear,
 With all the modern Men of Mischief here :
 What unseen Springs the Secret Spells convey ;
 How Devils rule, and Men by Force obey :
 How *Villains here* the fatal Comfort keep,
 Cohere with all the Counsel of the Deep :

How

(a) *Milton's Pandemonium*, is allow'd to be the deepest laid Thought, most capacious and extensive that ever appear'd in Print ; and, I think, I cannot do too much Honour to the Memory of so Mafterly a Genius, in confessing, the Manner of Mr. *Milton's* Poem, in that particular, forms to me the best Ideas of the Matter of Original Crime, of any Thing put into Words in our Language.

How *Devils there* the secret Gust infuse,
 And prompt Mankind to all the Ills they chuse;
 Allure the Mind, and secret Hints convey,
 And suit those Hints to Mind that will obey:
 How thus *the Immortal Prince of Mischief* reigns,
 And binds the Captive World in unseen Chains:
 The hideous Influence of Sin directs,
 And forms the Snares which only Heaven detects,

How the corrupt Insinuations hit,
 The Gust of Temper, Nature first makes fit;
Suited to Crime, and Crime at once prepar'd,
 For all those Shapes in which 't has since appear'd.
 View there the *Richlieus* of the Infernal State;
 And view the Arts of Hell to *manage Fate*;
 The *Spencers, Buckinghams*, and Men of Fame,
 And see how they confer with *Not---ham*:
 His *Will to Mischief's* as compleat as theirs,
 His *Judgment* only in a lower Class appears;
 But Hell makes use of various Sorts of Tools,
 And *has its proper Business too* for F---s.
 View there the State-Machine, and every Wheel,
 Screw'd up by all the Politicks of Hell:
 Numbers of true *Mechanick Fiends* prepare,
Infusions temper'd with Infernal Air,
 And *fit the Dose* to every Case and Clime,
 Some swift in Operation, *some for Time*.

There *Party-Potions* pass the Infernal Hand,
 Temper'd to make Men *Cavil* and *Contend*,
 Fitted to *ruffle* and *inflame* the Blood,
 And make Men *fight to do themselves no Good*;
 To *Hood-wink Sense*, and make the Judgment *blind*,
Embarrass Int'rests, and *embroil* Mankind.

There view the several Fatal-Forges where,
 Satan *blows Fury up*, and *hammers War*:
 Kings are the *Mauls* and *Sledges* of his Art:
 He lays the *Scenes*, and *They rehearse their Part*.

Pride and Ambition, Lust of Rule and Fear,
 Ingredients all, the Metals to prepare :
 In proper Quantities, proportion'd well,
 By all the Art and Industry of Hell :
With Skill apply'd, and sympathetick Force,
 From tainted Nature, tainted Nature's worse,
 Worse far than Hell, and greedy of the Curse.

See Satyr there, *the stricter League* maintain'd,
 With all the *Party-Furies* of this Land ;
 Tow secret *Mines*, and subterranean *Schemes*,
 Are laid to force the Nation to *Extremes* :
 See how defeated Hell's inrag'd to find,
 Their Friends, their Hopes, and Parties too declin'd :
 Their baffl'd States-Men sending back for Aid ;
 Their Party scatter'd, and their Schemes betray'd :
 Blasted at once, from Bright (a) *Britannia's Throne*,
 Hell's bauk'd ; the shagrin Fiends the Conquest own.

S----- looks pale, and but with pain supplies,
 His Stock of Spleen, tho' when that fails, he dies :
 The struggling ancient *Man of Gall* contends,
 With fruitless Anger, to destroy his Friends :
 Exasperated with defeated Pride,
 With Grief he sees his Party mortify'd :
 Sees Truth, and Peace, and Liberty prevail,
 And corresponding *Hell's Assistance* fail.

M---th, and his Inditing-Club Despair ;
 Stifling their Guilt, in spite of all their Care :
 Large Sums the *Party-Financiers* disburse,
 And (b) *Queens-Head-Club*, with pain supply the
 (Purse.
 (a) Me-

(a) The Queen's Speech, declaring Her Opinion, that the Church was in no Danger, and that Her Majesty would maintain, inviolably, the *Toleration*; struck as with a Clap of Thunder, the whole Party.

(b) A *Jacobite-Club*, at the *Queen-Head*, within *Temple-Bar*, where all the *Party-Interests* are said to be settled, supported, and supplied.

(a) *Memorial-Guilt*, with Brib'ry well suppress'd;
 Cautions the Heroes of the dangerous Jest;
 Betrays their Fear, as it affects their Fame,
 And makes them own the Guilt, to shun the Shame.

Of Clergy-Heroes that embroil the State,
 Too much in these dark Shades confederate:
 See the misguided, Hell-infected Tribe,
 From Satan's Hand their Principles imbibe:
These, the State-Jest, of Church's Danger raise,
 And banter fiery Zeal with awkward Praise.
 Satyr the Sacred Fabrick here thou'lt find,
 By her own Hypocrites is undermin'd:
 Yet ne'er can totter, but when *from on High*,
The Pinnacle its Basis shall out-weigh:
And then, if any thing by *Chance* should fall,
 'Twill only be the *Weathercocks* and *Ball*:
 Steeples and tow'ring Heights are oft blown down,
 The Church it self can ne'er be overthrown:
 The rocky Pedestal will never fail,
 Nor Hell's dark Powers against her Gates prevail.

There Satyr thou mayest view *in Miniature*,
 What all the World's Disasters do procure:
 There are the *ancient Springs*, and secret *Wheels*,
 That drove our native *Brittains into Wales*.
Satan, that knew his Int'rest, *so made Way*,
 For us *that could be wicked*er than they.

There the invading (b) *Norman's Sword* was ground,
 That gave the *English Freedom First* Tyrannick
 (Wound.

In the vast Archives of this dreadful Place,
 Where all the Rolls of Mischief find a Place:

Where

(a) Great Charges and Diligence to prevent the Discovery of the Authors of the *Memorial*.

(b) *William the Conqueror* gave the *English Freedom* a large Wound; the Kings before having been very careful of the common Privileges of the People.

Where long Records of Villany lie by.
And Treason's naked to th' inquiring Eye ;
There's to be seen the Bloody flaming List
Of Thirteen *English Kings*, by Death and Blood
(dismist ;

The Copy of the Warrant drawn by Fate,
And sign'd by Heaven's Secret'ry of State ;
Sent up to (a) *Tyrrel*, and by him sent down,
Who slew the Tyrant's Tyrannizing Son.

Here (b) *Stephen*, (c) *John*, (d) *Richard* and *Edward*
(stand,

The Plagues and Curse of this distracted Land :
Heroes of Hell, and Champions of the Cause,
Bred up to ruin Kingdoms, and dispence with Laws :
And here, in long Records 'tis noted down,
How injur'd People tost them off the Throne,
And Dev'ls themselves, the *just Occasions* own. }

Here may in bloody Characters appear,
The secret Movements of Intestine War :
How busie *Lucifer* embroils a Nation,
And plays on both Sides by Insinuation.

Here he exalts the Regal Power too high,
And prompts the Tyrant's loose Authority :
Whispers encroaching Pleasures to his Lust,
And with vast Prospects, so excites his Gust :
The Tempting Bait of Greatness guilded o'er,
With Shams of Sacred to his lawless Power :

O

Even

(a) *Walter Tyrrel*, who slew King *William II.* with an Arrow which was shot at a Deer, but glancing on a Tree, shot the King in the Breast, and kill'd him, as some Historians relate it, but Mr *Tyrrel*, in his new History of *England*, says he did it not, and quotes some Authority for it. *Tyrrel's Hist. of Eng. Vol. 2. Lib. 2. Fol. 108.*

(b) *Stephen* was a Usurper, and a cruel faithless Tyrant.

(c) *John* was likewise a Usurper, and as faithless as he.

(d) *Richard the III.* and *Edward*, were both Tyrants, depos'd and pull'd down as such : All Four involv'd *England* in terrible and innumerable Broils, Blood, Oppressions, and all kinds of Troubles.

Even to himself, the Tyrants's Face mispaint,
And makes the Devil think himself a Saint.

There the Infernal Agents turn the Scale,
And raise the *Wind of Faction* to a heady Gale :
Eternal Murmurs in the Croud infuse,
To make them lawful *Liberty abuse* :
Teach them Aversion to their just Restraint,
And not at Tyrants rail, but *Government* :
The least Occasions of Dislike inflame,
And call *Rebellion* by a softer Name.

The *subterranean Fraud*'s conceal'd below,
Satyr the *subterranean Fraud* shall show :
How with thin webs of new delusive Air,
Spun by dark Hands in that Infernal Sphere :
New Colours, wove with strong delusive Arts,
Amuse the Sense, and quite transpose the Parts :
The powerful Vapours different Shapes present,
To raise the fatal *Clouds of Discontent* ;
And these born up with strong Infernal Blasts,
Hurry themselves to *pop'lar Storms* at last.

And thus the Rebel, thus the Tyrants made,
Both first involuntary, both betray'd.

Satyr advance, the *Inner-Hell* survey,
And view the Birth of ancient Tyranny :
No Place like this can show thee half so well,
The only Truth which that dark Place can tell :
There thou shalt *Powers's Antiquity* decry,
And read the Tyrant's *ancient History* :
The Grand Connexion there thou'lt early know.
Betwixt the *Tyrants here*, and *those below*.

See there the (a) First Defection of the Race,
Damn'd to the darker Mischiefs of the Place :

Uneasie

(a) The Prince of Darkness, or Lucifer, suppos'd to be
the Leader or Emperor of Devils, *Milton's Parad. lost. Lib. 3.*
Fol. 10.

Uneasie how to introduce a Crime,
 To (a) damn Mankind, and bully the Supremie.
 (b) Pride that had first dethron'd th' Infernal Prince,
 Unfitted him from Heaven, and cast him thence :
 Busied him still, for still the dark Sublime,
 Altho' he lost his Station, *kept his Crime.*

He found the Man was Docible and Tame,
 Debauch'd in Will, and in his Judgment Lame :
 Sin had possession of his Senses gain'd,
 And all his Faculties were lately chain'd :
 The Conquest Hell had made was so entire,
 The Man was fit for all he cou'd desire :
 His ripen'd Crimes had prompted him to Pride,
 And (c) *Empire* now began her tempting Wings to
 (spread :

Encroaching *Lust of Rule* allur'd the Man,
 Encroaching *Hell*, the new Attempt began :
 The equal Project's so Oblique and Odd,
 This fain wou'd be a Tyrant, *that a God.*

Here, *Satyr*, all the high Confederates tell, }
 And sport with all the Potentates of Hell :
 Tell us how *Lust of Rule* allur'd the Man,
 And how the Twins in Tyranny began :
 What strong Ingredient either Side can bring,
 This to (d) *exalt the Devil*, and *that the King.*
 The Man o'er Men his Tyranny prepar'd,
 And Hell usurpt the De'ty that he fear'd.

O 2

Satyr,

(a) *Satan* had no Native Enmity against Man, as such,
 but pushes at him, as thereby affronting and insulting his
 Maker.

(b) Pride is suppos'd, by the Scripture, to be the first Crime
 that cast the fallen Angels out of Heaven.

(c) He found the Man inclin'd to Sin, and tempted him with
 the Pride of Empire over his fellow Creatures.

(d) Hell plotting to set up Idolatry, takes his Rise from
 Man's Propensity to Tyranny, which he resolves to gratify, in
 order to introduce the other, and set up himself for a God, which
 the other shall worship, and be supported in his Ambition by
 doing it.

Satyr, what strong *Capacious Thoughts* arise,
 When we the *Infant Acts* of Hell revise :
 The Deeds of *early Kings*, when Monarchs strove,
 To fetch their Titles *from the Powers Above* :
 And all to make the flated Cheat appear,
 That Men might have *some Myst'ry in their Fear*.

How the corrupt Design to propagate,
 And fix the long succeeding Nation's Fate :
 Confederate Councils fatally advise,
 These to *usurp the Crowns*, and *those the Skies*.
 How the *New Summonses* to Hell were sent,
 And Satan met in *Sooty Parliament* :
 The *Great Divan* consulted to dethrone,
 The Sacred Powers, and then erect their own.
New Pandemoniums here we might prepare,
 And tell the *Long Orations* spoken there :
 How the Infernal Members gave their Vote,
 And Monarchy was form'd *upon the Spot* :
 Upon Condition first to sign the League,
 And propagate the vast profound Intrigue :
 The high ulurping Monarch was to join,
 And *leagu'd with Hell*, promote the Black Design :
This to be King, that shou'd his Power procure ;
That to be God, this shou'd his Power adore.

Thus Satan gain'd new Footing by the Crown,
 And made himself a Part'ner in the Throne :
 And thus began to push the Grand Design,
 The *high Immortal Name* to undermine.
 Satan and (a) *Ninus* thus began to reign,
 And (b) Brother Monarchs, Brother Crimes maintain:
 The

(a) *Ninus* the first Prince upon Record, who set up Idolatry, building a vast Temple to his Father *Belus*, whom he caused to be reverenc'd as a God ; some will have this to be the *Saturn* of the Poets ; others, the *Baal* of the ancient *Heathens*, which the *Jews* also so often went away from God to worship.

(b) *Ninus*, and the *D VII*, were not very properly Brother Monarchs, having erected a mutual Tyranny in the World ; this tyrannizing over the Bodies, that over the Consciences of the People.

The well matcht Kings, their well matcht Projects
(join,

Idolatry and Tyranny alike Divine.

Belus the Father, Ninus now the Son ;

This Idol-Gods, that Idol Kings begun :

The present Monster cannoniz'd the past ;

Hell fixt the King, the King the Idol plac'd :

Thus mutual Help, the strong Confed'rates bring,

The King first madethe God, and then the God the
(King.

Thus *Ninus* early Monarchy erects,

Concurring Hell, the new Design protects :

The horrid Sympathy of Parts remain,

And this by just Effects will that explain :

Tyrannick Power's an Idol in the State,

And High-Church Idols Tyranny create

The high Alternate Mischiefs well combin'd ;

This blasphemes God, and that insults Mankind ;

From the same Fountain both the Treasons spring,

One Devil makes their God, and One their King :

Both join the ruin'd World to captivate,

And both go halves in Mischief, as in State :

Devils and Men contriv'd the fatal Deed,

All Hell concurr'd, *Devils and Men* agreed :

The horrid *Pestulata* are too plain,

First Hell contrives, and Monarchs *next* maintain :

Satan and *Ninus* Nature's Laws devour,

That cloath'd with Adoration, *this* with Power ;

Delude the Parts, and subjugate the Whole,

This to inflave the Body, *that the Soul.*

Then their Internal Policy to show,

They 'rected *Dynasties* of Gods below,

Wild *Houshold Gods*, of mean degenerate Size,

Meer *Kulinary* Turn-spit Deities,

That Beasts, *could they adore*, would hardly idolize. }

Of Fields, and Groves, of Seas, of Winds and Floods,

And all the *Race of Hell*, are turn'd to Gods :

In close Conjunction all their Actions Chime,

And Hand in Hand, subje& the World to Crime.

Jointly they rise, in bold Authorities,
These to usurp the Earth, and *those* the Skies.
 Supreme in Robbery, the Thieves of State;
This robs the Deity, the People *that*;
This of his Worship, *those* of their Estate,

Thus *Liberty* made shorter by the Head
 Deceas'd, and Empire govern'd in its Stead.
 Man born to Freedom, all his Power relin'd,
 And as his Vertue, so his Strength declin'd;
 The vast Inheritance of Nature lost,
 In the *wild Seas* of vile Subjection tost;
 Shipwrackt his Senses, let his Reason die,
 So dear he paid for early Monarchy.

Thus Kings grew Sacred in the Peoples Eyes;
Villains usurp, and *Mad-men* recognize:
 Thus Hell's *Eternal Empire* first began,
 And vicious Men the fatal Fraud maintain.
 The horrid Stratagem too soon succeeds,
 And yielding Heaven *permits* the viler Deeds.

Victorious Hell affronts the Sovereign Throne,
Satan usurps the Altar, *Man* the Crown:
 The growing Treason spreads the general Face,
 And long Descent of Tyrants *sanctifies* the Race:
 The Idol Worship, Idol Monarchs makes,
 And *Temporal* of *Infernal* Power partakes.

Nor are the Victors wanting to proclaim,
 Their fancy'd Conquests of th' Eternal Name:
 Assuming Titles, Dignity and State,
 Sacred to Heaven alone, Divinely Great:
Mock Altars they erect, and Shams of Praise,
 And *Temples* to *Infernal* Glory raise:
*Blasphe*me the Sacred, and usurp his Place,
 And Constitute his Rival to his Face;
 All his *Immortal Attributes* assume,
 And place *perverse Ideas* in their Room:

For Providence, *their Fortune* they create,
 And mock Immutable Decrees *with Fate*.
 The Airy Nothings, humane Praise devour,
 And *mimick Thunders* Ape Almighty Power :
 With doubtful Oracles, for Heavenly Voice,
 Mankind itands bubbld by his stated Choice :
 In favour of Delusions *shuts his Eyes*,
 With Priest-Craft *pleas'd, instead of Prophecies*.
 Fom hence the captivated VVretch he draws,
 Graspt by his Fear, for *Fear's the mighty Cause*
Of blind Subjection : Fear's the Bond of Crime,
The Second Sin of Nature, First-born Child of Time.

By Fear the blind subjected VVretch betray'd,
 VVorships those Devils, *of whom he's first afraid* ;
 To all the wild delusive Shams submits,
 Aud bows his Soul r' Absurdities and Cheats ;
 Adores the Air, the Elements, and Hell,
 Or any thing ——— or Nothing ———
 ——— VVho can tell,
 VVhere strong Delusions hurry on the Mind,
 VVhen once his Reason's to his Crime confin'd.

VVonder no more, when bound in early Chains,
 The abject Soul, the Body's Fate contains.
 The passive Engine, fond to be thought Man,
 Screw'd up to any Height, *must there remain* :
 The Mind inflav'd from Hell, no Freedom knows,
 Abject and base, to any Ruler bows.
 VVhen Crime his poison'd Understanding draws,
 Bondage succeeds, like *Consequence to Cause*.

From this infected, vile, orig'nal Spring,
 Came first the *willing Slave*, and *Tyrant King*.
 Of the same *Baseness* born, the joint Decay,
 Makes Tyrants first *command*, and *Fools obey* :
 Blinded in Understanding, base in Mind,
 These to oppress the VVorld are first inclin'd,
 And those consent to *th' Bondage of Mankind*.

This will that hated (a) bugbear Word explain,
With which tyrannick Princes fright the World in
(vain.

W here'era Prince directs a Nation well,
That People, if they will resist, *rebel* :
For to rebel must signifie, that Right,
Commands Obedience ;

But whene'er they fight,
With Inj'ry and Exotick Violence,
They act but Nature, and obey their Sense ;
Rebellion's meant, when Justice goes before,
In spite of Derivation, it can mean no more :
For if the Law's dethron'd, (b) *Subjections cease*,
And all (c) Obedience is prescrib'd by this :
Kings can no longer rule by Right than they,
(d) *Govern by Law*, no longer Men obey ;

The

(a) *Rebellion*, which in its Original signifies no more than raising War, without the Distinction of the Subject's Duty, Allegiance, or any thing of that kind.

(b) A King governing in a settled Kingdom, [*says King James the Ist.*] leaves off to be a King, and degenerates into a Tyrant, as soon as he leaves off to rule according to his Laws. [*Speech to Parliament, 1609. King James's Works, 531.*]

How shall this be construed otherwise than thus, if he leaves off to be a King, the People leave off to be Subjects, and all their Obligation and Duty ceases of course.

(c) But supposing it in the Sense the World now receives the Word in, *viz.* Subjects taking up Arms against their Prince ; it must suppose him their lawful Prince, which implies a Right to govern them ; if he extends his Power beyond that Right, he is so far only not their lawful Prince, that he has no Power or Right to command, and, by Consequence, it cannot be Rebellion to disobey ; if it is lawful then for Subjects to disobey, they will hardly be able to prove it is not lawful also to resist.

(d) *Mihi quidem non apud Medos solum, (ut ait Herodotus) sed etiam apud majores nostros. fruenda Justitiæ causa vident olim bene Morati Reges constituti, Cicero de Officiis Lib. 2. translated by Sir Roger L'Estrange, and rendered as follows.*

Herodotus tells us, The Medians chose their Kings originally for the Probity of their Manners, and in hopes of enjoying common Justice, which, I am persuaded, was the End and Practice of our Predecessors.

The rest is all Tyrannick Power and Force,
 He rules his Subjects, as he rules his Horse ;
 The Whip, the Reins, the Bit, the Curb and Spur,
 These the submissive Beasts Obedience first procure :
 If Angels, or the Devil's in the Way,
 Scarce Balaam's Beast, durst in resistance Bray :
 Nature oppress'd, groans with tyrannick Load,
 And makes the very Ass *refuse the Road* ;
 Rather than bear the Cruelty of Man,
 The Beasts will speak, and of the Wrong complain :
 Nature abhors the vile submissive Slave,
 And Sense directs Mankind to *chuse the Grave* ;
 The boiling Blood will swell his Rage too high,
 And if he can't live free, *he'll seek to die.*

JURE

FURE DIVINO:
A
SATYR.

BOOK VIII.

W Onder no more the Nation's fell a Prey,
To strong Consolidated Tyranny:
Wonder no more, the Grand Delusion
[gain'd,
On the *young World*, to Crime so lately chain'd:
Well might the wheedl'd Nations now adore,
When he's their (a) God, *who was their King before*:
Well

(a) The first Idol the Devil advanc'd in the World was *Belus*, the Father of *Ninas*; and the Policy of Hell was very remarkable in this, for that *Belus* having been a just Prince, and well belov'd, the People were the easier deluded into the Belief of his Deity, and were the sooner drawn in to idolize him whom they lov'd here, whose Name was so familiar to them, and whose Memory had obtain'd great Reverence among them.

This was Hell's Master-piece for Idolatry; and denying the true God, being the End, the Medium, or who they should worship, was not at all material, but one answer'd the Devil's Design as well as another, and it was only significant to him, to set up this or that Prince as God, which would soonest prevail upon the People.

This *Belus* was the Original of the Idol *Baal*, worshipt afterwards by the several *Asiatick* Nations, and which the *Israelites* were to
often

Well might the wheedl'd Nations Homage pay,
 Who would not, *if the Gods should rule*, obey?
 Monarchs are certain to possess Mankind
 When their Allegiance and Devotion's join'd:
 They that believe their King and God are one,
 Are damn'd if *they* submit not to the Crown;
 For if Religion and Subjection meet,
 Tyrannick Power stands on Devotion's Feet.

But common Sense o'erthrew the vile Design,
 and blew up Hell it self, without a Mine;
 The sleeping Ages wak't, th' *Infernal Dream*
 Went off, and Reason baffl'd all the Scheme;
Instructing Nature made the People Wise,
Instructing Nature shew'd the weak Disguise:
 Above a Hundred (a) Ages they had been
 Slaves to the (b) Devils of th' *Assyrian Line*,
 Had worshipp'd Gods and Kings o' th' Heavenly Host,
 And hardly knew which they had bow'd to most,
 Till high exalted Lust obtain'd the Crown,
 And monstrous Vice pull'd all this *Babel* down;
 Extreame of Crime, Extreame of Change endure,
 And make the very Mischief's work the Cure.
Sardanapalus (c) first in Hell's Records,
 (Unnatural Crimes, excite (d) unnatural Swords)
 With

often deluded into Idolatry by. Temples were afterwards built to
 him, under the Name of *Jupiter Belus*. Authors differ whether he
 is the *Saturn* or no, of whom their Gods are said all to proceed:

*To his high Name ascribe mysterious Things.
 Father of all the Gods, and all the Kings.*

(a) A Hundred Ages, counting 7 Years to an Age, is much
 within Compass, for from *Ninus* to *Sardanapalus*, is reckon'd about
 27 Kings, some of which reign'd a long Time.

(b) Devils here are taken for Tyrants, and Princes, who by their
 Heathen Rites and Worship bow'd to the Devil, and ador'd all Sorts
 of Gods of their own and the Devil's contriving.

(c) He was the first Prince that, noted for unnatural Lust, pro-
 vok'd his Subjects to take up Arms against him.

(d) Unnatural Swords, meaning, vulgarly esteem'd so, as we
 call Civil War, an unnatural War; so it is esteem'd, in the Language
 of

With horrid Scenes provok'd the Peoples Rage,
 When Blood excites, Blood only can assuage;
 Reason from his Infernal Actions prov'd,
 He ought not to be fear'd, th' ought not to be lov'd;
 And all Pretence of Government's in vain,
 When once the People can condemn the Man:
 The personal Awe preserves the Name of King,
 If once they hate *the Man*, they'll slight the *Thing*.
 The viler Life cut short the dreadful Reign,
 (a) Un-mann'd the King, and then un-king'd the Man:
 The Crimes themselves had undeceiv'd Mankind,
 When Nature dictates, *no Man can be blind*.
 'Twas so directly opposite to Sense,
 Nature expos'd the Impotent Pretence:
 They that *his Godship* offer'd to maintain,
 When Vice had made him (b) stoop below the Man,
 Talkt to (c) *Four hundred thousand Men* in vain: }
 'Twas

of the Times, *unnatural* for Subjects to draw their Swords against their Prince, and were not the Cause to interpose, it would really be so.

(a) *Sleidan de Monarchiis, Lib. 1. P. 12.* Fuit hic omnium hominum longè effeminatissimus; inter mulierculas perpetuo desidens, colum & lanam tractabat adeo totus immerfus voluptatibus ut vix unquam sui conspectum præberet. His rebus alienati ab eo duo quidem ejus præfecti *Belochus* Babyloniz *Arbaces* autem medorum facta Conjuratone, cum turpitudinem ejus atque in illiæm vulgo traduxissent, Bellum fecerunt. Ipse cum suo *Semi-viro* *Camitæ* vix tandem progressus in aciem re malè Gestâ profugit in Regiam & constructa Pyra, se Divitiasque omnes in ignem abjecit, hoc uno facto virum imitatus, ut quidem ait.

Symbol *Sardanapali* fuit:

Ede bibe lude post mortem nulla voluptas--

(b) The Tyranny of Vice in the Mind, is proper stooping the Man below the Dignity of his Nature, as a Man, and it was particularly exemplified in this Prince, who, as the Quotation above notes, was *hominum effeminatissimus inter mulierculas perpetuo desidens colum & lanam tractabat*; he was so given up to the Company of the Women, that they taught him to work with the Needle, and thus altogether unmann'd himself; besides the rest of his voluptuous Practices, that rendred him odious to Mankind.

(c) The Two Great Officers, *Arbaces* and *Belochus* rais'd 400000 Men against him, and the effeminate Wretch never offered to resist, or

"Twas Nonsense to suppose *the Heavenly Race*,
 When Man withdrew, and Brute supply'd the Place.
 The injur'd People *long* had been oppress'd.
Nature call'd out, the Nations wanted Rest;
 Heaven wou'd no more th' *effeminate Monster* bear,
 Both Heaven and Nature mov'd *the Hand of War*;
The Sword of Nations must be understood,
The Sword of Nature, that, *the Sword of God*.
 The early Rule, by stated Laws came down,
 And he demands, by *them that gave the Crown*:
 Tir'd with Oppression, Nature acts by Sense,
 And makes their Reason guard their Innocence;
 Arms all *a) the Faculties*, and *whets the Mind*,
 The Laws of Life, and Nations to defend.
 Thus their invaded Freedom they maintain,
 Dethron'd the Devil, and *(b)* he dethron'd the Man:
 The Sacred Wretch, from Sacred Justice fled,
 And Great *(c) Arbaces* govern'd in his Stead.
 Hail *First Great (d) Rebel*, Mould of Civil War,
 That durst in Arms for Liberty appear;

That

or to make any Effort that Way; he fled to his Palace, where his Wealth and Women were repositied, and where he after fell a Sacrifice to them both: He knew the Rage of the People groundied upon Justice, and raised by Oppression, would not be appeased, and therefore he early despaired, and gave over all Hopes of repelling their Fury.

(a) The Conjunction of the Faculties in resisting oppressive Authority, is no small Indication that it is a natural Principle, and if it be so, no Laws of Men can be said justly to contradict the Laws of Nature.

(b) When the Power and Influence of Sin in bowing the Minds of Men to Bondage and Slavery was overcome, and Reason had obtain'd its due Regency in the Souls of Men, even the Devil himself would not resist, he saw it was in vain to oppose common Sense, and wisely acquiesc'd.

(c) Arbaces was General of the Medes, under Sardanapalus, for Media was then but a Province of the Assyrian Empire, but at the Death of Sardanapalus, the Assyrian Monarchy ended, and was divided, Arbaces began the Median, and Belochus the Persian, which were afterwards united again in the Reign of Darius, in the Days of the Prophet Daniel.

(d) Arbaces is the first Instance we meet with in History, of any Man

That durst Erect thy Native Laws of Sense,
 And boldly struggle in their just Defence;
 That durst superior Right at first obey,
 And knew th' invasive Bounds of Tyranny ;
 That knew thy due Subjection how to pay,
 And when 'twas no more lawful to obey :
 To thy blest Hand, directed from on High,
 We owe the Homage paid to Liberty :
 Thou first true Patriot of Right and Law
 That the subjected Nations ever saw,
 That taught Men first in its exalted Sense,
 The undisputed Right of Self-Defence ;
 Shew'd them the End of Government and Thrones,
 And measur'd Space with People and with Crowns,
 At what due Distance Kings and Subjects stand,
 How those shou'd first Obey, and these Command ;
 How far the Sovereign Dignities extend,
 When these may act the Prince, or those may Liberty
 [defend.

To thy Great Soul instructed Nations owe,
 The first Example what they ought to do ;
 And how when Mighty Men degenerate,
 There's none too Great for Justice, or for Fate:
 The Publick Good's the Life of Publick Power,
 And Right to Rule's no Title to Devour.
 He's only justly Great who justly Reigns,
 And as the Tyrant grows, the Right declines ;
 Justice supports both Dignity and Name,
 And when this Halts, the Government goes Lame,

Hail First Restorer of Foundation Right,
 Thou Great Land-Mark of Property and Might ;
 (a) Thou Dawn of Liberty, and Spring of Law,
 Durst the First Sword against Oppression draw,
 Against

Man that took up Arms against his Prince, and therefore is stiled a Rebel in the Vulgar Acceptation of the Word, not that his Action was ever disallowed, or the Occasion judged insufficient.

(a) This is rather a Panegyric upon the Action, than the Person of *Arbaces*, the Median Prince, since no Character of the Man is

Against Tyrannick Power's wild Command,
 Thou lifedst up the first Resisting-Hand ;
 First put exalted boundless Men in Mind,
 They ought to Rule, but not Destroy Mankind ;
 That Reason's Laws are higher still than they,
 That while they these Command, yet they must those
 (obey.

Champion of Nations, Guard of Government,
 Terror of early Tyrants—————

Be Thou the Maiden Subject of my Pen ;
 Agent of Justice, first of wisest Men.
 Fancy him, Satyr, of that Hero-Race,
 That in our Roll of Honour still takes Place,
 And let the Painter give him *William's* Face.
 The (a) same the Blood, the Genius and Design,
 Conveying Love of Freedom thro' the Line ;
 Averse to Tyrants, born to pull them down ;
 Born both to regulate and wear the Crown.

From thy fierce Hand, see how the Murth'rer (b)
 [flies,
 Guilt in his Soul, and Terror in his Eyes ;
 Covets to yield obscure his noxious Breath,
 And basely seeks to die, for fear of (c) Death.

Afraid

is otherwise handed down than this, that he was the First that took
 Arms against the Male-Administration of *Sardanapalus*, and being
 joined by *Belochus*, they divided the *Assyrian* Empire between them

(a) The Parable here will so far hold good, that both these
 Great Men espoused the Cause of Liberty, and to set Nations free
 from Royal Oppressions ; tho', at the same time, I do not liken the
 late King to *Sardanapalus* in his Crimes at all ; the Justice due to
 the Memory of an Enemy, shall no more be forgotten here than
 to their Crimes.

(b) *Sardanapalus* was so dis-spirited at his own Guilt, and the ge-
 neral Defection of his Subjects, that he offered no Resistance, but
 shut himself up in his own Palace, and setting it on Fire, acted all
 the Extreams of Fear and Despair.

(c) To die by our own Hands, is to die for fear of Death ; and
 certainly all Self-Murthers, and Desperations, are the Effects of Fear.

Afraid to meet his injur'd Subjects Rage;
 Strives with his Blood, their Vengeance to assuage;
 Owns, by his Flight, the Justice of their Hate,
 And in his Burning-Dome he seeks his Fate:
 The guilty trembling Wretch afraid of Shame,
 And he that liv'd in (a) Fire, expires in Flame.

The Laws of Nature thus o'er Power prevail'd,
 Freedom took Place, and Usurpation fail'd,
 Stoopt low to Justice, and *Arbaces* Sword;
Arbaces, *William* like, the Land restor'd:
 Tyrannick Power receiv'd its mortal Wound,
 And Government began to know some Bound;
 Nations inform'd, their Duty understood,
 And (b) limited their Princes by the Publick Good:
 The Sovereign Law of Reason thought it fit,
 And *Median* Kings (c) disdain'd not to submit:

When

(a) The Heat of an unbridled Lust, and vicious Appetite, I think, is not unjustly represented as a Fire, and innumerable Instances will justify it.

(b) The *Median* Government was certainly a Compact between *Arbaces* and the People, for Conditions of Rule, and the mention we have in Scripture, of the Laws of the *Medes*, *Dan. 6*. In the Reign of *Darius the Median*, and the Posterity of *Arbaces*, which were unalterable, plainly confirms it to me; for if such a Law was fixt, which was unalterable, then it was not in the Power of the Prince to alter it, by consequence it was superior to his Power, if so he was limited by it, and might be limited in Government, or he could be so in nothing.

The Kings of *Media* did certainly submit to Rule by Laws and Statutes made by the People, not the King.

(c) And thus the Limitation of Power and Superiority of Laws in Matters of Government, have an Original in the very early Ages of the World, and the Holy Text gives such an Instance of the limited Power of Kings, and their Subjection to the Laws of their own making, that I know no Instances in the World can come up to it; and I have chosen to make no Paraphrase in the Verse upon this Subject, but leave it in plain Words for all Mens Understanding.

The Princes and Rulers under *Darius*, the *Median* King, having resolv'd the Destruction of the Prophet *Daniel*, laid their Contrivance thus to get a Law made, that no Man should pray to any God, or make any Request to any Man, but to the King, for such a Time, *Dan. 6. 7*. Now knowing that *Darius* was so fond of *Daniel*, that he would not be directly prevail'd upon to hurt him, they form this Project,

When Kings submit to Rules of Government,
'Tis not Submission, truly, but Consent.
He that wou'd Reign, but Reign without a Rule,
Conceals the Magistrate, and shows the Fool;

P

Since

Project, and tender it to the King in their Council or Assembly, or Parliament, and they bring in a *Bill of Occasional Conformity*, and desire the King to pass it, not discovering their Persecution Design against the Innocent, who they certainly knew would not omit his Duty, and consequently, would fall into the Snare.

That this was a National Law, or Act of Parliament, the Text is happily particular in, v. 7. *all the Presidents of the Kingdoms, Governours, Princes, there's their House of Lords, Counsellors, and Captains, there's their House of Commons, consulted together, to establish a Royal Statute.* Where I observe,

1. To make a Statute, requir'd the assembling and consulting of the Princes, Counsellors, Great Men, &c. as well as the King, so that Legislation was thus early vested in the Persons to be govern'd.

2. The King had nothing to do, but to approve and sign the Decree, the making it, and consulting about it, requir'd the Assembling the Heads of the People.

3. When the Parliament, or Assembly of Princes, and Counsellors, had made a Law, and the King had sign'd it, even the King himself could not alter it; so that the making of Laws was in the People, and when made, they will be superior even to the King himself.

4. Nay, the King had not Power, after a Law was made, to suspend its Execution on the Criminal: All which are deducible directly from the Example of the Prophet.

Nor is the King's signing this Decree, or Statute, left here to his arbitrary Choice, but the Text is plain.

The Princes, Counsellors, &c. *assemble together to the King*, v. 6. that is, in our Parliament-Terms, both Houses join'd in an Address to his Majesty; for the Reason of his passing this Law, they tell him, *They have all consulted together*, or because they have all consulted..... as appears by the very next Words.

v. 8. *Now, O King, establish the Decree, and sign the Writing; or, in our Phrase, Since both Houses have unanimously pass'd this Act, we hope your Majesty will not refuse your Royal Assent, for we have all consulted together about it.*

And to confirm this, and prove that it is no forc't Construction, see the next Words, v. 9. *WHEREFORE King Darius signed the Writing, and the Decree, even for that Reason.*

Now observe the Treatment these People gave their King, upon the ripening of the Plot. They find Daniel praying, as they knew before they should, at the Window of his Chamber looking towards Jerusalem, as was the Custom of their Country, from the Words of Solomon, in the Dedication of the Temple, *Hearken thou to the Supplication of thy People Israel, when they shall pray towards this Place,*
1 Kings

Since would he summon up his Common Sence,
And read the Laws of Nature.

————— *Self-Defence,*
He'd find no People wou'd the Bondage bear,
One Moment longer than oblig'd by Fear:
Nature would certainly depose that Power,
That given to save was practis'd to devour.

The

1 Kings 8. 30. away they go to the King, and first demand a Recognition of the Law from him, v. 12. *Then they came near, and spake before the King, concerning the King's Decree, Hast thou not signed a Decree, that every Man that shall ask a Petition of any God or Man, within Thirty Days, save of thee, O King, shall be cast into the Den of Lions?*

Well, says the King, I have, and you know when it is done, I cannot undo it, but, *According to the Law of the Medes and Persians, it altereth not.* Then they tell him the Story of Daniel, how he had not regarded the Law, nor the King's signing it, v. 13th.

Now observe the King's Conduct, v. 15. *then the King, when he heard these Things, was sore displeased with himself, i. e. for passing such a Law unadvisedly, without making some Proviso, or Exception, for his belov'd Daniel; and he set his Heart on Daniel, to deliver him, and he labour'd to the going down of the Sun to deliver him.* This Passage is a most significant Expression of the Extremity of the King's Affairs, and how he labour'd between the Affection he had for the Prophet, and his Respect for the Law.

He labour'd till Sun-set, where we may suppose, I believe, without any Arrogance, that he labour'd by persuading the Great Men to spare him; it is plain he did not labour with himself to be willing and easie to deliver him up, but the Words are express, *he labour'd to deliver him.*

Note here, the King had no dispensing Power, the Criminal the Law condemns, must be executed, even the King himself could not reprieve him.

And tho' the King suspended the Execution but one Day, see the Unweariness and Clamour it rais'd, *THEN*, that is at the going down of the Sun, *these Men assembled unto the King.* Now mark the Emphasis, they do not come with another humble Address to his Majesty, that the Laws might be put in Execution, but they come with a Claim of Right, *KNOW, O KING, that the Laws of the Medes and Persians is, that no Decree, or Statute, which the King establisheth may be changed;* as if they had said, Sir, we come to demand our Rights and Liberties, according to the known Laws of this Land, and to tell you Sir, that to dispence with the Laws of the Land is illegal, and is nor in your Power. The King took their Meaning presently, and knowing he could not contend with them, or in meer Veneration to the most Sacred Authority of the Law, gives them no Answer, but delivers up Daniel to their Mercy. Hu

The bold *Assyrian*, (a) First in the Essay,
Sunk in the new Attempt of Tyranny,
He First the black degenerate Project tried,
The First in the Attempt, and First that died.

Nor died alone, Empire it self gave Way,
Usurpt Dominion fell, the strong Decay,
The just Resentment of an injur'd Nation,
Vast in Effort, as vast the Provocation:
Stopt not at one effeminate Prince's Fall,
Too great the Mischief, and the (b) Cure too small;
P 2 Their

His Concern for him when he was in his Enemies Hands, appears, v. 18. Then the King went to his Palace, and passed the Night fasting, neither were the Instruments of Musick brought before him, and his Sleep went from him. Here's his Concern for him illustrated farther, by his running to the Den of Lyons, in the Morning, to know how it had far'd with him: His Joy at his Knowledge of his Deliverance; and his severe Revenge upon his Accusers, as may be seen at large, v. 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24.

Here's an Original Monarch, whose sacred absolute Power and Dominion could not save a Favourite from the Force of the Law, tho' falsely accused. Here is the due Sovereignty of the Law so acknowledg'd, and so recognised, as no Prince in *Europe* could stoop to.

Not King *Charles* the First parted with his beloved *Strafford*; not *Charles* the Second with the *Habeas Corpus* Act and *Star-Chamber*; not King *James* with his Crown, or King *William* with his *Blue-Guards*, with a fortieth Part of the Reluctance; but the Law was pass'd, and the King had no Power to alter or suspend it.

Thus the Superiority of the Law, to Kingly Power, was acknowledg'd in the *Median* and *Persian* Monarchy, and King *Darius*, tho' as Potent a Prince as most that ever reign'd, vail'd his Crown to the Regency of Law, and acknowledg'd himself unable to alter it, or suspend its Execution.

(a) We find no Account of the Tyrannies of any of the *Assyrian* Monarchs, till this of *Sardanapalus*, from whence, I presume him at least the First that made such a horrible Figure on the Throne, and that carried his Lusts and Luxury to such a Height, as made the People abhor him, and take Arms.

(b) It had been of small Advantage to the People, to have dethron'd *Sardanapalus* only, and then have submitted to the Tyranny of his Posterity, and therefore some have thought that he did not wilfully burn himself in his Palace, tho' Authors all say so, but that being

Their (a) juster Aims at higher Objects lie,
 Not to kill Tyrants, but the Tyranny :
Sardanapalus was indeed the Name,
 But 'twas Oppression's self burnt in the Royal Flame ;
 Tyrannick Power extended lay and dead,
 And mighty (b) Reason govern'd in its stead.

Nor cou'd the Monarchy do less than die,
 Stabb'd with the poison'd Steel of Tyranny,
 The strong revolving Force of Right and Law,
 When once erect, Pow'r must of Course withdraw :
 Thus fell the Phantasm of a Right Divine,
 And (c) Tyranny it self o'erthrew the Line.
 The *Assyrian* forfeited the Sacred Name,
 Calcin'd his (d) Gold, and Golden Title, in the Flame ;

In

being enclosed in his Palace, by *Arbaces*, and his Forces, the House was fir'd in the Assault, either by the Soldiers, or by Accident, and that as he would not suffer the People to come in, fearing their Fury to his Person, so they would not suffer him to come out, or to make his Escape, and by this Obstinacy on both Sides, he perished with all his Wealth, Family, and Posterity.

(a) Upon his Death, the Empire divided between *Belochus* and *Arbaces*, the *Median* Empire began in *Arbaces*, which was not an Empire of arbitrary Power, as the other, but a Capitulation between *Arbaces* and the People.... and the *Median* Laws, famous in Scripture, are the first we read of among the *heathen* World, which, unless they were *Positivæ* of Government, 'twill be hard for any to assign what they were for.

(b) The succeeding Kings of *Assyria* reign'd with much more Conduct, after this, than before ; and *Sencherib*, noted for the Fifth Tyrant met with a Fate suitable to his Wickedness ; and as the *Assyrian* Kings deviated into Tyranny, they dwindled away in Strength, and the *Median*, a meer limited Monarchy, at last prevail'd over them, and unit'd them into one a second time.

(c) Their own Tyranny was always the Overthrow of the Princes that fell, for it is observable the People never, or very rarely, rise against just Princes ; 'tis Oppression, not Justice, that makes Subjects uneasy.

(d) 'Tis said of *Sardanapalus*, that he burnt all the Treasures he had amass'd, by his infinite Oppressions, with himself in his Palace.

In () Ignominious Death resign'd his Crown,
 To that just Power that did his Crimes dethrone;
 Reason, the Agent of the Power Divine,
 Fixt there the (b) Period of the *Assyrian* Line;
 The First *Memento Mori* in the State,
 T' admonish Tyrants of their certain Fate,
 To tell them timely what they must expect,
 Who Nature's Light, and Reason's Law reject.
Arbaces next the *Median* Scepter sway'd,
 By Law he rul'd, and they by Law obey'd,
 The *Median* Justice knew no Right Divine,
 Th-y rul'd by Native Merit, not by Line:
 For Justice 'twas the *Median* Sword he drew;
 For Justice always was the Subjects due:
 That Sword *Arbaces* first, the Tyrants awe,
 Erected *Median* Right in *Median* Law:
 'Twas he that taught Men that 'twas Nature's due.
 When they're oppress'd, th' Oppressors to pursue,
 And Sixteen *Median* Monarchs own'd it true,
 That Kings their Subjects Freedom should defend,
 But when they Tyrannize, their Power must end;
 That Liberty's the just Intent of Peace,
 The only Standard publick Happiness;
 The Birthright of the World, with Life bestow'd,
 Which most Men will defend, and all Men shou'd.

Nebuchadnezzar, next in Blood and State,
 From Great *Arbaces*, how Degenerate!
 Concurring Providence the People join,
 And quite demolisht all his Right Divine,

P 3

Th'

(a) It was Ignominious Death, because *Felo de se*, he destroyed himself, (if he did it wilfully) for fear of the Justice of *Arbaces*, and of the just Resentments of his People.

(b) The *Assyrian* Line ended in *Sardanapalus*, as is noted above, according to *Sleidan*.

Hi Duo praeferunt Monarchiam post inter se partuntur, & Belochus quendam Babylonis, Arbaces vero Medorum atq; Persarum Rex factus est.
Sleidan de Monarchiis Lib. 1. P. 12.

Th' Infatiate Tyrant prov'd the ample Jest
They turn'd him (a) Grazing, when he (b) turn'd a
(Beast :

Nature, in Lines, that all the World might read,
Had put a *Non sum Dignus* on his Head,
To let us know, that Kings, when they decline,
Are no more Kings.... The Person's not Divine :
The Merit only all the Sanction brings,
Tyrants their Title lose, and are no longer Kings.

(c) *Cambyfes* then the costly Method tried,
And all the Rules of Humane Rule defied,
But gorg'd with Blood and Incest quickly found,
His Throne usurpt, and the Usurper crown'd ;
Opprest with Tyrants Nature rous'd by Force,
To stop Destruction in its early Course,
The injur'd People, *People injur'd must*,
Or ty their Native Rights they'd be unjust,

Took

(a) *Quam horrendo spectaculo Deus & exemplo superbiam ejus, ut Daniel ait, sit ultus, opera pretium est, ut cum omnes Mortales, tum Reges Imprimis ac Viri principes diligenter legant, & considerent, quo videlicet Majestatem Divinam revereantur, & officium suum erga populum sibi Commissum faciant.* Sleid. de Mon. Lib. I. P. 26.

(b) 'Tis allow'd, he was depriv'd of his Reason by his intollerable Pride, and the People of Course dismiss him from the Government as a mad Man ; and 'tisa Proof, that when Monarchs turn Mad, and Brutal, their being depriv'd of a Capacity to Govern, authorises the People to dismiss them from the Administration.

(c) *Cambyfes*, the last successive Prince of the new Race of the Persian Monarchs, prov'd a Murderer, and a horrible Tyrant.

History relates him Mad, some think it was but Furious rather ; having murdered his Brother, and Sister, and several of the Persian Nobility, and finding them resolv'd to revenge the Excesses of such a Tyrant, he wounded himself with a poisoned Sword, and died in his Expedition to Egypt ; see an Abridgment of his Wickedness, in the Notation upon Sleidan de Monarchiis.

Cambyfes secundus Monarcha Persarum, Patri suo Cyro dissimilimus fuit, ebriosus, iracundus, Crudelis & Incestuosus : Reprehensus a Prex-aspi propter continuam Ebrietatem, Filii ejus cor sagitta transfixit, ac illud Patri ostendens dixit, se etiam Ebrivum bene sagittare posse. Occidit fratrem Smerdim sororem Meroen, & octo Persarum principes vivos in caput defodit. Interrogavit Juris-consultos Persarum. An sibi Lici-

tum

Took the strong Reins of Government in Hand,
 And wiser (a) *Magi* soon restor'd the Land ;
 Concurring Justice gave the Nations rest,
 The Monarchs, not the Monarchy suppress'd ;
 The Tyrants they dissolv'd, but not the Crown,
 They pull'd the Mischief, not the Manner down ;
 Justice the hated Tyrants will disown,
 And Laws of Nature supersede a Throne.

Satyr give Testimony to (b) *the Name*,
 And let thy Lines record their ancient Fame ;
 How they depos'd Despotick Power by Force,
 But still retain'd just Government in Course ;
 Nor did Ambition, Lust of Rule or Pride,
 In their untainted Cabinet preside,
 Unbiass'd Justice govern'd their Design,
 Their Government was really Divine ;
 And tho' they strove with their encroaching Lord,
 They both the Laws and Monarchy restor'd :
 'Twas Native Right did all their Laws maintain,
 This Right restor'd the King, but not the Man.

Justice directed, Choice should Fame obey,
 And thus return'd directed Monarchy,
 Nature to proper Channels Things restor'd,
 And People bow'd to their (a) Elected Lord.

P 4

Satyr,

tum esset propriam sororem ducere, illi respondere, Nullam
 quidem talem legem apud Cersas extare, sed tamen aliam,
 qua regi quod libeat, liceat.

Tandem furiosus cum equum conscenderet, Evaginato suo sponte
 Gladio, seipsum vulneravit, atq; ita Obiit. Not. Sleid. Mon.
 Lib. 1. P. 26.

(a) That the *Magi* govern'd in the Absence of *Cambyses*. Au-
 thors agree, and tho' they were afterwards slain, yet they laid
 the true Foundation of the Peoples Liberty, and the Election
 of *Darius* was a Demonstration of it.

(b) The Name of the *Magi*.

(a) *Darius*, the Son of *Hystaspes* was elected King of the
Perians, by the known Stratagem of his Horse neighing at
 the rising of the Sun, this was an allowing, that upon the
 effects of a Succession, it was in the People to chuse their own
 Monarch.

Satyr, to less remote Examples come,
 And search Precedents in politer Rome :
 Rome, who for Conquest to the World was sent,
 The Standard of exactest Government ;
 Famous for Pow'r, for Order, and for Law,
 By which they kept the conquer'd World in Awe,
 Subordination kept alive the State,
 For no Men better serv'd the Magistrate ;
 Their Government we never fine betray'd,
 None better rul'd, and better none obey'd ;
 Their Kings knew how to Reign, their Subjects saw
 The Reason and the Benefit of Law.
Justice and Vertue Regal Power began,
Justice and Vertue Regal Power maintain,
 Without them Power's inverted and in vain :
 For Power to Violence inclin'd must cease,
 And Violence it self, will bring the World to Peace.

Tarquin this State Ænigma well explain'd,
 Securely he, as long as justly, reign'd,
 Till Chaste *Lucretia's* Rape, the Roman Scepter }
 (stain'd ;

From the first Minute of the hateful Fact,
 His superseded Justice ceas'd to act.
 The People startled at the horrid Crime,
 A Fact unknown to *Romans* :

From that Time
 They'd no more Homage, no just Tribute bring,
 The Tyrant once commenc'd, they knew no King.
Tarquin the Roman Chastity abus'd ;
Tarquin, the *Romans* for that Deed, refus'd :
 The free born *Romans* scorn the hateful Crime,
 Too black for Verse, and too obscene for Rhime.

Brutus demands, *Brutus* they thought a (a) Fool,
 If Ravishers could e'er be fit to Rule :

He

(a) When *Tarquin* had committed the Rape upon *Lucretia*,
Brutus, who was before counsell'd but a mean-spirited Fellow,
 of

He askt, but none could make the just Reply,
How he could Reign, that had deserv'd to die.

Arm'd with just Rage, just Rage inspir'd their
(Zeal,

They all the Laws of Government repeal;
Depos'd the very Blood, expell'd the Race,
And all the Marks of Family Deface.
Such Horror fill'd the Generous Roman State,
Tee (b) Blood of Tarquin felt a Tarquin's Fate,
Such deep Revenge puff'd the hateful Act,
Their Memory grew nauseous as the Fact;
No Man would ever give his Son the Name,
For Blood abhor'd, and for that Lust, Infame:
It wou'd a certain Mark of Scandal shew,
Tarquin wou'd then ha' been, as Judas now.

Unhappy (c) Collatin whose juster Fame,
Sunk in the meer Misfortune of the Name,

Whose

of no Parts, began to make the first Exclamation against Tarquin,
and never suffer'd the Romans to rest, till they had entred
into a solemn Oath to revenge her Death.

*Sectus Tarquinius honestam Matronam Lucretiam per Vim stup-
rasset & illa vindicandæ Castitatis ergo seipsam interfecisset statim
secuta fuit desertio autem imprimis Junio Bruto. Tarquinio in
Exilium pulso, Romani sanctissimo sacramento se obstringerunt, ne-
minem impoſterum Romæ regere Passuros: ita atrogata Monarchia
Instituerunt libertatem. Sleid. de Mon. Lib. 1. Echard's Rom.
Hist. Vol. 1.*

(b) The Hatred of the Romans against the Family of Tarquin,
was such, that they would never after name any of their Chil-
dren Tarquin, but abhor'd the very Name and Junio Brutus,
who, upon the Alteration of the Government, was made Con-
sul, executed Justice upon his own Sons, and stood him-
self upon the Judgment-Seat, and saw them put to Death,
for conspiring to restore the Family of Tarquin to the
Throne.

*Quedam etiam nomina populo exosa adq; perpetua quasi obli-
vione damnantur, quo Consilio Brutus Collegam suum Tarquinium
Collatinam urbe expulsum non propter aliam causam quam ut ex
Tarquinatorum Nomine penitus memoria Romana tolleretur. Nihil.
Sleid. de Mon. P. 10.*

(c) The Name of Tarquin was so odious to the People, up-
on this Occasion, that Tarquinius Collatinus, Brutus his Collegue,
OR

Whose bright unspotted Vertue felt a Blow,
 The Roman Rage, at Tarquin's Crime to show;
 That fell a Sacrifice of pop'lar Heat,
 And in the very Name receiv'd a Fate,
 Tho' ne'er was better Man, or Magistrate.

Yet Tarquin was of Rome's most Sacred Line,
 And had, *if ever King had*, Right Divine.
 From (a) Romulus, by Fate preserv'd, he sway'd,
 That Government, whom all the World obey'd;
 In just Descent, and primo-genial Claim,
 His Royal Blood flow'd with unmingled Stream;
 No Dormant Title waited there to try,
 The strong Dispute of his Authority;
 No Rival envied him the Roman Crown,
 'Twas Tyrant Tarquin pull'd King Tarquin down:
 Nothing but Crime unfitted him to Reign,
 And Crime *once ruling him*, he rul'd in vain.
 Rapes and Oppressions overthrew his Right,
 And sunk his ruin'd Kingdom in his Sight.

Th'

or Fellow-Consul, was put out and expell'd the City, tho' otherwise a vertuous and innocent Man, only because his Name was Tarquin. Vide the following Quotations.

Colle,æ quoq; suo, Tarquinio Collatino imperium abrogabat, qui fuerat decius in expellendis Regibus, & Consiliorum etiam adiutor.

Idq; Cicero defendit, ut iuste factum, & Patriæ tum utile, tum honestum fuisse dicit, ut Nomen Tarquiniorum, & Memoria regni tolleretur.

Hoc Bruti factum scelus Tarquinium vero bonum & innocentem Virum nominat. Sleid. de Mon. Lib. 1. P. 50.

(a) The 7th King from Romulus, the Founder of the Roman State, and Builder of the Roman Kingdom. Romulus the 1st, the 2d, Numa Pompilius, the 3d, Tullius Hostilius, the 4th, Ancus Marcius, the 5th, Tullius Tarquinius Priscus, the 6th, Servius Tullius, the 7th, and last, Tarquinius Superbus, the Father of Sextus Tarquinius, that ravish'd Lucretia, and for whose Rape, the Father espousing his Son, and himself also a very great Tyrant, was deposed, the Monarchy dissolved, and the Roman Government turn'd into a Common Wealth, the best regulated at first, that ever the World saw.

Th' Oppressor forfeited his Crown and Life,
And both were stabb'd, at once, by Chaste *Lucretia's*
(Knife:
The injur'd *Marion's* Blood, due Vengeance calls,
And (a) Tyrant *Tarquin*, a just Victim falls.

Enquire no more, how *Julius Caesar* fell,
And Second (b) *Brutus* strove *Rome's* Bondage to
(expel:

What tho' by different Means it was procur'd,
This by the (c) Dagger, that the Peoples Sword.
Equal the Crimes, equal the Cause of Hate,
This Chaste *Lucretia* ravish'd, (d) THAT THE
(STATE:

THIS Tyrant only *Infant Rome* oppress,
THAT *Rome*, and all the *Roman* World distress.
Nor

(a) *Tarquin* the Proud, the Father of *Tarquin* that ravished *Lucretia*, was a Tyrant, and destroyed the *Roman* Liberty. Vide *Notit. Sleid. Lib. 1. P. 48. Tarquinius superbus, qui regnum in Tyrannidem convertit & optimares omni auctoritate spoliaravit.*

So that the Fury of the People was still just, in dethroning the Father, tho' he was not actually guilty of the Rape of *Lucretia*; and one fell for his Lust, the other for his Tyranny.

(b) *Junius Brutus*, was the deposer of *Tarquin*, another *Junius Brutus* was the Principle Contriver and Manager of the Assassination of *Julius Caesar*.

(c) The Assassination of Princes, is not at all argued from hence; yet all agree that *Brutus* acted, in this, from the same Principle that *Junius Brutus* acted before, when he caused his own Son to be executed, for attempting to enslave the Common-Wealth; and, according to the Notions of Government in those Days, it was esteem'd a just and lawful Method; a Tyrant, for such *Caesar* was, and one that had subdued the Common-Wealth by Force, being esteem'd as a mad Dog, that every one ought to destroy, and give no Law to: And *Brutus*, who had been extremely oblig'd by *Caesar*, could not act from any other Principle, for 'tis plain by the Consequences, neither he, nor any of the Conspirators, attempted to set themselves up in *Caesar's* Place, but their Design appear'd to be purely to restore the *Roman* Liberty.

(d) That the State, i. e. *Caesar* had ravish'd the *Romans* of their Virgin Liberty, and brought them under the absolute
Sub.

Nor trace we all the *Roman* Monsters here,
 That rose and fell, by Tumult Blood and War :
 From their alternate Heads they snatcht the Crown,
 (a) Fools set them up, and Mad-men pull'd them
 (down.

Possession was the utmost Right they knew,
 The Legions that maintain'd it, gave it too :
 The *Jus Divinum*, just as long remain'd,
 As Force could keep, what they by Force obtain'd.
 (b) Thus Six and Thirty Bullies gain'd a Crown ;
 Thus Six and Thirty Tyrants they pull'd down.
 Successive Violence o'er-run the Age ;
 The Town a Shambles, and the Throne a Stage.

Sæ to what wild Excess's Nature runs,
 When Virtue dies, and Vice possesses Crowns ;
 When Kings to lawless Rule lay furious Claims,
 And drive the injur'd People to Extreams :
 Rapes, Murthers Violence, and Fury here,
 Assassinations, Death, and Tumult there ;
 All Things to general Ruin seem to haste,
 And future Mischief's ripen'd by the past.

Satyr, the Sovereign Justice let's adore,
 And view the Fate of Mad-men crown'd with Power.
 (c) *Justinian* gorg'd with Blood, with Fury blind,
 Bent to destroy the World, and blast Mankind ;
 With

Subjection of his Power, ruling by his Legions, and the Violence of the Soldiery, as in *Gaul*, *Britain*, and all those Western Parts of the World.

(a) The deposing and killing the *Roman* Emperors, would be endless to innumerate ; no Man can pretend they had any Divine Right, who were, most of them of mean Birth, and proclaim'd by the Soldiery.

(b) *Valentinian*, the Son of a Roper ; *Jovian*, of mean Birth, and a Foot-Soldier, and the like, they came in by Force, and were driven out by Force, and Six and Thirty of them were murder'd by one another.

(c) This was not *Justinian* the Great, but *Justinian* the Illd. Emperor of the East. Successor to *Constantine IV.* the greatest Tyrant the World ever saw, in his Design, and indeed, the very Destroyer of the *Roman* Empire.

With Rage and Death his wild Desires inflam'd,
Against the World, his Rage and Death proclaim'd :

(a) He scorn'd clandestine Murder, and the Fate,
Ot here and there a little Magistrate,
His Talent lay in Massacre and Blood,
Not running down in Rivers, but a Flood.

Imperial Cities he at once condemn'd,
And less than general Mischiefs he contemn'd.

(b) Depos'd, and by the injur'd Subjects stay'd,
His bloody Hand by Force his Fate obey'd ;
Injust Contempt was Stigmatiz'd. and sent
To learn his own Mistakes in Banishment.

Too mild (c) *Leontius*, that by halves redeem'd,
And acted less the Saviour than he seem'd :

Had

(a) After he had murdered abundance of his Servants and Friends, suffered his own Mother to be insulted and whipt by *Stephen* a *Persian*, Surveyour of his Works ; who caused abundance of his poor Labourers to be put to Death, whenever they did not please him ; hang'd up several of the Nobility by the Heels, and tormented them, and murdered others : This Way of Destruction being too narrow for the Compass of his bloody Designs, he resolv'd to finish it at once, by a general Massacre of all the Inhabitants of his Imperial City of *Constantinople*.

(b) The People having some Intelligence of his Design, apply themselves to *Leontius*, whom he had made General of of his Army in *Greece*, and having given him his Instructions, ordered him to be gone the next Day, but the true Design was, to have him out of the Way.

(c) *Leontius* finding how Matters went, and mov'd by the Entreaties of the Citizens, taking his Guards with him, surpriz'd the Emperor's Guards, and afterwards himself, and deliver'd him to the People, who condemn'd him to have his Nose mutilated, or slit, and to be banished to the *Pontick Chersonesus*.

Aspurgarius, who afterwards was Emperor. wrote to the People of *Chersonesus* to kill him, which they, detesting him for his Tyranny, intended to have done, but he, having Intelligence of it, made his Escape.

In his Escape, being in danger of drowning, 'tis said, some of those about him propos'd to him to make a Vow to God Almighty, that if he would please to spare him from drowning, and restore him to his Power, he would forgive all his Enemies : To which, in a Rage he reply d, *No, may God drown me this Moment, rather than oblige me to spare One of them.*

Whe-

Had he the Tyrant's Fate secur'd, and paid
 The Debt of Blood, and Nature's Laws obey'd,
 The *Chersonesan* Plains had ne'er been stain'd,
 With Blood of Nations—————

Justinian, so the *Roman* Fates agreed,
 To Empire does a second Time succeed;
 Swell'd with redoubled Vengeance he returns,
 His Breast with Terrors and Resentment burns;
 Resolv'd the double Tyrant to display,
 And all the Debt of Ten Years Exile pay.
 His (a) mutilated Face, and murder'd Friends,
 Excite the unheard Mischiefs he intends;
 Gives a Pretence to his Ingendring Lust,
 And pleases him to think his Vengeance just.

Not pers'nal Rage, to single Heads extends,
 He murders Nations, and dispeoples Lands:
 Sends his directed Legions to devour,
 And make whole Kingdoms sink beneath his Power.
 The *Chersonesans* feel his mighty Hate;
 Th' abandon'd Plains made waste and desolate:
 The numerous Cities spoil'd; the Thousands slain,
 The Monuments of barbarous Rage remain.

Nor

Whether he said the Words or no, he manifested it to be his Temper, for God, for the Sins of the *Roman* Empire, permitting him to recover the Imperial-Purple, like other Tyrants, was the worse for his Afflictions.

(a) Every time he had occasion to blow his Nose, he fell into a violent Passion at his Subjects, and in revenge for his Mutilation, would often cause some or other of them to be put to Death.

But his most violent Barbarity was against the poor Inhabitants of the *Pontick Chersonesus*, of whom he remembered that they designed, as he had been told to murder him, or deliver him up to *Apfmarinus*.

To be reveng'd of them, he sent an Army among them, with Orders to make a universal Massacre of them, without regard to Age or Sex, which was perform'd to the utmost, in a most horrible Manner.

Nor satisfy'd with half a Million slain;
 Griev'd and uneasie at the Few remain;
 Tho' (a) Sev'nty Thousand more the Waves devour,
 He scorns to let a Wretch survive his Power.

(b) Rouze Nature! when a Tyrant knows no Bounds,
 'Tis then his Fury all his Will confounds:
 The *Chersonesian* Remnant must repay,
 Some Blood for Blood, *Justinian* led the Way.
 The passive Wretches saw their Country void,
 Their Towns laid waste, their Families destroy'd:
 Their Prayers and Tears had all been made in vain;
 Th' Insatiate Tyrant hunts the Few remain:
 Late Wisdom calls upon them in the Fright,
 Bids them leave off to Mourn, and learn to Fight:
 Nature gives Arms, and just Revenge inflames,
 And now the Tyrant's coming Fare proclaims.
 Pursued with Guilt, a second Time he flies,
 Abandon'd to despair, yields to his Fate and dies:

So Heav'n Decrees, and Nations own it just,
 When Justice calls to arm, *the People must*;
 They must the Sword of just Revenge display,
 And when they do, all Tyrants must obey.

Nothing's so vile, so cowardly and base,
 Carries Despair so often in his Face;

So

(a) Seventy Thousand of them were put on board his Ships, to be slain in the Emperor's sight, for his Diversion, but Heaven reliev'd them by a kinder Storm, in which, the Ships being cast away, they were all drowned.

(b) Not satisfied yet, he sent a second Army to lay waste the whole Country, and this rous'd Nature, as is noted; the poor Remnant fly to Arms, and calling in *Phillipicus* to their Aid, they take Shipping, and sail directly to *Constantinople*, and circumventing the Tyrant, dethrone him, and afterwards pursuing him, cut off his Head.

☞ The Readers of this Story would do well to tell us what these People deseru'd for using the Lord's Anointed in such a manner.

So despicable, so contemn'd and curst,
 As a disbanded Tyrant, from his Throne divorc'd ;
 To their own Passions they're a certain Prey,
 And no Men hang themselves so soon as they :
 When by the Peoples Justice they're pursu'd,
 And wait the Mercies of the Multitude :
 He must have *brazen Walls about his Heart*,
 Or act by some new undiscover'd Art,
 That can the Presence of his Soul command,
 And so much Guilt, and so much Danger too,
 (withstand.

Satyr pay Homage to revolving Fate,
 And view *Rome's* Empire's now (a) declining State ;
 How to invading Nations made a Prey,
 The *Roman* Conquests foreign Lords obey.

(b) *France* yields to Hoards of overturning *Gauls*,
 And barbarous Nations (c) storm th' Imperial Walls.

(a) The

(a) The *Roman* Empire began manifestly to decline, after the removing the Imperial Seat to *Constantinople*, and was many times over-run with the barbarous Nations of the North. *Puffendorf*, in his Introduction to the History of *Europe*, argues very well, that the Constitution of the *Roman* Empire being settled, after it became a Monarchy, upon the precarious Will of the Souldiery, could not be of any long continuance, but prepar'd the Way for its own Ruin: And, I must add, it justified the Right of possessing it, to any Power that could seize upon it, by its own Practice; by these Invasions of Foreigners, the Empire was first weakened, and, at last, entirely reduced, as particularly by the *Germans* and *Goths*, who in prodigious Numbers came from their cold and poor Habitations, to change their Livings with the luxurious *Romans* and solace themselves in the delicious Countries of *Italy* and *Spain*.

(b) *France* first was but a Province of the *Gauls*. *Caesar* calls all Inhabitants on the North and East-side of the *Alps* and the *Rhine* *Gauls*; and a prodigiously powerful Nation they were, as appears by the vast Armies they brought into the Field against *Caesar*, but they were properly the Inhabitants of the upper and the lower *Rhine*; but afterwards spread themselves farther, conquer'd *Italy*, *Lombardy*, and some say, extended themselves into *Asia*.

(c) *Rome* was several Times storm'd by the barbarous Nations of the *Goths* and *Gauls*, as afterwards by the *Huns*, *Hunli*, &c.

(a) The *Vandals* stretch the wide *Cantabrian* Plain,
 And (b) *Suevian* Troops embrace declining *Spain* ;
 And these again to (c) new *Invasions* bow,
 And wilder Troops their Kingdoms overthrow :
 (d) *Franks*, from the Lord knows where, in Shoals
 (advance,
 Erect the Name and Government of *France* ;
 And VWestern (e) *Goths*, more num'rous than the
 (Stars,
 Spread *Europe's* fruitful Fields, with Seeds of future
 (VVars :
 The (f) *Vandals*, that by Conquest rul'd before,
 Submit, and range to *Africa* for more.
 (g) *Sarmatian* Poles o'er-run the Northern Coast,
 And (h) *Scandinavian* Tribes huge Conquests boast :

Q

Wild

(a) The *Vandals*, *Alani*, and *Silingi*, conquer'd that
 Part of *Spain*, call'd *Cantabria*, and divided it among
 them.

(b) The *Suevians* subdued the *Alani*, and *Silingi*, and
 drove out the *Vandals*, and kept the Possession of
Spain.

(c) *New Invasions*. The *West-Goths*, after they had ravag'd
Italy, and sackt *Rome* it self, fall into *Spain* in vast Numbers,
 and seizing *Catalonia* and *Languedock*, from thence spread
 themselves both into *Spain* and *France*.

(d) The *Franks*, we are told, were *Germans* from the Nor-
 thern Parts, about the *Elbe* and the *Wefer*, and invading *France*,
 on that side, join'd together several Nations, calling themselves
Franks, or *Freemen*.

(e) At last the *Western-Goths*, mentioned before, supplanted
 and over-run all the rest, and became Masters of all the Nor-
 thern Parts of *Europe*.

(f) The *Vandals* driven out of *Spain* by the *Suevians*, went
 over into *Africk*, and took possession of all the *Roman* Domini-
 ons, till afterwards the *Roman* Empire recovering it self un-
 der the Reign of *Justinan* the Great, *Belisarius* ruin'd the Em-
 pire of the *Vandals* in *Africa*.

(g) The *Poles* were at first call'd *Sarmatians*, and inhabited
 but a small Country on the *Boristines*, but afterward, by
 Conquest, extended themselves from the *Baltick* in the North,
 almost to the *Black-Sea*.

(h) *Denmark*, *Sweden*, *Holstein*, *Pomeran*, and *Norway*, and all
 the Mouth of the *Baltick*, was included in that Part of the
 World, call'd by the Ancients *Sandinavia*.

VVild Huns, and (a) *Heruli*, and *Belgick* Bands,
 Fix barb'rous Empires on the *Roman* Lands :
 New Kingdoms raise from their dismember'd State,
 And hasten dying *Rome's* declining Fate.
 (b) Legions of Nations in th' Excursion join,
 From *Elbe*, and *Oder*, *Danube*, and the *Rhine*.
 The mighty Provinces of ancient *Rome*,
 That now compose the Thrones of *Christendom*,
 To Plunder, Rapine, and to Conquest yield,
 And Title's form'd in the Triumphant Field,

There

(a) *Odoacer*, King of the *Heruli*, took *Rome* in the Reign of *Augustulus*, in the Year of our Lord, 476, 1228 Year after the first Foundation of the City, 501 Years from the Settlement of the Monarchy by *Augustus*, 148 Years after the removing the Imperial-Seat by *Constantine*, and dividing the Empire, thus the Western *Roman* Empire was destroy'd, till it was in a measure restor'd by *Charlemaign*, and after him handed down thro' infinite Divisions and Sub-divisions, to what we now see it, in the poor Remains of the *German* Empire, which rather has the Name than the Substance of an Empire.

(b) The *Romans* reduc'd multitudes of Princes, States, and Nations out of the Ruins of whom they form'd their vast Monarchy.

Now the *Romans* are reduc'd, innumerable Nations, allur'd by the Success of those that went before, fall in upon the Ruins of their Empire; the *Goths* fixt their Talons upon the *Roman* Eagle it self, and settled their Dominion in the Heart of *Italy*, till driven from thence by *Justinian* the Great; the *Vandals* did the like in *Africk* till ruined at last by *Belisarius*, under the same *Justinian*.

The *Burgundians*, *Goths*, and *Franks*, divided *Gaul* among them; the *Huns* over-run *Pannonia*, now call'd *Hungaria*, and *Illyricum*, the Eastern Empire fell a Prey, first to the *Saracens*, *Bulgarians*, and *Persians*, and, at last, to the *Turks*, who hold it to this Day.

'Tis observ'd, and 'tis the chief End of searching all these Matters in History, that in all these Cases, Conquest gave an unquestion'd Right of Government, and the Right of a King was no longer regarded in the World, than that King could maintain his Possession.

The *Romans* lost by Conquest, nothing but what they first gained by Conquest, and the Sword took from them nothing but what they had taken by the Sword from the Innocent and Rightful Possessors.

There for the *gilded Bauble* they contend,
And every Crown's Divine that's there obtain'd.

The **Sword** has Government it self subdu'd,
And Right to rule, was born of Multitude:
Battel, not **Blood**, the strong Debate decides,
And Conquest, *Roman Conquests* now divides:
The **Sanction** fixt on the depending Crown,
Falls of it self whene'er the Power comes down;
The Right devolves, annex to Conquest stands,
And he can best dispute, that best defends.

Then view the several Nations as they reign;
And how by Right their Conquests they maintain;
In Fields of Blood, new Kingdoms they erect,
Obey the Claim of Force, and weaker reject:
Conquest gave Nations, Conquerors made Crowns,
Some govern'd Provinces, and others Towns;
All was their own, which they by Conquest gain'd,
And Right was theirs, whose Power that Right
(maintain'd.

Now Satyr see, how Nature rules Mankind,
And Reason guides the well directed Mind:
The uninstructed Nations knew no Laws,
Their fighting Heroes gain'd their just Applause;
The shouting Legions gavethem their Renown,
And he that gain'd the Kingdom, gain'd the Crown.

But see the Consequence of Native Right,
They all had shar'd the Hazards of the Fight;
All claim by their Proportions in the War,
Danger and Glory bears its equal Share:
The Claimers here, to Laws of Nature fly,
First share the Fight, and then the Victory:
Thus Forms of Government, in Nature fram'd,
The Right of Property is first proclaim'd;
Terms of Subjection, and of Rule, agreed,
And Government, by Laws of Rule proceed.

Soldiers the conquer'd Countries divide,
 And Properties the Rights of Rule decide:
 The Leaders by the Tenure of their Lands,
 Had Honours suited to their high Commands :
 Nobility upon Behaviour stood,
 Commenc'd in Merit first, and not in Blood :
 The Captains form'd the Gentry of the Land,
 Did now the Farm, as once the Troop command :
 The Gen'als of superior Rank and Fame,
 Grew Lords and Princes, only chang'd their Name:
 The Legionary Soldiers fell to Trade,
 And all were Freemen and Freeholders made.

The mighty leading, All-Commanding Thing,
 Govern'd the Whole, and gain'd the Name of King :
A Name indeed, for Laws of his Command,
 He shar'd with them, with whom he shar'd the
 (Land ;
 And if he ceas'd his due Respect to pay,
 To stated Rules, they quickly ceas'd to obey.

The Nature of the Thing imply'd no less,
 'Twas he that govern'd, they that did possess ;
 They all had born the burthen of the Field,
 And by that Right their new Possessions held ;
 Their mutual Strength the Conquest had procur'd,
 And every Man had drawn alike his Sword.
 But their due Defence, now in Peace they paid,
 To him whose Conduct they in War obey'd :
 The Reason with the Consequence appears,
 The Homage his, but the Possession theirs.

These were the *Gothick* Rules of Government,
 On Reason built, and fixt in general Consent.
 Nature first taught Men Schemes of Life to draw,
 In Order live, and call'd that Order LAW :
 Nature directed Men to understand,
 And State Subjection, when they State-Command :

As Nature taught, they Nature still obey,
And struggle hard for Native Liberty.
In vain assuming Tyrants have oppress;
In vain deny the craving Nation's rest:
The subjugated injur'd People rise,
And guilty Tyranny from Justice flies.

Satyr, the endless Roll turn back no more,
The latent searh of Tyrants Fate give o'er:
Let modern Histories supply our Pen,
There see these fancied Gods fall down like Men.
Tyrannick Power, that Morsel of Delight,
Has always been disgorg'd to Native Right:
The People still, for *Nature's Laws remain*,
Their Liberties at all Extremes maintain:
Blood calls for Blood, Tyrants themselves o'erthrow,
It (a) ever was, it ever will be so:
They can no other (b) Consequence expect;
They fight with (c) Nature, Reason's Laws reject;
Run counter to the common Course of Things,
And will be Monsters here instead of Kings,
Be Nature's Scourge, and all the Peoples Rod,
And act (d) the Devil, to be thought the God:

Q 3

What

(a) There are no Parts of History but are full of the Examples of this Kind, and the nearer we go back to the beginning of Government, the more Instances we have of the Peoples setting up, and pulling down their Monarchs.

(b) It seems to be a plain Consequence of Nature, that Tyranny should procure Tumults, Dissatisfactions, and all Sorts of Disorders in the Government, because the Head of Government, viz. the Throne, being put out of Place, the Desolation must affect the Whole.

(c) They cannot but see, that to Tyrannize over the People, is to oppose Nature, and their own Reason will correct the Mistake, whenever they please to give it a Freedom of acting.

(d) 'Tis very observable, that you never find a King exercise a Tyrannical Power over his People, but 'tis always mixt with un-govern'd Vice in himself: Men of Virtue und Moderation, seldom, if ever, turn Tyrants, the absolute Despotick Government leading them of Course, to give the Reins to their Lusts, and make the Error of Government, and the Crimes of Life, mix together.

What can the Nations do, when Mad-men rule,
 But set up Justice to correct the Fool ?
 Empire has always so preserv'd its Fame,
 For Liberty and Law are still the same.

He that invested with the Robes of Power,
 Thinks 'tis his Right the People to devour,
 Will always find some stubborn Fools remain,
 That ha' so little Wit, they wont be Slain;
 That always turn again when they're oppress'd,
 And basely spoil the Gay Tyrannick Jest :
 Madly take Arms, and with their Masters Fight,
 And talk of Nature, Laws of God, and Right.

Tyrants shou'd always take sufficient Care,
 Of such unhappy People to (a) beware;
 For when they've all the Rules of Reason past,
 'Tis Ten to One, but these resist at last :
 When passivè Thousands stretch beneath his Sword,
 And freely die at his Imperial Word,
 Those wild, unhappy, self-defending Few,
 If not destroy'd in Time, will ravel all the Clew ;
 Will all the Engines of Oppression Awe,
 And trample Power beneath the Feet of Law.

It can't be helpt, the Course of Things is so,
 As Fire ascends, and Waters downward flow ;
 'Twas always natural for Men oppress'd,
 Whene'er Occasion offers to resist ;
 'Tis not enough to say they may, *'tis just*,
 But strong Necessity commands *they must* ;
 They're Traytors else to the Entails of Sense,
 And Rebels to the Laws of Providence ;
 'Tis the Supreme Command of Heaven, and they
 Are always blest in it, that do obey.

So

(a) He that will be a Tyrant, should resolve to kill all the People at once, for if he leaves but a Few, that few will at last destroy him; and the Story of *Justinian* and the *Chersonesians*, mentioned Fol. 23. is a remarkable Instance of it.

So *France* depos'd the *Morovigian* Line,
And banish'd (a) *Childrick* loft the Right Divine :
So Holy League their Sacred (b) *Henry* slew,
And call'd a Counsel to erect a New :
So Right Divine must still to Justice bow,
And People first the Right to rule bestow :
So *Spain* to Arbitrary Kings innur'd,
Yet Arbitrary (c) *Favila* abjur'd :
(d) *Danemark* Four Kings depos'd, and (e) *Poland*
(Seven,
(f) *Swedeland* but One and twenty, (g) *Spain*
(Eleven :

(a) *Childrick* the 1st, the Son of *Mervins*, for his Lasciviousness, was banished by the great Men, and one *Egidius*, a Gaul, set up in his Stead.

Childrick the IIId, was banished and deposed by his Subjects, and King Pepin reign'd in his Stead, and so ended the Merovigian Family.

(b) The League deposed Henry the III, and declar'd him a Tyrant, a Murtherer, and incapable to Reign, and held frequent Counsels with the Pope's Legate, and the Spaniards, about settling the Crown, and several Proposals were made of settling it, sometimes on the *Infanta of Spain*, other Times on the Cardinal of *Bourbone*, the Duke de *Main*, and others.

(c) *Favila*, a Cruel Tyrant, was deposed by the *Castilians*, who chose Judges to Administer the Government for a Time, will they could dispose of themselves better.

(d) The Danes, by the various Collections of their Kings, pull'd down, and set up too many to reckon here; but the following deposed Princes were since the Christian Religion were planted in Denmark.

Christopher the 11d, was deposed, and banished by his Subjects, for Tyranny and Oppression.

Waldemer, his Successor, was serv'd in the same Manner.

Erick, Successor to *Queen Margaret*, was deposed by his Subjects for violating their Right of free Election, attempting to declare *Bogislaus*, Duke of *Pomerania*, King, without the Consent of the States.

Christian II. Having been driven out of *Sweden*, for his Bloody and Tyrannical Behaviour, was also deposed in *Denmark* for the like, *Anno 1520*, and chose *Frederick*, Duke of *Holslein*, in his Stead, the Lineal Ancestors of the present King of *Denmark*.

(e.) Poland depos'd abundance of their Dukes and Princes formerly, but, besides them, the following are remarkable: *Leslus* II. Anno 750. was banish'd the Country by the Inhabitants, for murdering his elder Brother. *Leslus* I. was depos'd and kill'd for putting a Fraud upon the People, in the Election. *Bolslaus* the Hardy was excommunicated by the Pope for Murder of the Bishop of *Cracau*, and being depos'd and banish'd, and finding himself hated by every Body, murdered himself. *Micislus* Senior, was depos'd for Male-Administration. *Vladislus* III. surnam'd *Lothicus*, was depos'd for Male-Administration. *Sigismund*, of Hungary, was refus'd, tho' Heir to the Crown, because a Hungarian, *Hen. of Anjou*, desert'd Poland, upon his being made King of France, and upon his Desertion they chose a new King.

(f.) 1. *Ingellus*, the horridest Tyrant that ever reign'd in Sweden: The very next Night after he was crown'd, he burnt Seven Swedish Princes in their Lodgings, and Five more afterwards. The Swedes call'd in the Danes, who brought the Tyrant to that Extremity, that he burnt himself, and all his Family, in his Palace.

2. *Biorn*, banish'd by his Subjects, because he would not hearken to the Christian Religion.

3. *Amunt*, for persecuting the Christians, was depos'd, and banish'd also.

4. *Olau*, was sacrific'd by his Heathen Subjects, to their Idol at *Upsal*, he being before that turn'd Christian.

5. *Henchil*, afterwards destroy'd that Idol, and forbid any more Sacrifices, upon Pain of Death, but the People were so enrag'd at it, thinking their Religion unjustly invaded, that they depos'd him, and afterward burnt him at *Upsal*.

6. *Ingo*, the Pious, the Christian Religion being increas'd in Sweden again, destroy'd the Idol at *Upsal*, Anno 1080, but the Pagan Part of the People being yet the strongest, were again so inrag'd, that they banish'd him the Kingdom, and afterward murder'd him in *Schonen*.

7. *Magnus*, the King of Denmark's Son, proclaim'd King, after a great Victory, but depos'd again, and vanquish'd by the Swedes.

8. *Swercher*, a Tyrant and Murderer, twice depos'd, and beaten, fled to Norway, and at another Attempt to recover the Crown, was slain by the Swedes.

9. *Waldemar*, depos'd by the States, and *Magnus* set up in his Room.

10. *Birger*, Anno 1305, depos'd by the States, and restor'd, 1308, and for Treachery and Cruelty, was afterwards depos'd again, and beaten, and fled to Denmark.

11, 12. *Magnus*, Twice depos'd, Once by the Nobility, and his Son set up in his Stead; but afterwards restor'd himself, and

and poison'd his Son; was again depos'd, beaten at the Battle of *Encoping*, and taken Prisoner, afterwards obtain'd his Liberty, but was oblig'd to resign his Crown.

13. *Albert*, the Successor of *Magnus*, depos'd by the States, by the Assistance of *Margaret*, Queen of *Denmark*, and after long War, he was oblig'd to resign his Pretensions.

14. *Erick*, Son of *Margaret*, depos'd twice by the Nobility of *Sweden*, and the *Dalekarls*, and after various Troubles, the King refusing to make good the Treaty of *Colmar*, the *Swedes* and *Danes* both renounced their Allegiance to him, and crown'd *Christopher*, Duke of *Bavaria*.

15. *Charles Cnateson*, depos'd by the Archbishop and Nobility, after he had been elected King, and *Christian*, King of *Denmark*, crown'd in his Stead; he was restor'd again upon King *Christian's* turning a cruel Tyrant, by the Bishop *Katil*, and the Nobility, but continuing to reign ill, he was a second Time depos'd, defeated in a bloody Battle, and made to resign and abjure the Kingdom, and yet, after that, was restor'd again, and died in Possession, so that,

16. *Christian* was Three Times King, and Three Times depos'd.

17. *Steensture*, reign'd 14 Years only, as Regent, not King, and was depos'd by the Senators.

18. *John II.* reign'd a great while peaceably and prosperously, but falling into the Error of all his Predecessors, viz. tyrannick Government, illegal Taxes, raising Money without Consent of Parliament, or the like: The People took Arms; renounc'd their Allegiance to him, and depos'd him, making *Steensture* Regent again.

19. *Christian*, the Tyrant of *Denmark*, depos'd by the universal Consent of the People, and the Assistance of *Gustavus Erickson*, for murdering 600 of the Nobility and Gentry, and abundance of most barbarous Actions.

20. *Erick*, the Son of the Famous *Gustavus Erickson*, after a long and happy Reign, yet beginning to Tyrannize, and committing Murthers upon the Nobility, and attempting to murder his own Brothet, was, by the universal rising of his Subjects, depos'd, and his Brother *Charles* made King in his Stead.

21. *Sigismund*, of *Poland*, was depos'd by the *Swedes*, for attempting to restore Popery; and in a full Assembly of the Estates, declar'd incapable to Reign, and *Charles*, Duke of *Sudermania*, made King in his Room, who was the Father of the Great *Gustavus Adolphus*.

(g) *Rotherick*, for ravishing the Daughter of one *Julian*, a Spanish Nobleman, was depos'd; the People took Arms against him, with great Fury, and call'd in the *Moors* to their Assistance, who afterwards over-run all *Spain*, and *Oppa*, and *Julian*, whose Daughter he had ravish'd, revolted from *Rotherick*, with their Troops, in a great Battle, by which
Rotherick

Russia Demetrius banish'd from the Throne,
 And *Portugal* pull'd Young (a) *Alphonfus* down;
 And all the Nations that have Forms of State,
 Have set up Laws above the Magistrate;
 Whene'er the Self-advancing Wretch requir'd,
 A lawless Rule, his Government expir'd.

*So let all Governments their Right withdraw,
 When Kings forget their due Regard to Law.*

JURE

Rotherick was overthrown, and slain in the Fight. *Puff. P.* 22.

Alphonso II. was deposed by his People, under the Conduct of *Mauregatus*.

Bernard, Son of *Charlemaign* of *France*, was rejected by the *Spaniards*, only because they would not be govern'd by a *Frenchman*.

Alphonso III. Surnam'd the Great, and a brave Prince, yet, for afterwards Tyrannizing over the People, and loading them with illegal and unreasonable Taxes, was twice depos'd. *Puff. P.* 29, 30.

Favila, King of *Castile*, a cruel Tyrant, depos'd by the *Castilians* who abjur'd him, and set up a *Magi*, like that of the *Persians*, to govern.

Alphonso IV. was judg'd unfit to govern, and oblig'd by the People to surrender the Kingdom to his Brother *Ramirus*.

Ordinius, the Wicked, usurpt the Crown, and banish'd *Sanctius Crastius*, but the People rising to restore their good King, pull'd down *Ordinius*, and set up *Sanctius* the second Time.

There are many more Instances in *Spain*, but the Verse, for meer Rhime-sake, confining the Number to Seven, and Seven being enough to confirm the Allegation, I forbear more Instances, 25,

Blanch, Wife of *Lewis* the VIIIth, of *France*, put by for the Son of her younger Sister *Barengaria*: *Alphonso* the Xth, *Pietor* the Cruel, twice deposed, and afterwards slain: *John* the IIth, for committing all his Affairs to *Alvarez de Luna*, his Favourite, once driven out of his Kingdom, tho' he afterwards recover'd it by Force: *Henry* the IVth, call'd, *The Scandal of Spain*, who being incapable of Children, hir'd another Man to lie with his Queen, and attempted to have a Daughter, so begotten, pass for his own, and proclaim'd her Heir apparent, but the Nobility entering into an Association, depos'd him, and gave the Crown to *Alphonso XI*.

(a) The *Portuguese* deposed more Kings than *Alphonfus*, but he is the most remarkable Instance, whom they put by, only because he was Young, and his Mother encroach'd upon their Liberties.

FURE DIVINO:

A

SATYR.

BOOK IX.

SATYR, the Line of Princes next survey,
 And see from whence they Rule, *or we Obey* :
 View the strong Intercession of the Race,
 And the *Divineſt Title* to the Place.
 Succeſſion is the vaſt pretended Claim :
Expoſe the Cheat, how impotent, how lame,
 How ill it will ſupport the Right Divine,
 And *how far back* the OLDEST claim by Line.

If in *their Line* the ſacred Titles lies,
 Whene'er that Line's decay'd, *that Title dies* :
 But if (a) Poſſeſſion ſuperſedes the Line,
 And King, *Qua. King*, enjoys the Right Divine ;
Then

(a) Both theſe Titles may be imperfect, for he that poſſeſſes
 may have no Right, either by the Conſent of the People, the Laws
 of the Land, or the Inheritance of Anceſtors, and is, in all reſpects,
 an Uſurper.

Then all (a) Succession's fled from Majesty,
 And Usurpation's *as Divine as He.*
De Facto, is, *de Jure*, and a Crown,
 To every Man *that has it*, is his own.

Reason's bewildred in the Nice Dispute,
 And Argument can make but little out :
 Imagination suffocates and dies,
 Choak'd with the Mist of Inconsistencies.
 The Right of Families must all be meant,
 Not of Possession only, *but Descent* :
 And all *our Royal Lines* are so decay'd,
 By *Bastardy* and *Blood* precarious made ;
 That no Successions can their Title clear,
 To make a Crown's Divinity appear :
 For how can that Descent be call'd Divine,
 Where *Whores* and *Bastards* interrupt the Line?

If Kings by *Jus Divinum* wear the Crown,
 By nat'ral Devolution handed down ;
 Let them go back and trace the Sacred Claim,
 They'll find *the Genealogy so lame* ;
 So full of Usurpations, such a Crowd,
 Of *false Successions*, *spurious Births*, and *Blood* ;
 Such *Perjuries*, such *Frauds* to wear a Crown,
 They'd *Blush* their *ill born Ancestors* to own.

Nor is it (b) length of Time that will procure,
 This Sacred Claim they make to Sacred Power ;

Un-

(a) He that has a Right of Succession, can derive that Succession but a little Way, all the Lines of Ancestors being imperfect, of which after.

And this rightful Inheritor may forfeit by Tyranny, and arbitrary illegal Power.

(b) Length of Time, or Continuation of Possession, can make no Title good, that was not so in it self ; for if a Race of Kings had possess'd a Nation, ever since the first settled Nation in the World, yet if the first King of that Race obtain'd the Crown, or Government, by wrong Means, whether by Usurpation, Force, Fraud, or illegal Succession, the Injury remains hereditary, and the Right

Unless they can that (a) length of Time extend,
To the First King, and make his Right their Friend;
Nor can that King the Priviledge convey,
Unless Paternal Right did his first Right obey.

And where's the Prince can trace his high Descent,
Back to the Patriarchal Government?
From thence with free uninterrupted Blood,
Can make his sacred high Relation good?

Not (b) *Bourbon*, (c) *Arragon*, (d) or *Auria*,
(e) *Jagello*, (f) *Mully-Hamet*, or (g) *Braga*;

Not

Right receives no Sanction from the length of Time: All those People therefore that would build Titles upon length of Time in Possession, build them upon a wrong Foundation; since no Prescription will serve in this Case, and the length of Time in which a usurping Family has reign'd, rather aggravates than extenuates the Crime, and leaves the Plea of Right the more easie to be overthrown.

(a) If Length of Time were an Argument for the Legality of a Thing, or could be pleaded to justify a Practice, the Devil might plead Prescription for Idolatry, which has been as ancient as *Belus*, and has had an uninterrupted Series of Consent, in all Nations, of some Parts to this Day; and this only serves to make the Crime the more detestable.

(b) The House of *Bourbon* talk of exceeding Antiquity, from the first appearance of the *Franks*, and bear the *Fleur de Lys*, as the Beauty of *France*, in their Arms, boasting they are Original *French*; but still here is no Original of Power.

(c) The *Arragonian* Princes claim their Descent from the ancient *Spaniards*, who so nobly resisted the *Romans*; but I do not find that there is any appearance of Truth in it, and if there were, we can shew abundance of Interruptions to a direct Succession.

(d) The House of *Austria* is an Ancient and Illustrious House, but all their Claim to the Imperial Dignity is by Election, not by Succession, and that is not the Title we are disputing.

(e) *Jagello*, an ancient Family in *Poland*, who came to the Crown by Marriage of *Hedwig*, the Heir of another remote Family, and both these have been long extinct, and the Crown naturally devolv'd upon the Peoples Choice, where it still remains, till now the King of *Sweden* has chosen a King for them, and the Sword must decide it.

(f) *Mully-Hamet*, Emperor of *Morocco*; they do not concern themselves about Families, or Antiquity.

(g) *Braga*, the present Royal Family of *Portugal*, descended from *John Duke of Braganza*, whom the *Portuguese* made King, upon the Revolt from the *Spaniard*.

Not (a) *Sophy*, Great (b) *Mogul*, or (c) *Otoman*,
 (d) *Unca's* of *Chili*, (e) *China*, or *Japan* ;
 Not (f) *Stuart*, tho' they by (g) *justest* Title reign,
 Can Lines of Blood, to proper Length maintain.

*Hail Race High-born, with whom no Lines compare,
 For matchless (b) Sisters Just, and Good, and Fair :
 Ancient in Title too, allied to Crowns,
 Yet more by proper Merit rais'd to Thrones :
 You have the Dignity of Nature gain'd,
 By Vertue, and by Vertue 'tis maintain'd :
 So justly Sacred, as exactly Good,
 A better Claim to rule than Birth and Blood.*

Princes

(a) The *Sophy*, or Emperor of *Persia* ; they claim a very long Succession, but tho' we cannot enter into the History of the present Race of *Persian* Kings, the Scripture will furnish us with Accounts enough of the Interruptions of their Lines of Kings, about the Time of the *Median* Government assuming the *Persian*, and afterwards in the Captivity and Death of *Darius*, and the Conquest by *Alexander*.

(b) The Genealogy of the Great *Mogul*, is a dark Thing, and past Inquiry ; but the frequent Wars, Insurrections, and cutting off of Kings, in these Countries, will give Authority to conclude his Line far from an Original.

(c) The *Ottoman* Family is very ancient, and has reign'd with an uninterrupted Succession of Blood, tho' not in direct Primogeniture, for above 500 Years.

(d) The *Unca's* were Kings, or Emperors of *Peru*, and of *Chili* also ; and, as they pretended, had reign'd a great many Thousand Years, but their History was all verbal and fabulous.

(e) The vast Succession of *China* is unaccountable and incredible ; but be it as long as it will, is lately extinct, and the *Grand Tartar* reigns now by Conquest.

(f) The present Royal Family of *England*, of which Her Majesty is the last apparant direct Branch, has much of Antiquity to boast of, as most in the World, and by its Alliance with most of the Great Families in *Europe*, is truly illustrious, but he that attempted to bring it from a meer Original of *Princes*, run himself aground in a most ridiculous manner.

(g) *Justest Title*. viz. the Revolution, and Parliamentary Settlement, from which, whoever reigns in *England*, has, without doubt, a *Divine Right* to the Crown, and possesses it by the best *Tenure* in the World.

(h) The late Queen *Mary*, of Blessed Memory, and Her present Majesty.

*Princes that by this Lustre gain the Crown,
By double Title 'tis esteem'd their own.
By Justice YOU the Sacred Stile enjoy,
Injustice does the Sacred Stile destroy.*

*Satyr ascend, the Steps of Monarchs tread,
And view the Sacred Title of the Dead ;
Search to the early Monarchs of this Isle,
And view the Jus Divinum of the Royal Stile.*

*Conquest, or Compacts, form the Rights of Kings,
And both are humane, both unsettled Things ;
Both subject to Contingencies of Fate,
And so the (a) Godship of them proves a Cheat,*

*Let all the Magi of this Learned Age,
Bring out their long Records upon the Stage :
Let 'em (b) uninterrupted Kingship trace,
And show us where began the Heavenly Race.
Of all the Monarchs which the World command,
Where's the First Stamp of the Celestial Hand .
There's not a King in Europe wears a Crown,
But his too modern Fam'ly has been known :
Hist'ry can all their shorter Off-spring trace,
Prove the mechanick Blood of every Race :
Describe the unexpecting Hero's kind,
To his own Fortunes or Advancement blind :
Can search them back beyond their real Fame,
And draw the short Synopsis of their Claim :
Mean in their Birth, meaner in Merit known,
With neither Kin, or Prospect of a Crown.*

The

(a) If they were Sacred in themselves, and of Divine Original, they would never be subject to Changes and Interruptions, as we always find them, but be permanent and durable, like their Original.

(b) 'Tis plain, all the present Royal Families in the World, came from Beginnings that were not of Royal Blood.

The Government's the greatest Monarchs have,
They stole them first, or first the People gave.
 Weat Claim had Coll. (a) *CNUTE* or Captain
 (SUENE?)

What Right the *roving Sax* and *Pyrate Dane* ?
 (b) *Hengist*, or *Herfa*, (c) *Wodens* Blood defy'd,
 And on their Sword, not Family, rely'd.
 The *Norman Bastard*, what Divine Call ?
 And where's the Heavenly, High Original?

These naked Nations, long expos'd a Prey,
 To Foreign and Domestick Tyranny :
 Their *Infant Strength*, unfit to Guard their Name,
 Expos'd them naked to Usurpers Claim ;
 An open Prey to Robbers, and *the Isle*,
 To *wild Invaders*, grew an *early Spoil*.

The *Soman Thieves* ravag'd the wealthy Coast,
 And *Britain's* fruitful Plains fed *Cesar's* numerous Host.
 What Birthright rais'd the ravenous *Lombard's* (d)
 (Name,
His Sword, and not his Fam'ly, form'd his Claim.
 Where'er the *Roman Eagles* spread their Wings,
 They blasted Nations, and destroy'd their Kings.

An

(a) The First Leaders of the *Saxons* and *Danes*, had no Pretence to Government and Crowns, but as meer Thieves and Robbers, put to Sea on purpose to make unjust Depredations on their Neighbours, pretending to no Right but that of Violence, and the Sword.

(b) *Hengist* and *Herfa* were Leaders of the *Saxons*, and afterwards conquering *Kent*, became Kings, that is, made themselves so, of which by and by.

(c) *Woden* was sam'd to be the first Great Leader of the *Goths* into *Europe*, and all their Kings affected to be thought of his Blood, tho', if they had, his Original then remains to be inquir'd into, and leaves all as dark as before : He could not be a Patriarchal Prince, over such a Multitude of People as swarm'd thither.

Mr. *Tyrrel* tells us out of *Bede*, *Eccles. Hist. Lib. 5. Cap. 12.* the *Saxon* Kings were no other than their Generals in War, *Tyrrel's Introduction* 1 Vol. Fol. 38.

(d) *Julius Cesar*, properly a *Lombardy*, as *Lombardy* was afterwards extended over *Italy*.

An (a) Host of Monarchs fall an easie Prey,
And all their Jus Divinums Roman Lords obey :
The Roman Legions pull'd the Sacred down,
And Rolls of Kingdoms form'd th' Imperial Crown.
(b) Caesar in Triumph o'er their Kings presides,
And Right of Conquest, half the World divides.

But as the Sword unjustly cut his Way,
He lost by Night, what he obtain'd by Day :
In Seas of Blood, he drencht the Sword of War,
And brought (c) Tyrannick Government from far ;
Oppressions, Violence, and Conquest came,
On Wings of Fate, to raise the Roman Name :
And yet, for Freedom struggl'd very hard,
And Nature's Love to Liberty appear'd :
The Invaders bought their Right of Conquest dear,
And Legions of their Roman Bones lie here.

When these their Weeks of Slaughter had fulfill'd,
And Seas of Brittish Blood, flow'd down the Brittish
(Field :
Shoals of Barbarian (d) Goths, worse Thieves than they,
From Caledonian Friths, and frozen Tay,
O'erspread the Fruitful, now abandon'd, Plains,
And led the captiv'd Victims in their Chains :
The weak'ned Natives, helpless and distress'd,
Doom'd to be plund'red, ravish't, and oppress'd.
One Devil by another to expel,
And tir'd with Cries to Heaven, (e) apply to Hell :

R

Employ

(a) 360 Kings of the Gauls, Britains, and Belga, are said to be slain by the Romans.

(b) Caesar triumph'd Five several Times for Britain, Belge, and Gaul.

(c) The Romans was an Absolute and Tyrannick Government, from after the Time of Julius Caesar, and tho' by their Virtue and Valour they civiliz'd the Nations they conquer'd, yet they rul'd them by the Sword, standing Armies, and planted Colonies, and this occasion'd their Empire always to cease, where they were oblig'd to withdraw their Forces, and the People presently reassum'd their Liberty.

(d) The Picts are agreed to be of Gothish Original, and suppos'd to be Inhabitants of the Northern Islands.

(e) Seek to the Saxons to repel the Invading Scots and Picts.

Superos acheronta Movebo.

Employ new Thieves from the rude *Northern Coast*,
To rob them of that Little *they had not lost* :

And *now* to their Deliverers *they Pray*,
For these demand *their* (a) *Liberty for Pay* :
From Robbers *sav'd*, and from Oppression *free*,
They *sold Themselves*, to buy their *Liberty*.
The Work once done, the Workmen, to be paid,
Only demand *Themselves*, and *All they had*.
Cowards, to shun their Fate, betray'd by Fear,
Rush on worse Harms, than those they wou'd beware.
Bold in Destruction, they resign their Breath,
And to shut out their Danger, *let in Death*.

Long they with those Oppressions *strove* in vain,
And long they fought, *their Freedoms* to maintain.
For (b) *Seven and Thirty Ages* they endure,
The Pain of (c) *Corrosives* they took to cure.

The

(a) The *Saxon*, who at first came over as hired Soldiers, impos'd upon *Vortiger*, King of the *Britains*, and every Day demanded New Conditions, till at last the *Britains*, tir'd with their Encroachments, refused them, and then all fell into Blood and Confusion; the *Saxons* turning their Arms upon their Masters that had hir'd them; ravag'd the Country from the *East Sea* to the *West*; and the poor *Britains*, frightened and surpriz'd, were driven to all manner of Distresses.

(b) *Vortiger*, a Vicious and Effeminate Prince, was deposed by the *Britains*, and his Son *Vortimer* set up, who fought with the *Saxons*, and pursued them with so much Vigour, that he slew *Horsa*, as some Histories relate, and forced *Hengist*, and his *Saxons*, to take Shipping, and be gone : He fought 12 Battles, always Conqueror, for now the *Britains* recover'd themselves a little.

But the *Saxons* returning afterward, maintain'd dreadful War with the *Britains*, Murder'd 360, some say 470 of the *British Nobility* at once by Treachery, inviting *Vortiger* to a Feast, and the *Saxons* coming privately arm'd, took him Prisoner.

Aurelius Ambrosius was then chosen Leader of the *Britains*, and fought with the *Saxons*, with great Advantage, and for 12 Years together, kept them in continual Alarms, and very low, though they recruited with fresh Troops from *Frisland*, always recovered themselves, which the poor *Britains* could not do.

(c) *Corrosives*, meaning the sharp Remedy of this *Saxon Alliance*, which the *Britains* unhappily took to cure them of the *irritating Pills*.

The Saxons call'd, the Northern Crouds i' expel,
By Force, in all the rescu'd Kingdoms dwell :
The Nations *they deliver'd* they pull'd down,
And take their Friends Possessions *for their own* :
No Bounds prescribe to the Rewards they crave,
But to *subdue* the Land they came to *save*.

Long had the injur'd Britains strove in vain,
Their just Inheritances to maintain ;
Surpriz'd with Traytors *hired to defend*,
They quit *the Foe*, to struggle *with the Friend* :
Opprest with Numbers, long with Fury fought,
And found *the Graves of Honour* which they fought.
No tame Subjection did their Kingdoms yield,
But bolding *courted Freedom* in the Field :
No abdicating Race among them known,
The *bravely fought*, and *bravely lost* the Crown.

Nor shall our Verse omit *Great Arthur's Praise*,
Whose Deeds eternal Triumphs to *Britannia* raise ;
Whose mighty Fame, in *dying Freedom's Cause*,
Commands, to endless Ages, vast Applause.

Heroes grow Famous when *with Lawrels crown'd*,
And Victory makes Men of Fame renown'd :
Thee (a) *Arthur truly*, tho' *unhappy*, Great,
Struggl'd with mighty Men, and *mightier Fate* :
Unconquer'd always, tho' as *oft subdu'd* ;
Bow'd to (b) *meer Providence* and Multitude :
Legions of *British* Heroes joyn his Fame,
That liv'd, and lov'd, and fought, and *died with him*.

With Valour, *since unknown*, the Shock withstood,
And made them buy the Kingdoms with their Blood :
R 2 Nor

(a) 'Tis not material whether *Arthur* was King of *Cornwal* only, as some will have it, or only General under *Ambrosius*, as others ; but that he fought 12 great Battles with the Saxons, all agree, and was a most Gallant and Heroick Prince.

(b) He was merely overpower'd by Multitude, and the constant Recruits of the *Saxons*.

Nor did One (a) Day their certain Fate decide,
 Britannia's Fate was not so cheaply try'd :
 Her Genuin Sons, with vast unwearied Pains,
 Despise the Danger, as they scorn'd the Chains :
 Contemn the threat'ning Bondage of their Land,
 To the last Drop, their growing Foes withstand.

Tho' weak in Force, they ne'er refuse the Field,
 Knew how to die, but never how to yield :
 Their conquer'd Blood, the Saxon Chariots stains,
 And Heaps of Free-born Heroes (b) now adorn the
 (Plains.

Yet like *Anteus*, every Time they fell,
 Their Veins with Rage and Indignation swell.
 The conquering Foes, found them inspir'd the more,
 And less inclin'd to Slavery than before ;
 With eager Fury, forwarder to fight,
 And ready to defend their (c) dear declining Right.

Not for continued Losses they despair,
 But for continued Battles they prepare,
 And clashing Targets beat the yielding Air.
 Undaunted at the certain Fate they saw,
 And scorning to accept the Victor's Law :
 As freely fought, when they were (d) sure to die,
 As if they strove for Death, and not for Victory.

Nor

(a) Great Men in the World, raise their Fame by Conquests and Victories, but *Arthur* grew Great and Famous, though declining, by the vast and wonderful Efforts he made for his Country's Liberty, which was plainly expiring.

(b) The round Hillicks, still remaining in most Parts of England; Four of them, near *Stevenage*, in *Hertfordshire*, together, close by the Road, are very large; *New-Market-Downs*, and the Plains in *Wilts* and *Dorsetshire*, are full of them, and all Historians agree, were the Graves of the Soldiers.

(c) The Britains fought to the last Gasp, for their Liberty and Country, and are very remarkable for their Bravery, under all the Discouragements of Loss, and a declining Fortune.

(d) An Eminent Instance of wonderful Courage, and a just Panegyrick on true Valour.

Nor would *surviving Troops* their Courage lose,
 The Combat, tho' unequal *ne'er refuse* :
 Never the Hopes of Victory give o'er,
 Or cease to fight, for being *beat before*.
 Victorious Liberty, its Ground maintain'd,
 And in its Death, a certain *Conquest gain'd* ;
 The firm Possessions of the Land *they held*,
 And laid their Bones in the *triumphing Field*.

Till Fate thought fit t'abate the Streams of Blood ;
 Because the Fountain (a) ceas'd from whence they
 (flow'd.

The *Brittish* Liberty could find no End,
 Till there were no more *Britains* to defend :
 By Force, and the unequal Sword destroy'd,
 They left the *unpeopled plunder'd Country* void.

The poor *Remains* with Liberty inspir'd,
 To (b) *Western Mountains*, to resist retir'd :
 Their dear abandon'd Country thence they view,
 And thence their *Thirst of Liberty* (c) renew :
 Offers of *peaceful Bondage* they despise,
 The Quiet for the Slavery they deny ;
 For what's our Peace, without our Liberty ?

R 3

In

(a) The *Britains* might well be said to be conquer'd, for they were in a manner quite destroy'd : They fought as long as there were any Men to be rais'd ; but the *Saxons* swarming continually over from vastly populous Countries, the *Britains*, who had been weaken'd by former Wars, by a great Plague, and by innumerable Battles, were really not conquer'd, but quite destroy'd, a Few excepted.

(b) The Few that remain'd, took Sanctuary in the *Western Mountains of Wales*.

(c) Even when retir'd to those Craggs and Cliffs, poor and distressed, they ceas'd not from thence to make constant Inroads and Excursions upon the *Saxons* ; and the *Saxon Annals* are full of the Accounts of it ; nay, even our *English Histories* find frequent mention of the *Welch* disturbing the Inhabitants, till, at last, invited to *England*, they seem to be restor'd and incorporated again with the People.

In vile Subjection, *all Men may have Peace* ;
 So *France* enjoys its fill of Happiness :
 Tyrants demand no more, no more can have,
 Than make the Subject easie, and a Slave.

But *British Blood* despis'd the *Saxon Chains*,
 And chose to Dye *Britannia's fruitful Plains* ;
 From whence the vig'rous Streams that still arise,
 Make all her Sons, the Name of Slave despise.

Peace they with Property had sought before,
 Without it, 'tis but Bondage guilded o'er ;
 'Twas this, thro' Fields of Slaughter, long they
 (sought,

(a) One hundred sixty three pitch Battles fought ;
 For this they struggl'd long, in vain they try'd
 To live with Freedom, but with Freedom dy'd.
 Vast Streams of Royal and unconquer'd Blood,
 For Right and Liberty were well bestow'd ;
 But Peace without that Liberty they scorn'd,
 And Wounds for proffer'd Bondage they return'd.

Three hundred Years of Bloody Contest past,
 The Fatal Die on Britain's Side was cast ;
 Be riss'd first, and dispossess'd at (b) last. }
 The conquer'd Nation fell a dear bought Prey,
 And Britain's Island, Saxon Lords obey :
 A Heptarchy of Monarchs rule the Land,
 And over what they conquer'd claim command:

Cap-

(a) Some have reckon'd up a great many more, but these are enough to signify a prodigious Struggle was made by the Britains, for their dying Liberty.

(b) At last the Britains wholly subdu'd and destroy'd, retiring to the Mountains of Wales and Cornwall, and some other Sea, into Armorica, now Britany, the Saxons remain'd Masters of the Country.

The Saxons erected separate Kingdoms of their own ; each Prince, or Captain, rather setting himself up as King, of such Part as he had reduced by Conquest to himself ; and thus they erected seven Kingdoms in England.

Captains without Commissions they began,
Blood gave the Title, Vict'ry form'd the Man :
 The now victorious Legions fixt the Choice,
And consecrated Kings by Humane Voice :
 He that most Mischief did, had most Renown,
And so the boldest Thief obtain'd the Crown.

Heaven had no other Hand in this Affair,
 Than to permit it, as he did the War ;
 And so we may the Hand of Heaven apply,
 To all the blackest Parts of Villany :
Murthers and Rapes, in this abstracted Sense,
Are all the stated Works of Providence.

The shouting Troops their Vict'ries now proclaim,
 And load their Chiefs with Royalty and Fame :
 The (a) Garland of their Triumphs was their Crown,
Mob set them up, and Rabble pull'd them down :
 Fighting was all the Merit Man could bring,
The bloodiest Wretch appear'd the bravest King.
 To Arts of Rule they did not much pretend,
He best could rule them, could them best defend :
 Nor did his Kingship any longer last,
 Than till by some more powerful *Rogue displac't :*
 Conduct of Courts, and King-Craft was unknown,
The Sword and Scepter then was all but One.

And thus began the Royal Saxon Line,
 In Robbery and Blood they fixt the Right Divine ;
 The Sword possess the banish'd Britain's Right,
 That Sword that vanquish'd Innocence in Fight :
Ingratitude and Theft the Crown obtain'd,
Murdered the Owners, and possess their Land ;
R 4
Rifled

(d) Flusht with Conquest, they had their petty Triumphs, and crown'd their Leaders with Garlands of Victory, and when afterward they possess the Country, 'twas yet a long Time before they mad- them Kings; and *Cerdic*, Leader, and first Invader of the West, was 24 Year possess of the Country, before he call'd himself a King. [Tyrrel's Gen. Hist. of Eng. Fol. 156.]

*Rifled the Masters they came here to guard,
And took their Lives and Fortunes for Reward:
At Pleasure fubdivide the Brittish Crown,
And Form Eight Soldiers Kingdoms out of One.*

*These are the worthy Ancestors we own,
And by their Names we (a) covet to be known;
Nor Names alone by long Descent retain'd,
The Race and Manners with the Right remain'd;
Pride and Ingratitude, by Birth and Blood,
In us, their motly Offspring's, understood;
Peculiar to our Persons, and our Clime,
Like them we're fierce, and greedy of the Prey,
And apter to rebel, than to obey:
Like them, we're forward to assist our Friends,
But keep a due respect to private Ends;
And if we chance our Neighbour's Rights to save,
We'll ne'er be paid with less than all they have.*

*Our Ancestors obtain'd the Kingdom thus,
And left the ill-got Recompence to us:
The very Lands we all along enjoy'd;
They ravish'd from the People they destroy'd:
We are the blest Posterity of those,
Who robb'd their Friends, for beating first their Foes;
The happy Children, by the (b) Proverb blest,
That all our Fathers ill-got Wealth posselt;
By True Descent, and old inherent Merit;
The Curse and Treasure should alike inherit:
From them our large Possessions we enjoy;
In them the inn'cent Owners we destroy;
Their native Off-spring, Heirs by Right and Law,
We still keep out, keep under, and in awe.*

Thus

(a) We are very fond of some Families, because they can be trac'd beyond the Conquest, whereas, indeed, the farther back the worse, as being the nearer ally'd to a Race of Robbers and Thieves, that with monstrous Ingratitude treated their innocent Masters ill.

(b) An old English Proverb, which says, *Happy is the Son whose Father is gone to the Devil.*

Thus all our Fathers Villanies we Crown,
Approve their (a) Crimes, and make them *all our*
(own).

From these we strive to date our *Royal Line*,
And these must help us to a *Right Divine* :
Religion's brought, to fix the fancy'd Right,
From Actions buried in eternal Night ;
Actions we ought to blush for, when they're nam'd,
By Blood, by Rapes, and Robberies proclaim'd ;
Religion's always on the strongest Side ;
When Monarchs go on foot, the Priests will ride.

If, for Religion shou'd be just, they'd go,
Back to first Time, and *Saxon Kingdoms* show ;
They'll find them built on *Violence and Blood*,
And on the same Foundations *always stood*,
Upheld by *Rapine, Wrong, and Lust of Power*,
The stronger does the weaker Right devour,
And all the long Pretences of *Descent*,
Are *Shams of Right* to prop up Government :
'Tis all Invasion, Usurpation all,
The strongest Powers get up, *the weakest fall* :
The mighty Politicks of Men in Power,
Always thought fit *the weakest to devour* ;
Oppression sanctify'd by Power, and Time
He varnish'd o'er *the Vile*, with *the Sublime* ;
As if the Length of Time th' Oppression clears,
And ancient Villany's refin'd by Years.

IF

(a) If it was a Crime in the Saxons, to rob the *Britains* of their Lands and Estates, what shall we say of our Title to the Possession of this Nation; and what Title, by Divine Right, can any body plead for, unless they will entitle Heaven to a Justification of the Crime, because it was committed a long time ago.

It would be therefore a poor Plea, for us to insist upon a Prescription of Ages in Possession, if the *Britains* were wrongfully dispossessed, as long as the Possession remain, the Violence is continued, unless you come to bring the *Britains* remaining, giving their Consents, quitting the Title, and yielding the Possession by Treaty.

If long Possession certain Right intails,
Go search the wilder *Mountaineers of Wales* ;
Their's the bold Off-spring of that vig'rous Race ;
Theirs was the Crown, and we usurt the Place :
No Forfeiture, *no Abdication* made,
At first insulted, and at last betray'd.

If Sacred Civil Right must be maintain'd,
Theirs was the Government, for *theirs* the Land.
No Grant, (a) *conceded Right*, or Crown convey,
They *ne'er were conquer'd*, for they ne'er obey'd :
Contending Nations can't be said to quit,
They're *never conquer'd* if they don't submit :
The *Britains*, to (b) the last, their Claim pursu'd,
And *ne'er were Subjects*, tho' they were subdu'd :
Their dear-bought Freedom to the last maintain'd,
Tho' little *but their Liberty* remain'd :
And if the Sacred Sanction of a Crown,
Was ever theirs, *it still must be their own*.

But *Conquest* now the *Brittish* Throne laid waste,
And *new usurping Kings* succeed the past :
Continu'd Violence they handed down,
The Thirst of Blood *continued with the Crown* :
Resolv'd to Govern all they could subdue,
And on the conquer'd Kingdoms *build a new* :
Their

(a) There can no lawful Concession from the *Britains* be plead-
ed to us, or our Ancestors ; neither had they forfeited by any
Misdemeanor, or Breach of Articles, for they perform'd all the
stipulated Conditions with the *Saxon* Commanders, *Hengist* and
Horsa, and these incroach'd upon them by most exhorbitant and
unreasonable Demands of Corn and Provisions, and Extent of Coun-
try also.

(b) Nor did the *Britains* abdicate or desert the Country, and so
leave it free for the next Comer, but defended it to the last Gasps ;
they were subdued, but never conquer'd ; they always insisted
upon their Right, and stood to the defence of it to the last Ex-
tremity.

Their (a) *Generals crown'd*, are Kings in our Record,
And hew'd out Titles by the raging Sword.

But as the Work was first in *Hell* contriv'd,
Like Works that Heaven disowns, it scarce out-liv'd
The hated Birth: The wild Abortive dy'd,
And Justice all the Power of Men defy'd:
The Kingdoms which by Force were thus begun,
Submit to Fate, and are by Force undone:
The short-liv'd (b) Monarch, short-liv'd Peace
(enjoy'd,
And what the Sword had rais'd, the Sword destroy'd:
Usurpt Dominion for themselves they built,
Floating upon the Seas of Blood they spilt.

But when the banish'd Britains were subdu'd,
Like Beasts, they one another then pursu'd;
Ambition, Pride, and Lust of Rule prevail'd,
Force (c) set them up, and Force their Fate intail'd.
For Crime has always this Felicity,
Its Nature is, to make Men disagree:
And Violence and Pride are understood,
They all commence in Strife, and end in Blood.

The

(a) 'Tis allowed by all, that the Generals of the Saxons were crown'd their Kings here, such was *Cerdic* and *Cynric*, who form'd the West-Saxon Kingdom, and possess it 24 Years before they took upon him to be call'd Kings: such were *Aella* and *Cissa* Kings of the South-Saxons; *Ica*, King of Northumbria, with *Otha* and *Ebusta*, Brethren of *Hengist*, who settled the Saxon Arms in Northumbria, long before *Usta*, King of the East-Angles and the like.

(b) The whole Dominion of the Saxons being founded upon Usurpation, Robbery and Blood, could no longer continue, than while no superior Usurpation could dissolve it.

(c) Devouring the Right of another was the Original of their falling on the Britains, and the same eager Principle push'd their Posterity upon civil Broils to devour any Body that was next them, and rather destroy their Neighbours, tho' of their own Nation and Blood, than not enlarge their Dominion, and ravish their Possessions.

The form'd Division now appear'd in vain,
 Now they fall out, *for want of* (a) Room to Reign:
 The First Invasion was *the Breach of Trust*;
 This *as unnatural*, as that *unjust*:
 The *Brittish* Blood reproach'd their perjurd Vow;
Wealth made them fight before, *Dominion* now:
 Greedy their Masters Fortunes to divide;
 Before 'twas *Covetousness*, and now 'tis *Pride*;
 Yet something more may for *the First* be said,
 For now they fight *for Rule*, before *for Bread*:
 Envy debauch'd the sub-divided Crown,
 And what the Sword *set up*, the Sword *pull'd down*:
 Perpetual Wars *the petty Kings* maintain,
 And strive for *envied Monarchies* in vain;
 (b) *Blood touches Blood*, and Nature can't restrain. }

Resolv'd to fix the long disputed Crown,
 Each Man designs to have it *all his own*.
 Ambition freely lets weak Title fall,
 And *all MEN* boldly to fight to have it all: (a)

(a) The *English-Saxons*, having, after their Conquest of so great a Part of *Britain*, and the expulsion of the Natives into *Wales*, *Cornwal*, &c. erected 7, and if we reckon *Deira* and *Bernicia* distinct, 8 different Kingdoms, in this Part of our Island, that naturally follow'd, which always attends a warlike People, canon'd out into many small independent Principalities, viz. constant Disputes about the Bounds and Borders of their respective Dominions, or Strife for Mastery, who should be Chief over the rest, and domineer and reign over his Neighbours. From hence, besides divers other accidental Occasions of Quarrel, sprung Civil Wars, incident to neighbour Nations, no ways divided, but by Rivers, Brooks, or other less certain Boundaries; which Wars never ceas'd, till what had been begun by *Egbert's* Predecessors, was finish'd by himself, and his Successors, who at length united all these 8 Kingdoms into One. [*Tyrrel's Gen. Hist. of Eng. Vol. 1. Lib. 5. Fol. 245.*]

(b) Relations butchering one another, is always the constant Effect of Intestine War, and it could not be otherwise here, the Wars being in the very Bowels of the Country, and in so many several Places at the same Time.

(a) Ages of Blood, th' intestine Brangles last,
And on each other's Head revenge the Treacheries

(past :
Thus they the *injur'd Britains Ghosts* appease ;
Those fell by Foreign War, by Civil *these*.

Conquest, at last, gave all the Nation rest ;
When (b) *One Great Thief*, his Fellows dispossess,
The (c) *Eight usurpt Dominions* stoop to One,
For *Villains* often end as they begun :
They who the barb'rous Conquest first pursu'd,
And *Britains* rightful Lords by Force subdu'd ;
Who robb'd their Masters of their *native Right*,
To *Robbery and Conquest* now submit:
The *Western Angels* triumph in their Blood,
And *Britain's silver Streams* flow in a *crimson Flood*:
Slaughter and Tyranny dethrone their Power,
And Men o' th' Sword, the Men o' th' Sword devour.
Rapine and Murther first proclaim'd their King,
Rapine and Murther their destruction bring.

Nor was this less of Tyranny and Lust,
Tho' Heaven directs, the Actors are unjust,

For

(a) The Civil Broils of the *Saxon Kings* lasted a great many Ages, for as they began to invade the *Britains* in the Year 457, when *Hengist* first landed in *Kent*, from thence to the Year 800, the *Britains* continued to make a vigorous and desperate Defence; besides continued Wars for many Ages after that Time, when *Egbert* is taken to be King of the whole *English Nation*; during the last 240 Years of this Time the *Saxons* were at continual Wars with one another; nor did the planting of the Christian Religion among them lessen, but rather increase their Quarrels; the *Pagans* opposing it in some Places with extraordinary Fury.

(b) *Egbert*, King of the *West-Saxons*, conquer'd, and entirely possess'd all the Kingdoms South by *Trent*, and wasting *Northumberland*, then under its proper Kings, they submitted, and became tributary, so that he effectually master'd all the rest, tho' he was not so absolutely King, as *Edgar*, his Successor, prov'd afterward.

(c) There are said to be but Seven Kingdoms, but *Deira* and *Bernicia* being reckon'd distinct, as they really were, there were Eight Kingdoms.

For tho' the Vengeance has *its righteous End*,
 Yet he that executes it, may offend :
 And Heaven thinks fit his Justice to exalt,
 To mingle sometimes *Punishment* and *Fault* :
Crimes punish Crimes, and they that first offend,
 In *other Mens* Offences meet their End :
 Actions of Men, *whate'er they mean*, obey
 The Sovereign Dictates of the Heavenly Eye.
 He that in *Mischief* feeds his viler Gust,
 Th' *Heaven's Design's* fulfill'd, the Man's unjust :
 So Tyrants often Tyrants may suppress ;
 Justice triumphs, *(a) but still the Crime's no less* ;
 Since to do well with an unjust Design,
 The Malice turns the grave Attempt to Sin.

When *Saxon Kings*, with *Saxon Kings* contend,
 They had *the Crime in view*, Heaven had a juster End :
 They for *Ambition, Lust and Power* invade,
 And one another, as of old, betray'd :
 But Righteous Providence directs the Fight,
 To do the *injur'd Memory* of Britain Right.

Thus from the *Jus Divinum* of the Sword,
 The *English Crown* obey'd an *English Lord* :
 The *mighty Egbert*, strong in Arms and Law,
 The suppliant Kings in humble Posture saw,
 And all their Crowns and Scepters kept in awe.

Egbert's the farthest back our Thoughts can go ;
 No matter whether he's Divine or no :
 Royal in Power, *whate'er* he was by Line,
 And no Man then disputes the *Right Divine*.
 Grant his inherent Claim, allow the Jest,
 Pass the *Ænigma*, and suppose the rest.

He

(a) The Saxons invading one another, might have as much of Injustice and Rapine in it, as their first invading the Britains, tho' not so plainly chargeable with Treachery, and Breach of Faith, and thus God was pleas'd to punish Injury with Injury, and makes good that Commination in the Scripture, that they that smite with the Sword, shall be smitten with the Sword.

He was the First reduc'd the *English* Throne,
And pick'd up all the Fragments of the Crown,
Only, *because he had it*, call'd his own.
A Rapsody of Kings, *like him Divine*,
As void of Right, as Right is void of Line,
Succeed the *King-subduing Wretch*, of Course,
By Blood, by Fraud, or by a Way that's worse,
Till mighty *Edgar* fixt the lasting Race,
And *short-liv'd Lines* the Sacred Right deface.

Edgar the weak descended Right convey'd
And every Rake that ruled, the Crow'd obey'd;
Possession always past for Right, and he
That had most Power, had most Divinity:
Progressive Crimes the Sacred Banier Clouds,
And Force takes Homage from the yielding Crouds;
Regardless of the Race, the Sovereign Cheat,
Backt with the Sword usurps, and Crowns to Power
(submit :

For (a) *Edgar* was his Father's younger Son,
And crown'd his Elder Brother humbly looking on;
The passive primogenial Thing submits,
And Right Divine, at Power's Footstool fits.

The Saxon Sword, the Saxon Monarchs slew;
England forgets the Old, and crown'd the new:
Fate jumbled Right among the Crowds of Power,
Just so the Britains felt their Force before:
Why was it he the English Crown posselt,
Because his conqu'ring Power subdu'd the rest:
And had the weakest of those Kings rebell'd,
And *Egbert's* growing Vilt'ries but repell'd;
The meanest Slave, in right of Victory,
Had been as Sacred Lawful King as he:
The strongest King, the Weaker's Crown posselt,
Conquest was always Law, Descent's a Jest.

JURE

(a) *Edgar* was made King by the People, upon deposing his elder Brother *Edwi*, for Mismanagement of his Affairs, and a dissolute Life, so that *Edgar* had no Right by Descent, till after the Death of his Brother; yet he is applauded by our Historians, for a most pious religious Prince, which some say was done by the Monks, who were the Historians of those Days, and, principally, because he was very bountiful to them, and to the Church.

JURE DIVINO.

A

SATYR.

BOOK X.

SATYR the Saxon Tyranny display,
A meer Original of Monarchy ;
 Their Governments indeed submit to Laws,
 Order's the Effect, as *Nature is the Cause :*
 Something may *in Possession* seem Divine,
 But *all's Confusion* in the Embarrass-Line :
 The Claim of Blood and Family's laid by,
 And *all's* resolv'd to Force and Victory :
 Succession's due to Power, by Power procur'd,
 The Right's engrav'd on the triumphant Sword.

He that through Seas of Rivals Ploughs his Way,
 And makes the conquer'd Multitude obey :
 That stamps his Terrors on the impregnate Mind,
 And all the Black Impression leaves behind ;

The

The Rocks of strong Ambition can cut down,
 And force his envied Progress to the Crown:
That's the Divine, the High Illustrious, Thing,
That joyns the Sacred to this Name of King.

Thus Egbert English Monarchy began,
 By his (a) *Almighty-Sword* the *Sacred Man*;
 And who was Egbert? search the *mighty Breed*;
 What *Sacred Ancestors* did he succeed:
 What mighty Princes form'd his *Sacred Line*;
 And handed down to him *the Right Divine*:
 (b) *A Saxon Soldier* was his High Descent,
Murder his Business, Plunder his Intent;
 The *poor unvalued, despicable Thing*,
A Thief by Nation, and by Fate a King;
A High-Dutch Trooper, sent abroad to Fight,
Whose Trade was Blood, and in his Arm his Right:
 A supernumerary (c) *Holsteineer*,
 For want of (d) *Room at Home*, sent out to War;
 A meer *Swiss* (e) *Mercenary*, who for Bread,
 Was born on purpose to be *knockt o'th' Head*.

S

Their

(a) *Almighty* is here to be understood, the Power he had to subdue all this Nation, too mighty for all join'd together: And 'tis hop'd the Reader cannot think it prophanelly intended.

(b) Egbert came over personally from *France*, and was not the Successor of any Prince in possession of the *West Saxon Kingdom*, nor of Kin to King *Brithric*, whom he succeeded; Mr. *Tyrel* indeed calls him a Cousin very remote, but I cannot find any Ground for it, or any Lineal Descent noted down, save in another, that he was the Son of *Ælmond*, King of *Kent*; if so, he is descended from *Hengist*, who was the most faithless Beginner of all the Treachery used to the *Britains*, as is before noted.

(c) I think 'tis generally agreed, that the first and greatest Part of the *Saxons* that came over hither, came from *Frisland*, *Holstein*, and those Countries upon the *Elbe*, and *Wefer*, now dartyly included in *Westphalia*, and therefore not improperly call'd a *Holsteineer*.

(d) The poor Countries the *Saxons* liv'd in, being not able to support the vast Numbers of the People they produc'd, forc'd them abroad to seek Subsistence, and Habitations, in more fruitful and plentiful Countries.

(e) A *Swiss-Mercenary*, alludes not to their Nation, for they were not *Swisses*, but as they were *Mercenaries* and *Auxiliaries* hired by the poor *Britains*, to defend them against the Cruel Depredations of the *Scots*, *Pills*, and barbarous Nations of the *North*.

Their Country seem'd to multiply in vain,
 Produc'd more People than it could maintain:
 And forc'd the growing Multitude abroad,
 As Bees send out the Swarm to seek for Food,
 To live by Devastation, Theft and Blood.

Among this wild *exotick Race* was found,
 A (a) *fighting Wretch*, by Brother (b) *Vagrants* crown'd,
 A glorious Vagabond, whom Heaven had stor'd,
 With Front as harden'd as his temper'd Sword;
 Fitted for Blood and Cruelty (c) by Race,
 A Tyrant both by Family and Face;
 His Ancestors his Glory much inance,
 A Traytor by direct Inheritance:
Magnipotent in Arms, in Right too weak,
 His Sword was all the Claim he had, *could speak*:
 Crown'd with the Marks of Perjury and Blood,
 Crown'd with the Trophies of (d) *Ingratitude*:
 A Crime, which to this Day, infects the Place,
 The General Stigma of the Motly Race.

See the *Divine Original* of Kings,
 And see how Time makes Sport with *Temporal Things*:
 To Day the Monarch glories in his Crown,
 To Morrow Thieves and Mob possess his Throne,
 And call his fancied Right Divine THEIR OWN.

In

(a) *Hengist*, the first Leader, who was only their Captain, or General at first, but when their Conspiracy was compleated, and the *Britains* beaten out of their Country, they shar'd it among them, and he became their King, which indeed, as Mr. *Tyrrel* notes, in those Days, signified little more than Captain or Leader.

(b) *Brother Vagrants*, the inferior Officers and Leaders, who conspired with *Hengist*, against their Masters the *Britains*, might well be called rather *Brother Villains*, for, without doubt, it was a villainous Thing to fall upon, and dispossess the Inhabitants of the Nation, that had hir'd them to rescue and defend them.

(c) The *Saxons* were then a most bloody, cruel, and barbarous Race, as may be made out by innumerable Examples, particularly their sacrificing their Captives to their Idol *Woden*.

(d) Their *Ingratitude* to the *Britains* was extraordinary, who gave them large Possessions in the most fruitful Province of *Kent*, with great Pay beside, and faithfully perform'd all their Treaties and Conditions with them.

In the next Age *the rightful Lord's* forgot,
 And *rampant Treason* triumphs on the Spot:
Success gives Title, makes Possession just,
 And if the Fates obey, *the Subjects must*;
 For if 'tis *Right and Wrong* that's in debate,
The Welch-Men have the Right, the rest's a Cheat:
 'Tis all by Fraud and Force that we possess,
 And length of Time *can make no Crime the less*.

Where then's the lofty Pedigree of Kings,
 The *longest Sword* the *longest Scepter* brings;
 The Royal Genealogy comes down,
 And from *the Sword* advances to *the Crown*:
 The Right of Conquest's all our *Right Divine*,
 And *while the Line* can keep it, keeps the Line;
 But if a stronger can possess the Place,
 The Right has never fail'd to *change the Race*.

Satyr, the strange Confusions of the Crown
 Omit, till *Edgar* claims it for his own:
 No Line of Kings, no Order, Blood, or Law,
 Can any help to *Jus Divinum* draw:
Death, Force, and intersecting Lines obey,
 The Voice of Fate, and Right of Blood destroy.

Then *Edgar* rul'd, let's view his *Jest of Right*,
 It hardly liv'd a Day beyond his Night:
 He gain'd the just Assistance of the Laws,
 Crown'd by the Nation's (a) Suffrage and Applause;
 S 2 To

(a) Roger Hoveden tells us, he was *elected* King by the whole English Nation; and the Saxon Annals observe, as Mr. Tyrrel notes, in his Days, all things succeeded prosperously, God giving him Peace as long as he liv'd, because he consulted the Good and Peace of his People; and therefore he had greater Honour in all Nations round him, as well as in his own, and by a peculiar Blessing from Above, he was so assisted, that Kings submitted themselves to him every where, without fighting.

Also the Manuscript Author of the Life of St. Dunstan, relates he was elected by the Clergy, as well as Laity, over both Kingdoms;
 [Tyrrel's Gen. Hist. of Eng. Vol. I, Lib. 6. Fol. 1, 2.]

To him th' electing Justice gave the Crown,
 And willing People consecrate his Throne ;
 And yet his short-liv'd Race possess no more,
 Nor could his Sacred Right convey his Power :
 The ill establish'd Force *cou'd ne'er remain*,
The Principal being naught where it began :
Murder dissolv'd the Line. what Right can stand,
 Where Men by Force obey, by Force command ;
 For as by Blood, the little Right he had,
 Entail'd the Crown on Sacred (a) Edward's Head ;
 The Knife instead of Diadem he found,
 And (b) Ælfreid cut his (c) Throat before he could be
 (crown'd.

Then Ethelred set up to heal the Line,
 And on this (d) Murder grounds his Right Divine ;
 And His Divine Succession to secure,
Legitimizes the Off-spring of his Whore ;
 Was ever Race so sanctify'd before !
 (e) Edmund the Bastard snatcht the hasty Crown,
 With Haste set up, and was in Haste pull'd down :
 The Hand of (f) Blood usurpt Dominion flew,
 And Murder thus by Murder they pursue.

Edward

(a) He was stil'd Edward the Martyr, tho' we see no Reason for that, for he was murder'd on a political, not a religious Account.

(b) The Story of the Murder of Edward, surnam'd the Martyr, is variously related by Historians, as to the Person who did it, but all agree, it was done as he made a visit to his Mother in Law, Queen Ælfreda, who would have set up her Son Ethelred in his Stead ; and, that calling at her Door, to visit her, as he was hunting, he was stabb'd in the Reins, with a Knife, or Dagger, at his Mother's Door, as he was drinking.

(c) Cut his Throat is a general Expression here, importing he was murder'd, for his Throat was not cut, but he was stabb'd in the Back, as above.

(d) Ethelred came to the Crown by the Death of Edward the Martyr.

(e) Edmund, surnam'd Ironside, was the Son of Ethelred, but not by his Queen Emma, who was his only Wife, but by a private Woman, Anglice, a Whore, and whose Name is not recorded.

(f) That King Edmund was murder'd, several Authors agree, tho' they differ about the Manner, and Mr. Tyrrel quotes all their Opinions at large, Vol. I. Lib. 6. Fcl. 49.

Edward the Holy then commands this Isle,
 Better deserv'd the Kingdom than the Stile;
His (a) Brother's Blood secur'd his Sacred Reign,
 And Fratricide was a'l his *Right Divine* :
 Murther had now extinguish'd all the Race,
 And *Britain found no Tyrant* for the Place.
 Vast Intersections now beset the Race,
 And daily Usurpations fill the Sacred Place :
 Succession had such very small regard,
 And such vast *Chasms* in the Lines appear'd ;
 'Tis hard to say what Royal Blood remain'd,
 In all the *Saxon Families* that reign'd.

The Mock Succession *Edward* now declares,
 To *Bastard Edmund's* Sons for want of Heirs ;
 The first of these prevented by his End,
 The Crowns to his Posterity descend,
 And spurious Blood, the *English* Throne supplies,
 With long successive Rolls of Tyrannies.

(b) *Edgar* obtains the *honest Name* of Fool,
 And, spight of Blood, was thought unfit to rule ;
 And *Right Divine* was so despis'd a Thing,
 The Crown went out a *begging* for a King.

Ill sped the first unhappy Suit it made,
 To *Bastards*, Men of *Blood* and *Lust* betray'd ;
 Of (b) foreign Breed, of *unrelated Race*,
 Whore in his *Scutcheon*, Tyrant in his Face :
 A *spurious Birth* of intermingl'd Blood ;
 Neither our *Laws* or *Language* understood,
 But foreign to the Nation, and the Line,
 Upon his *Sword* engrav'd the *Right Divine*.

S 3

Of

(a) Not that *Edward* the Confessor murthred his Brother, but he afterwards took Money of Earl *Goodwin*, the Murtherer, to acquit and be reconcil'd to him.

(b) *Edgar Atheling* was reported a Fool, but Mr. *Tyrel* says it was a Wrong done him, only to make the People forget him, for he was the next of Blood to the Crown.

(c) *William the Conqueror*.

Of all the Nations in the World there's none,
Have *less of True Succession* in their Crown.
We should be last of all that should pretend,
The *long Descent of Princes* to defend ;
Since if Hereditary Right's the Claim,
The English Crown has Forty Times been lame :
The Crown was like the People, *always mixt*,
Seldom was well bestow'd, and *never fixt*.

Here, Satyr, Justice calls upon thy Pen,
To paint the *wild* ungovern'd *Lusts of Men* ;
The vast Extent of *Royal Crime* explain,
And let us know what Monster 'tis we mean ;
When to unbounded Power *he aspires*,
Not *Heaven it self* can limit his Desires :
The *Vice* that dictates first to covet Rule,
Teaches all Arts of the infernal School :
The secret *Gust of Power* has such a Force,
He that usurps, *must tyrannize* of Course :
Necessity directs that guilty Men,
Should hold by *Blood*, what they by *Blood* obtain.

The *High Coherence* natural is and just,
That where th' Usurper reigns, *the Tyrant must* ;
He only *justly* holds a Government,
That rules a People by *their own Consent* ;
That draws the *Toke of State with Cords of Law*,
And makes the *Vertuous* keep the *Vile* in Awe ;
By their *own Power* their publick Safety seeks,
And bows himself to all the Laws he makes ;
Content with Power, that Power for *Peace* employs,
And what *he should protect*, he ne'er destroys.

But where's the Man ! Britannia *sighing* shows,
To what *Black Race* her early Fate she owes :
No sooner had she Kingdoms to bestow,
But *Men of Blood* her Liberties o'erthrow ;

The Sons of Violence have *snatch'd her Crowns,*
Murth'red her Patriots, and *usurpt her Thrones:*
Her valiant Sons in slaughter'd Heaps remain,
And *(a) Tombs of Champions* rise in every Plain,
That *strove* with Tyranny, and *dar'd to fight,*
Maintaining *Britain's dear declining Right;*
That to the last invading Force withstood,
And checkt tyrannick Torrents *with their Blood;*
That dar'd, *when they no longer* could withstand,
Die with that Freedom they could not defend:
Opprest with Numbers, Liberty was gone,
And Troops of Tyrants *Britain's Plains* o'er-run:
The constant Force on which their Kingdoms stood,
Stain'd their *usurping Thrones* with Guilt and Blood;
And as with *primo-genial* Right they strove,
They challeng'd *Men below,* and *Heaven above;*
Of both *regardless,* and by *Both* abhorr'd,
Rise by the Dagger, *govern by the Sword:*
By Steps of Blood they raise and fix *their Fame,*
For Tyrants and Usurpers are the same;
Degenerate Blood swells their ambitious Veins,
The Man may rule, but 'tis *the Vice* that Reigns.

Satyr return, search our *intangl'd Line,*
And there pursue thy *very just* Design;
See, how Possession *superfedes the Blood,*
And note, how Right to govern's understood.

Britannia now, with Men of Blood opprest,
And all her Race of Tyrants *lately ceas'd;*
Ill Fate prevailing, seeks at foreign Shores,
And for worse Monsters, ignorantly *importes.*

(a) The Mounts of Earth yet to be seen on *Salisbury Plains,* and over all the open Countries in *England,* which *Cambden* allows to be the *Soldiers Monuments,* for their Fellows slain in Battel.

William the early Summons soon obeys,
 Ambition fills his Sails, his Fleets the Seas;
 With cruel Hopes, and fatal Valour Fed,
 The foreign Legions Britain's Shores o'erspread:
 The Sword decides the English Liberty,
 For which soe'er prevails, the Land's the Prey,
 Fated the conquering Tyrant to obey.

Nor shall our Verse the Norman Name abuse;
 Satyr correct th' exasperated Muse:
 He had the vulgar Title of the Sword;
 The Crown was either's Prize, it had no Lord;
 No Claim of Blood, no Heir the Power possess;
 To plead just Right, and give the Nations rest;
 No rightful Pilot steer'd the Bark of State,
 The floating Engine left to Arms and Fate;
 Tost on the Seas of Discord, Strife and Pride,
 Harold the Trifle (a) ravish'd, not enjoy'd.

Nor did he claim by Sacred Right of (b) Blood,
 His Title on his strong Possession stood,
 And he held that Title 't had been good:
 Both were Invaders, and the Sword they drew,
 No other Right than that of Conquest knew:
 Harold by (c) Usurpation gain'd the Crown,
 And Ditto Usurpation pull'd him down:
 Successive Violence usurpt on Right,
 And passive Justice weeping at the fight,
 Lookt on, to see the Tyrants thus with Tyrants fight.

Here

(a) Harold seiz'd upon the Crown, by the Power of his Troops and Treasures, having also a great Interest among the Nobility and Clergy, and being himself a Man of great Courage and Reputation in Arms, which appear'd to be not without real Merit, as by his Behaviour afterward against the Northern People, and also against Duke William.

(b) Harold had no Claim to the Crown by Blood, or Inheritance, being the Son of Earl Godwin.

(c) They were both Usurpers for the true Right of Descent, at least, before them was Edgar Atheling, of the Race of Edmund Ironside.

Here Heaven determin'd *Old Britannia's Fate*,
 And brooding *Providence* in Council fate :
 And there the Schemes that since we finish'd drew:
 There he made way for that (a) usurping Race,
 That since for Ruin ripen'd us apace,
 But still 'tis plain, from this One fatal Day,
 He firm'd the *Laws of Kings* which Nations since
 (obey;
 And made it just, that when a Tyrant's slain,
 The Right does with the Property remain:
 People may Crown the Man that they approve,
 And what they like Below, is always lik'd Above.

William was (b) yet no Tyrant, had not took
 The solemn Oath, which afterwards he broke ;
 The Viç'try he with his bright Sword obtain'd,
 But still untouch'd the *English* Crown remain'd ;
 For still (c) the *English* Nation kept their own,
 And he laid by the Sword, to ask the Crown ;
 (d) Conven'd the States, kept their due Powers alive,
 And recogniz'd the Right they had to give ;
 Receiv'd the Crown by general (e) fair Assent,
 With *Postulata's* of the Gvernment ;

(a)

(a) The Race of *William the Conqueror*, call'd a usurping Race, not only as he was a Usurper himself, but his Three immediate Successors, *Rufus*, *Henry the Ist*, and *Stephen*, were all Usurpers ; besides several of the subsequent Kings of *England*.

(b) *William the Conqueror*, might be call'd a Usurper, but he was no Tyrant at first, till he had secured the Possession to himself, and intirely subdued all his Enemies, then he began to show himself.

(c) It was a great while after he had made a Conquest, before he accepted the Crown, and when he did, it was at the Request, and by the Election of the People, and on Conditions, which he swore to, of maintaining their Laws and Priviledges.

(d) *William*, then Duke of *Normandy*, after his Victory, marcht up to *London*, and there the Clergy, and Lay-Nobility, offer'd him the Crown, which he could not presently resolve to accept.

(e) At his Coronation, the Arch-Bishop of *York* askt all the People if they did consent he should be made King. [*Tyrrel*, Vol. 2. Lib. 1. Fol. 10.]

(a) Swore to the Laws, with all their Limitations,
 And bound himself in Terms to rule the Nations :
 Thus far his Title's just, *his claim of Gift*,
 From Edward's Oath, in Harold's Grave he left ;
 The general Voice gave him a higher Claim,
 Than Conquest rais'd upon the Voice of Fame.

He saw his early Conquest incomplete,
 And such would be the Title rais'd from it ;
 He saw the Nation *unsubdu'd*, and found,
 His Sword unable to maintain his Ground ;
 But that if he comply'd with *English Laws*,
 He might be King with gen'ral fixt applause :
 The gen'ral Suffrage gently he demands,
 Takes the condit'nal Gift with *high up-lifted Hands*
 To Heaven, and all the Realm (b) devoutly swore,
 To keep the Laws as Sacred *as the Crown he wore*,

If he the High Conditions broke, if he,
 (c) *Forgot the Bounds of Rule and Majesty ;*
If he oppress'd the People, scorn'd the Laws,
And practis'd all the Crimes he shou'd oppose ;
If he the flourishing Nation half destroy'd,
And quencht the raging Fire with his dear Subjects
Blood :

'Twas then he ceas'd to reign, *there fell the Man ;*
There dy'd the King, the Tyrant there began ;
 And from *that Minute* Justice made it clear,
 The Nation might ha' plac'd *another there*.

But

(a) The Oath of William the Conqueror, was not an Oath like a Conqueror, but like a King that was bound to Conditions.

(b) His Oath was, *This Scepter I most thankfully receive, (a plain Acknowledgment, that 'twas the peoples Gift) and with it do most solemnly promise and swear, &c.* [See Secret Hist. P. 7.]

(c) After the Journey he made into the North, to suppress the English Noblemen that revolted there, he began to be a most cruel, bloody, and barbarous Tyrant; and discovered that Cruelty was in his very Nature, which he had carefully conceal'd before, treating the English with great Lenity and Respect.

But Patience then was more *Britannia's* Claim,
 Suppress'd by Suff'rings, Suff'rings made her tame :
 She saw the Tyrant *quit the English Throne*,
 And hop'd for better Usage from his Son ;
 But change of Tyrants gave her small Relief,
 She lost the *Lion*, and receiv'd the (a) Thief,
 Who first his Father's ill-got Treasure (b) seiz'd,
 With which the gaping Clergy he pleas'd ;
 So bought Rebellion by the Cash he stole,
 Debauch'd the Church's Part, and wheel'd in the
 (Whole :

Thus Bribery first with Robbery combin'd,
 To ride before, and Treason rode behind ;
 Ambition, and the Lust of Rule prevail'd,
 And Robert's Right, on William's Head intail'd.

But tell us, Satyr---, tell us what remain'd,
 Tell us how well the (c) Red hair'd Monster reign'd, }
 And rul'd with Vice, what he by Vice obtain'd :
 Rapine and Ruin thro' the Kingdom ran,
 Th' insatiate Wretch plund' red both God and Man :
 Nothing so Sacred, nothing so secure,
 That cou'd the Test of Avarice endure :
 He bought the Kingdom with his plund' red Gold,
 And what by Wholesale bought, by Retail (d) sold ;
 The sacrilegious Prodigy of Crime,
 Made Bribes and Theft the Customs of the Time.

Degenerate Fault, thou worst of Humane Sin,
 Where all the Seeds of Wickedness begin ;

Thou

(a) *Rufus*, a grievous Exacter of Money, by all manner of Ex-tortions, and with an unbounded Avarice.

(b) *William Rufus*, seiz'd his Father's Treasure at Winchester, and with that bribing the Bishop of Canterbury and Winchester, obtain'd the Crown.

(c) He was call'd *Rufus* from his Red Hair.

(d) He sold all the Places and Preferments, both in the Church and State, but particularly in the Church, having the Bishopricks of Canterbury, Winchester, and Salisbury, at once in his Hands, and letting their Revenue out to farm for his own use.

Thou. (a) *Root of Crime*. Bane of a Generous Mind,
To what strange sordid Things dost thou Mankind
(incline ?

Thou robb'st him of the Good he should enjoy,
And dost *the Sweets of that he has*, destroy :
Thou Enemy to Temperance and Rules,
That striv'st to make Men *rather Beasts* than Fools ;
Thou dost all Mediocrity despise,
Thy high Enjoyment all *in Surfeit lies* :
Nature's great *Horse-Leech*, always suckings Blood,
Yet always craving, always starv'd for Food ;
The Language of thy ever craving Tongue,
The Burthen of thy *unharmonious* Song ;
In constant murmuring Sighs thy Off-spring live,
And hoarse with eager Croaking, cry *Give, Give*.

From thy *dark Gulph* come all the worst of
(Crimes ;
Thou fill'st the World with Snare, with Vice the
(Times :
Theft, Murther, Rapine, and unnatural Sin,
In thee the *teeming Mother of Crime*, begin ;
The vast prolifick Off-spring of thy Womb,
Invade the best, and always conquer some :
Thou constant Bar to Humane Happiness,
Which makes Men *want the Things which they*
(possess ;

Dull Sordid Shadow of Felicity,
Too low for Reason, for Delight *too high* ;
Thou *Cheat of Pleasure* ! which does Hope destroy ;
Lets Man *possess*, but lets him *not enjoy* ;
Places his Happiness in *what he wants*,
And all his Generous Principals supplants :
Instigate Vice ! whose uncontracted Eye,
God has not made a World can satisfie ;

And

(a) The Scripture gives it that Term, *Covetousness, the Root of all Evil.*

And had he not with th' Adamantine Gate,
 With Bars of Brass, and the more strong Decrees of
 (Fate

Guarded the High Celestial Throne from thee,
 Not Heaven could fill the Concave of thine Eye;
 Not God himself, would he permit the Gust,
 Could satisfy the cravings of thy Lust;
 Nay, didst thou covet Good, with equal Heat,
 Th' unbounded Wish would still appear so great,
 The Crime would all the Piety defeat;
 In Heaven, if they could cover, 'twou'd Heaven
 (destroy,

By wishing something more than they enjoy;
 For if the Fulness once be incomplete,
 The Happiness wou'd all be short like it;
 Love, Joy, and Glory, constitute the Place,
 Completely fill'd from the Eternal Face,
 The Beatifick Vision must restore,
 'Twou'd not be Heaven, if we could wish for
 (more:

In Temporal Kingdoms it is just the same,
 It makes the Kings a Jest. the Crowns a Name;
 An empty unsupplying Vapour said,
 To load the Heart, and not adorn the Head;
 For if the Satisfaction's once pull'd down,
 Where's then the *Summum Bonum* of a Crown?
 The craving Wretch, while he desires more,
 Is less a Monarch than he was before:
 When Power confederates with Thee, and Kings,
 With whom to Wish and Act are undivided
 (Things;

When these with Vice in Hear, and Sword in
 (Hand,
 Give both a Loose, and Act without Command:
 What strange unusual Havock of Mankind
 Does th' Itch of getting more and more attend:
 Naboth shall for his Vineyard always die,
 And Safety only dwell with Poverty,

Thus

Thus *Rufus* reign'd and with his Peoples Blood,
His Brothers rightful Title he withstood,
 Heapt *Crime on Crime*, and equally oppress'd,
 Those whom *he rul'd*, as those *he dispossest* :
Imperial Avarice in Triumph rode,
 And *ravish'd Nations* groan'd beneath the Load :
 He reign'd with *Violence in either Hand*,
 And *Vice was Great Dictator* in the Land ;
 Unbridl'd Pow'r set all his Lusts on Fire,
 And drew up all the *Flood-Gates* of Desire.

But Thirst of Gold was his *Original Sin*;
 Oppression reign'd without, and Avarice within ;
 Those *empty Trifles* foolish Men miscall,
Justice and *Vertue* long ago let fall ;
 With due Contempt *his wiser Head* laid by,
 And loos'd the easie Reins of Majesty,
 Below the Royal Stile. *below the Man*,
 Below the Brute *he stoopt* to entertain
 The *sordid Tyrant Vice*, the wretched Thing,
 Gave up the Christian, to maintain the King.

Thus *Rufus* reign'd ; thus *English-men* obey'd,
 And *stoopt* to have their Liberties betray'd ;
 Brothers *the Brothers sold*, and Fathers Sons,
 And join the wretched Path the Monarch runs ;
 Till late by sleeping *Justice* overtook,
 Wife *Tyrrel's* (a) *willing Shaft* the Monster struck :
Britannia (b) *wept not* when the Tyrant dy'd,
 And Liberty lay bleeding by his Side.

But

(a) *Tyrrel* shot him willingly, say some, others say he was not there. See *Tyrrel's Hist. of Eng. in the Reign of William II.*

(b) He died unlamented ; was a considerable Time left all alone on the Ground, and at last carried to *Winchester* in a *Cole-Cart*, nobody regarding him, till a few poor *Cole-Carriers* came by and found him.

*But so the Fates, for Punishment ordain'd,
The small Recess the weary Land obtain'd ;
So little Breath to rising Freedom gave,
'Twas hard to know the Subject from the Slave.*

(a) *Beau-Clerk*, that never dreamt of Kingdom yet,
But taught t'usurp, and free to tempt his Fate ;
His injur'd Elder Brother to supplant,
And carry on the Villain with the Saint ;
Seizes the Gaudy Trifle call'd the Crown,
And knew that taking it, 'twould be his own :
Th' unwilling Nation gave their forc'd Assent,
And Title felt the Shock of Government.

Robert remote, but next of Blood, in vain,
To Heaven and Earth endeavours to complain ;
In vain he claims his primo-genial Right ;
In vain they always claim, that cannot fight :
Possession all his injur'd Right defies,
Pull'd off his Crown, and then (b) put out his Eyes.
Will any say, that they did not do well,
Who did for Robert's rightful Claim rebel ?
Yet there they stand, in the unjust Records,
(c) Traytors to England's Laws, and England's Lords :
Usurping Henry's own'd, and Power prevails,
And England's Crown to his Posterity intails ;

But

(a) Henry the First, not expecting a Crown, being the youngest of 3 Brothers, had applied himself to Books and Study, and by his retired Life, and seeming Learning, obtain'd the Sirname of Beau-Clerk.

(b) Mr. Tyrrel indeed denies that Robert's Eyes were put out, but all our former Historians agreeing to relate it, I have taken it not as a History, but as it is useful to express the Injury done him.

(c) The Nobility had a hard Fate, who fighting for the elder Brother, against the younger, were put to Death as Traytors.

But *Fate forbid the Banes*, the Sacred (a) Blast,
 Made *future Injuries* revenge *the past* ;
 His *True Posterity* oppress'd with Power,
 See bold Usurpers all their Right devour.

Stephen succeeds by *Perjury* and *Fraud*,
 And ravishes the *Diadem* from *Maud* ;
 With *Fury* and *Ambition* in his Face ;
 The *Right* was in *his Helmet*, not *his Race* :
 By *Dint* of never failing () *Argument*,
 In spite of *Line*, made smooth the steep *Ascent* ;
 His *brighter Sword*, the *Path* to *Power* made plain
 And made *the Sword* his unjust *Power* maintain }
 Tyrants can have *no other Right* to reign.

In vain *the Empress* her *Succession* sought ;
 In vain her *Right* she claim'd, *until she fought* ;
 Till *Violence* the *Violent* pull'd down,
 Alternate *Victors*, shar'd alternately the *Crown* :
 At last the *Right* which he by *Force* maintain'd,
 By *Compact* he, and just *Concession* gain'd.

The

(b) As at the Death of *Henry the 1st*, the main *Line of Normandy* ended, so the *Succession* has ever since prov'd so brittle, that it never held to the *Third Heir*, in a right *Descent*, without being put by, or receiving some *Alteration* by *Usurpation*, or *Extinction* of the *Male-Blood*. [*Sir Winston Churchill's Divi Britannici*, *Fol.* 207.

(c) The *Sword*.

The Second (a) *Henry* fights, and fighting treats,
 To own that *Princes Title* he defeats;
 Consents to mean *Conclusions* of the War,
 In base *Adoption* stoops to be a *Tyrant's Heir*;
 Accepts the *Ignominious Grant*, and thows,
 His Right's as bad as *Stephen's* that bestows:
 The High-State-Jugglers thus divide the Prey,
 And (b) weeping Crowds, (c) *Usurpers* still obey:
 The Native Right oppress'd, the Oppressors reign,
 And *Violence*, by *Violence* maintain;
 For all this while, the High Successive Right,
 For which pretending *Henry's* Armies fight,
 In his surviving Mother (d) *Maud* remain'd,
 And as He conquer'd, *She* by Right, had reign'd;
 But high Ambition checkt the Claim of Blood,
 And as his Power obtain'd, his Claim was good;
 Possession gave, Possession held the Crown,
 And weak conceding *Maud*, her Right laid down.

Satyr, retaliating Fate adore,
 How Power usurp'd, falls by usurping Power:
 The mighty Hand of Justice gives the Blow,
 And intermitting Rights the Reasons know.

T

John.

(a) Basely treats with *Stephen*, that he shou'd be King during Life; that *Henry* should reign after him; that *Stephen* should adopt *Henry* for his Son, and *Henry* swear Allegiance to *Stephen* during his Life.

I call this base, 1. Because he always fought with *Stephen*, as a Man that had no Right, and to accept of his own Title by the Adoption of a Usurper, was a Meanness intollerable. 2. Because he ought not to have treated, but in the Name of his Mother.

(b) *Plectuntur Achivi.*

(c) *Stephen* had no relation to the Crown, and the Subjects had all sworn, by the Contrivance of *Henry* the First, to his Daughter *Maud*, while he was alive; Sir *Win. Churchil* says, the People did not so much elect him, as reject her, *Divi. Brit. Fol. 209.* but *Sam Daniel's* History says he was elected by the States; other say, and perhaps more truly, he got himself elected, that is, he by Force, by Entreaty, Craft, and Bribery, obtain'd an Election; but such there was, that they all allow, and no Man in *England* could be King without.

(d) *Henry* the Second, ought to ha' let his Mother ha' reign'd before him, by Right of Succession, but the Consent of the Nobles was more regarded than all the Claim by Blood.

*John, the Third Branch of Henry's falling Line,
His elder Brother's Son alive shall reign :
Arthur the Jus Divinum had, a Thing,
That contributed little to the King ;
Uncrown'd, his Royal Title he lays down,
And English Lords the strong Usurper own ;
Nor own'd his Power only, but his Right,
They crown'd the Sons, that with the Father fight :
Henry, the Infant Off-spring of that Blood,
Who had their (a) Rights and Liberties withstood ;
To him their voluntary Homage pay,
The Right of Choice, and not of Line obey ;
For Arthur's Sister, Elenor, remain'd,
And by the Jus Divinum, shou'd have reign'd ;
Hers was the primo-genial Right of Blood,
But Rights without Possession's seldom understood.*

*Vail Satyr to the mighty Edward's Fame ;
How oft has Gallia trembled at his Name ?
How proud's Britannia of the Hero's Sword ?
And how his (b) Badge of Honour we've ador'd ?
Strong was his Arm, Immortal his Renown,
And captiv'd Kings (c) paid Homage to his Crown :
In (d) Caledonian Triumph see him come,
And yielding Nations shout the Hero Home :
Not wild unhospitable Mountains there,
Can check his Fame, nor numerous Armies here.
(e) Cressy the dreadful Monument must show,
And Multitude (f) to Valour learn to bow :*

Ancient

(a) The Charter that King *Stephen* pass'd at *Oxford*, with his Seal to it, in the Preamble, these Words, *Ego Stephanus, Dei Gratia, assensu Cleri & Populi in Regem Angli electus*, Notes on the Lord *Stamford's* Speech to the Grand Jury at *Leicester*, 1690.

(b) The Garter, and the Order of Knights, Founded by *Edward the Third*.

(c) He took Prisoners the Kings of *France* and *Scotland*.

(d) His Wars in *Scotland*.

(e) The great Battle of *Cressy*, in *France*, where he beat the whole Power of *France*.

(f) The *French* were Four to One odds, as to Numbers, in that Action.

*Ancient in Victory, and old in Fame,
To his (a) Immortal Son he gives his Name,
His Courage and his Conquests just the same.*

*And yet this Hero of Tyrannick Race,
His Father yet alive, (b) usurp'd his Place:
The weak (c) untutor'd Prince depos'd and fled,
The young aspiring Hero, in his Stead,
Grasps the descending Crown before his Time——
Satyr conceal the (d) rest,*

*and let the Crime,
In State-Ænigma, still unriddl'd lie,
And Edward's Murther, with his Murtherers die.
The brave young Monarch snatch'd the tempting*

*[Crown,
Giv'n by those Hands that pull'd his Father down;
What tho' untainted with paternal Blood,
Our silent Record would be understood;
To wash the Guilt from his advancing Name,
The Fayls and Graves of Princes are the same.*

*Kneel Satyr, and again due Homage pay,
To mighty Justice, view the awful Way
He treads, his swift returning Methods trace,
And see the Vengeance finish'd in the Race:
The Ancestor in Steps of Blood began,
And his Successor thuns his Fate in vain:
(e) Murther pursues, Vengeance was Heaven's Design,
As Blood rais'd up, Blood should pull down the Line.*

T 2

Edward

(a) Edward, the Black-Prince.

(b) *Hæres non est vivens.* He reign'd, and his Father a Prisoner, where he was afterwards murdered.

(c) His Father, Edward the III, was a weak and unsteady Prince, misguided, and imposed upon by his Favourites.

(d) The Successors of Henry, by Line, are Edward the First, Edward the Second, and Edward the Third, but the last, tho' a Good and Great Prince, steep young into the Throne by the Blood of his Father; whether he was consenting, or not, is not the Case.

(e) The Blood Heaven seems to revenge, in that his Grandson, and immediate Successor was deposed and murdered, and Henry the IVth, Duke of Lancaster, came in meerly by Usurpation, Invasion, or what you will call it, after the Male-Administration of Richard.

Edward upon his *Father's* Ruin stood,
 And *Richard* paid the *Royal Debt* in Blood:
Depos'd and murthered, Ed'rd the *Father* lies;
Depos'd and murthered, Rich'd the *Grandson* dies;
 Swift Justice but to One Remove adjourn'd,
 The Crown, and all their Trophies, overturn'd:
Lancastrian Henry tore it from his Head,
 And swift as Fate, the Debt of Justice paid:
 For of (a) Four Kings that by Succession reign'd,
 With Conquest all, and Usurpation stain'd;
 Tho' all possess the Crown, and rul'd in Course,
 They'd no more Right, by Blood, than *Alexanders's*
 [Horse.

(b) *Henry*, that in his *Mother's* Right made Claim,
 And bore the very Title in his (c) Name;
 Possess the Right, his *Mother* yet alive,
 And let the Heir at Law, the Right survive.

(d) *John* without Line, or due Pretence of Blood,
 His Elder Brother's Son with Arms withstood;

Possess

(a) *John* murthered Prince *Arthur*, his Brothers Son: *John's* Successor, *Edward* the II^d, was murthered and depos'd, and his own Son set up over his Head.

Richard the II^d was unjustly depos'd, as to Succession, by *Henry* the IVth, as his Predecessor, King *John*, unjustly snatch'd the Crown from Prince *Arthur*, his Brothers Son; thus Usurpation was turn'd out of Possession by Usurpation.

(b) *Henry* the II^d came in much after the same manner, for he came in by Verue of the Agreement with King *Stephen*, without any regard to his Mother *Maud*, then alive, and this was call'd a Succession, because *Stephen* makes a pretended Adoption of *Henry* as his Son, and *Henry* swears Fealty to him, as to his Father; by which we may see how the *Jus Hereditarium* was then understood, *Sciatis quod ego Rex Stephanus Henericum, Ducem Normaniæ, post me successorem Regni Angliæ, & harem meum Jure Hereditario constitui*, ibid. Notit. P. 29.

(c) Fitz-Empress.

(d) King *John* was the youngest Son of this *Henry*, and here *Henry*, who put by his Mother, had his Eldest Line depos'd; *Eleanor*, the Daughter of *Arthur*, Son of *Geoffry Plantagenet*, *John's* Elder Brother; which *Arthur*, *John* had murthered with his own Hands, but *Eleanor* was yet alive; and *Hubert*, Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury*, makes a Speech at his Coronation, justifying the setting him up, as the most worthy of the Posterity of *Henry*.

Archiepiscopus

Possess by Force, and by his Sword maintain'd,
 And Power intail'd *the Usurpation* gain'd;
 But Fate, that *late in Vengeance* keeps the Roll,
 Of secret Crimes, reserv'd the Fatal Scroul;
 Reserv'd the long unballanc'd Book of Right,
 And brought forgotten Injuries to Light;
 The Leaves of Retribution were turn'd o'er,
 And Days of Violence submit to Power:
 Usurpers by Usurpers are pull'd down,
 And Tyrants make a (a) Foot-ball of the Crown;
 The (b) Men of Blood, with Men (c) of Blood contend,
 And Days of Crime, in Nights of Justice end.

T 3

'Twas

Archiepiscopus Stans in medio omnium, dixit audire universi, Quod nullus previa ratione alij succedere habet regnum nisi universitate Regni unanimiter, invocata Spiritus Gratia electus: And afterwards he adds, *Verum si quis ex stirpe Regis defuncti alijs prepolleret, pronius in electionem, ejus est consentiendum.* After this, he proceeds " We having consid'ed the Valour and " Prowess of this Noble Person here present, have, all of us, " unanimously chosen him, as well in regard of his Merits, as " of his Royal Blood, *but not a Word of regard to his Right of Succession*, vide Mat. Paris, Fol. 197.

(a) Between Henry the VIth, and Edward the IVth, the Crown was toss'd from one to another six or seven Times, and at last was restor'd to the House of York.

(b) And of this very King John 'tis recorded, who was *set up* without Line, he was *pull'd down* for being without Merit: His Oppressions becoming insupportable to both Nobility, Clergy, and People, by general Counsel, and Approbation of them all, judg'd him unworthy of the Kingdom, *De Communi Regni Consilio, & Approbatione ipsum Regno judicant indignum.*

(c) At the Death of this Prince, they made his Son Henry King, and the Earl of Pembroke, when he made a Speech to the Nobility, Gentry, and Commons, conven'd for that purpose, tells them, They ought not to punish the Son for the Fathers Transgression, and therefore moves them to adhere to the young Prince, beginning with these Words, *Tho' we have prosecuted the Father, and that justly, &c. propter mala, ejus opera;* and yet, all this while, Eleanor, the true Heir, was alive, and a close Prisoner, and Henry, who was one of the greatest Kings of his Time, and from whom so great a Race, as that of the Edwards, came, was both a Usurper, and the Son of a Usurper, and Murtherer of his own Brothers Son,

'Twas *Bosworth-Field*, his *weak* Claim restor'd,
And grav'd his *ancient Title* on his Sword.

Thus Heaven due Vengeance on *Ambition* shows;
One *ravish'd Crown*, another overthrows:
The *Tyrant that usurps*, enjoys a Crown,
Till *Brother Tyrant*, *Brother King* pulls down:
Succeeding *Robberies* revenge the past,
And every Age of Crime out-does the last.

T 4 JURE

JURE DIVINO:
A
SATYR.

BOOK XI.

S Atyr, from Fact, to Consequence descend,
Just Princes and just Governments defend;
Where Kings and People with a joint Assent,
Move in the Grand Machine of Government:
In proper Sphere, respective Parts perform,
And General Good's to both the General Charm:
There Peace and Property go Hand in Hand,
These freely Bow, and gently those Command.

Princes and People join in publick Peace,
Both seek and understand their Happiness:
Those softly guide, these chearful Homage pay;
Those Rule by Law, and these by Choice Obey:
Commence the Parts of Rule in just Consent,
And jointly drive the Wain of Government:
In gentle Yoke of due Subservience draw,
People to Monarchs, Monarchs to the Law;
In spight of Blood, Possession, or of Line,
These are the Governments that are Divine.

Nature and Reason in their Frame concur,
Nature and Reason always must procure,
Just Government, and just Extent of Power.

Impartial SATYR, challenge all Mankind,
And leave the just Remark, for Ages yet behind:
Corruption has so tainted all the Race;
So Hood-wink't Reason's bright and beauteous Face;
Such foul false Schemes of Government has laid,
That all the World to Slavery has betray'd;

The

The general Bondage seems at first to come,
From ancient Blood, and looks like Nature too in
[some.

There's not a Nation (a) truly Free but this;

Britannia does the Maiden Gift possess:
No Government on Earth can truly boast,
Of Liberty so fix'd, at so much Cost;
So dearly bought, so eagerly embrac'd;
So well maintain'd, or half so like to last.

The *English* Empire, vast in its Extent,
And squar'd by Native Rules of Government:
The only Free-born-Remnant of Mankind,
That have their Birthright, (b) lately too, regain'd,
And vigorously that valued Right maintain'd. }
Here

(a) The *English* Government has this peculiar Advantage in it, of all the present Constitutions in *Europe*, that if the Course of things is left to run in a due and undisturb'd Channel, there is not a Nation in the World, where both Prince and People may be so happy, as in this.

The Liberties of the People are too great to be here discours'd of, but even the Greatness of the Prince is also superior to all Government in the World, where the Liberties of the People are so supported.

Here we find the Kings and Queens attended and serv'd by the Prime of their Nobility and Gentry; Guarded by Men of Blood and Fortunes, and the Magnificence, Grandeur, and Expence of the *English* Court exceeding most of the Courts of *Europe*; and yet this Prince cannot command Six-pence out of any Body's Pocket; cannot correct the Fault, or punish the Crime of the poorest Wretch that lies at his Gate; cannot demand the Service of the meanest Soldier or Sailor; cannot raise a Regiment, nor build a Ship, but by Law; the Parliament must settle the very Revenue for the Household Expence; regulate how many Guards, Ships, Garrisons, or Commissions shall be maintain'd and given out.

And in this the Excellent Order of Government is seen, and 'tis prov'd beyond Debate, that the Love of Subjects is the Glory of the Prince, since all the Magnificence of the *English* Government consists in the voluntary Tenders of Duty, Gratitude and Allegiance from their People.

(b) *Lately*, that is, in the Revolution, for it can hardly be remembered in our Ages, when the Liberties of *England* were compleatly enjoy'd, and the Law left to an unrestrain'd Course, the Currency of Justice unbiass'd, and entirely free, till the late evolution.

Here the unspotted Virgin of the Law,
 Prescribes the Prince, and does the People awe :
 The steady Hand of chosen Magistrate,
 Gently, and very gently guides the State :
 Subservience stated by unquestion'd Power,
 Can neither these oppress, nor those devour ;
 But settl'd Bounds of every Part directs,
 And every Part, *by* every Part protects.

If Monarchs here mistake their pointed Way,
 The Subjects would (a) offend if they obey ;
 If Subjects here, can Justice but pretend,
 They all may disobey, and not offend ;

Law stands the mighty Land-Mark to decide,
 And Space between Offence and Power divide ;
 That Monarchy may not be made a Jest,
 Nor Subjects in their rightful Claim oppress.
 No *Polish* Monarch bears the Sword in vain,
 Nor *Gallick* Slaves of Tyranny complain ;
 Anarchial Crowds no, Princes keep in awe,
 Nor Sovereigns here declare their Will's their Law :
 Reason directs Mankind by stated Rules,
 And none submit to lawless Power *but Fools*.

*How happy were it for this wrangling Land,
 Could we our True Enjoyments understand.*

*Of all the Nations in the World, how blest,
 How much, in this, distinguish'd from the rest,
 Is Britain ;*

Where the Law's supremely High,
 And Majesty agrees with Property ;
 With *equal Motion*, and *united Ends*,
Peace courts the Crown, and *Peace* the Crown defends :
Here only Kings are happy, and the Throne,
 Protects the Subjects, but *can* (b) *injure* none :

And

(a) The Subject is here made answerable for any Illegal Action, tho' done by the Prince's Command, and therefore may humbly represent it to the Prince, and cannot be culpable by refusing to obey, and this is an Acknowledgement of the Superiority of Law to the Crown.

(b) The Throne, that is the King, can *injure none*, he cannot, without intrenching upon the Law he is bound to maintain, without

And Power *in equal* (a) *Portions* is so shar'd,
That all's for Harmony and Peace prepar'd.

No single Branch can *of it self* subsist,
Nor none be spar'd, but 'twill by all be mist:
Justice *like Veins of Life* about the Heart,
Flows from the Center, into every Part;
The quick'ning Influence due Strength conveys,
And all the vig'rous Parts of Life supplies:
The wholesome Nourishment of Truth remains,
And Government the Nation's Health maintains.

Here Power from (b) *True Originals* derives,
But never *that Original* survives;
The (c) *Ocean of Authority* remains,
And on a chanc'd Recess the Stream maintains;
No Accident can Government destroy,
Immortal Springs of Power we must enjoy,
Because the Circulation's so correct,
The Center makes the Circles all exact.

Kings here with Conduct guide the willing Land,
Council'd by (d) *all the People* they Command:

How

without breaking the Coronation-Oath, and degenerating into a Tyrant, against his Honour, and his Word, and then may be lawfully oppos'd by the Person injur'd.

(a) The Power of every Branch of the *English Constitution* is so shar'd out, that every Part is assistant to one another, and yet every Part is a Check to one another; each Branch of the Government both supports and restrains the other; the Excellency of this Harmony, is what we call the Constitution, and the peculiar Felicity of this Nation consists in this Equality, by which a due Ballance is kept up between every Part, to the Health of the whole Body; the Ends of Government, are by this happy Method, preserv'd entire, and every Branch moving in Concurrence with one another, fortifies the Whole, and makes it impossible to be overturn'd, but by some Fracture within it self.

(b) The Original of all Humane Power is in the People govern'd, because in all Societies, they are prior to the Government

(c) The People represent the Ocean, in their being the Center from whence, and to which, all Degrees of Power flow, and to this Ocean, upon every Recess of Power, all the Nations in the World have recourse, to form new Streams, draw new Lines, and restore Government in every Nation.

(d) *All the People*, is the Parliament, which is all the People representatively

How can they make Mistakes in Government,
 Who rule a Nation by their own Consent ;
Concurring Representatives attend,
 Like *Grand Physicians*, all Defects to mend ;

The *Nation's Doctors*, all her Griets to cure,
 With Skill infallible, and Med'cine sure ;
 Their Wisdom's such, they never misapply,
 And such their Art, their *Patients* never die :
 The Constitution they compleatly know,
 And while they live, we're all Immortal too :
 If e'er they *discontinue* their Advice,

(a) *The Nation sickens*, and Distempers rise ;
Malignant Fevers boil the Peoples Blood,
 And *noxious Fumes* flow from the stagnate Flood ;
The Appoplectick Fit affects the Head,
 And Constitution for the Time *lies dead* ;
 And if the proper Means are not apply'd,
Strong Calentures the Strings of Life divide ;
 There's no Exotick Med'cine can be had,
The People rave, and all the Nation's mad ;
 And nothing can the coming Plague prevent,
 But that which *first restores* the Parliament.

Here the Life-Blood of Constitution lies,
 If that's let out, (b) the Constitution dies ;

From

representatively confid'ed, have the Power of the People, as to Government committed to them, and act in the Name of all the People.

(a) Intermiſſions of Parliament have always been fatal to this Nation ; Encroachment of Illegal Authority, Arbitrary Government, and a World of other Inconveniencies always follow long Intervals of Parliament ; and it is obſervable, that ſuch Intermiſſions have always been fatal to our Kings, for never any Prince ruled long without a Parliament, but he reduc'd himſelf to a Neceſſity of coming to them at laſt, of which, King *Charles* the Firſt, and King *James* the Second, are remarkable Inſtances.

(b) Parliamentary Authority is the Life of the Conſtitution ; if Parliaments are deſtroy'd, the Conſtitution of *England*, is, *ipſo facto*, ſubverted and overthrown, and may be ſaid to be dead and buried, the Peoples Liberties muſt, of Courſe, be entirely loſt, in the Deſtruction of the Legislative Authority.

From hence the vig'rous Warmth they can impart,
 The King may be the Head, but *here's the Heart*;
 If this strong Fountain should but cease to flow,
 The Head would quickly fail, *and all the Members too.*

This is the Nations Life in *Miniature*,
 And works the Nations Safety to procure;
 The proper *Pulse of Life* in them remain,
The Vital Circulation to maintain;
 The Seat of Vigour, *all the Nations Soul*,
 And nothing hurts them, but affects the Whole.

Their just Concern to *every Part* extends,
 And *every Part* that just Concern defends;
 Our own Well-being is the End of theirs,
 And their Well-being shou'd ingross our Cares:
While they're in danger, no Man is secure,
And if they're safe, we have no room to fear:
 He that insults them, *bullies all the Land*,
 And all Men may the Violence withstand;
 No Powers on Earth *their juster Right* surmount,
 They call *the highest Subject* to account;
 They are the weighty Ballance of the Crown,
 Support its Right, *(a) when they maintain their own*:
 The Bulwark of the Subjects Liberty,
 And Glory of the Crown's the Nations Joy.

When on *their Ruins* Kings would raise the Crown,
 They build *their Glory*, but eclipse *their own*;
 No Man e'er *strove* their Freedom to oppress,
 But *they* grew greater still, and *(b) he* grew less;

No

(a) *When they maintain their own*, the preserving Parliamentary Priviledge, is really a supporting the King, for as the King is the Head of the Constitution, the preserving the Body, is eventually preserving the Head; nor can One be hurt, politically and truly speaking, without the Other, the whole Body feels the Shock, if any Branch be wounded or affected.

(b) The whole History of the Four last Reigns, is a Compleat Confirmation of this Article, and particularly the Reign of King *Charles* the First, who when ever he invaded their Priviledges, had the Misfortune to see his Mistake, and lessen himself, by undoing all he had done before, as in the Petition of Right, the Matter of the Five Members, Ship-Money, and the like; King *James* did the like, in the Case of

Magdalen-

No Weapon form'd against their Power will stand,
While *English*-Men possess the *English*-Land ;
Since in their Breasts the general Safety lies,
And in their Death, the *English*-Freedom dies.

(a) And yet this Power is but a *Power of Trust*,
For Power unlimited can ne'er be just :

The great Foundation Power resides in them,
In *All* subordinate, in *Power* supream :

For (b) Funds of Power in *their great Center* lie,
And *they that send them there*, that Power supply ;
These are Immortal, and as old as Time,
Their Right, as *their Original*, sublime ;
The First Substantial Cause of Government,
The Source of Power,

And Root of Parliament :

These are the *Last Resort* of Humane Power,
When Time shall *Lines, Descents, and Claims* devour:
Kings, Parliaments, and Representative,
From *this vast Chaos* of First Right derive ;
Without them there's no Law for Government,
And no *True Power* without their free Consent.

Here's the first Matter Government require,
And when *they cease*, to this they all retire :
Nature's first Law, by undiscover'd springs,
To *this great Axis* all Disorder brings ;

All

Magdalen-Colledge, the Charter of *London*, &c. It cannot but be esteem'd a lessening to a Prince, to be oblig'd to recant, undo the illegal Things he has done, restore the just Privileges of his Subjects, which he has invaded, and thereby acknowledge the Injustice of his former Attempts.

(a) Parliamentary Power must be Inferiour to the Original Power, center'd, as before, in the collective Body, because they are deputed by them, and the persons sent, cannot be superiour to the persons sending; 'tis a Trust, and it cannot be an unlimited Trust, any more than a King can have an unlimited Power.

(b) Their Original is the people, and as they derive their power from them, and are supplied from them, they must needs be Inferiour; 'tis true, they are vested with plenipotentiary Authority, but still, on every Cessation of their power, they have recourse to their Original, the People.

All the Confusions a distracted State,
By private Mens Ambition may create,
Center in their great universal Vote,
And *Custom's modern*, foolish and remote.

Reason, that's *next to Nature* in Descent,
Fixes all Government in Mens Consent ;
And Reason makes it plain to understand,
They own the Government, *that own the Land*:
These are the Men of Property and Right,
And *these may only* for their Freedom fight :
These representing Parliaments depute,
And no Man can *their Right of Power* confute ;
Vested with their *Orig'nal Power* they sit,
To make *just Laws*, and all Men must submit.
Th' Exalted Head to which they yield the Sway,
Tho' 'twas a Ploughman, all Men must Obey ;
On whatsoever Head they place the Crown,
That Head's a King, and must possess the Throne ;
Whether he can lay claim by general Line,
Or of a *(a) Broomstick-Birth*, his Right's Divine.
For all the Sovereign Lines that ever reign'd,
Their Power from *this Original* obtain'd ;
Conquest or Merit first might recommend,
But 'tis *Consent* must all Objections End ;
All the Efforts of Conquest have been vain,
Till willing Nations consecrate the Man :

And

(a) This has its Authority in a Noble Example of the Famous Lord *Hastings*, who fought in the Army of *Richard the Third*, against the Duke of *Richmond*, after *Henry the Seventh*, when after the Battle, he, being taken Prisoner, was brought to the Conqueror, he sternly askt him, how he durst draw his Sword against his Right, and in behalf of a Tyrant and Usurper: The Brave Captive answer'd, *Sir, he was received as King, by the only Lawful Authority of this Realm, and the Parliament of England set the Crown upon his Head, and as such I fought for him ; and if the Parliament of England sets the Crown upon that Stock, (pointing to a Stump that stood by) I'll fight for that Stock ; and if ever the Parliament of England shall set the Crown of England upon your Head, I'll fight for you, Sir, and not before* : The Answer was not only Brave, but Wise, and could not be replied to.

And Kings that govern without *just Consent*,
 Are no more Kings, but *Thieves* of Government :
 When Kings their Crowns without Consent obtain,
 'Tis all a mighty Rape, and not a Reign.

Nations are ravish'd, and the Right's suppress'd,
 And all's a guilded Tyranny at best ;
 'Tis not *the show of Justice* will excuse,
 He can't be just, whom People first refuse :
 He that a Murtherer will execute,
 But has himself *no Legal Right to do't*,
 Tho' 'tis without debate the Man shou'd dye,
 This Man's a *Murtherer* as much as he.

But when a Monarch fills the *English* Throne,
 By Right, and *Englishmens* Consent, his own ;
 The great Subjective Article concurs,
 To make him (a) *all Mens King* as well as ours :
 Concurrent Parliament supports his Throne,
 His Power's as much their Safety as his own ;
 The high *Seraphick Union* is so clear,
 The Motions so exact and regular ;
 No Aid the mutual Force of Parts can want,
 Nor either Branch, can either Branch supplant ;
 The Harmony of *National Consent*,
 Makes all be Musick in a Government.

When they concur *the Government's in Tune*,
 And if they jar, *the mighty Consort's* done ;
 This can no more the Grand Design maintain,
 And that attempts the wondrous Work in vain ;
 The King's *the moving Spring* of Government,
 Back'd with their well assembl'd strong Consent :
 Kings so supported, raise their Glory more,
 Than all *the Pomp of Tyrants* did before,
 The vast united Stream of Powers too great,
 For Casualty to blast, or Crime defeat.

When Kings contrive *to make the People safe*,
 And Freedom with Prerogative goes half ;

The

(a) That is, acknowledg'd by all Men to be a Lawful King
 over us, not that he is their King, but justly esteem'd a King.

The mutual *Sympathetick* Parallel,
 Makes Kings and People both Invincible;
 No possible Mutation can destroy,
 Their Peace abroad, *who Peace at Home* enjoy:
 This is *the Heaven of Government*, where Men,
 Eternal Unity of Wills maintain:
 When Kings command by free and general Voice,
 And Nations readily obey by Choice;
 While this remains, Disaster all must cease,
 And where 'tis wanting, there can ne'er be Peace.

Discording Parties can *no Pleasure* bring,
 No Safety to the People, *or the King*;
 So much on one another they depend,
 A Breach must both Sides equally offend;
 Without the King, the Government's struck dead,
 A Monster *with a Heart*, and *ne'er a Head*;
 Without the People, he'd be King in part,
 And be a mighty Head, *without a Heart*.

Collateral Influences affect the whole,
 People's *the Body*, and the King *the Soul*;
 This is the Organ of Performance, and
 Submits to the invisible Command;
 But that cannot exert its swift Intent,
 Unless the useful Organ gives Consent.
 They that *the Soul and Body* separate,
Murder the Man, and so conclude his Fate;
 They that the *King and People* wou'd divide,
Murder the State, and Constitution's void.

The Harmony of Parliament and Crown,
 Compleat *Britannia's* Glory, with her Throne;
 While they agree, no Foreign Force we fear,
 And if they jar, we're no more fit for War;
 Their free Concurrence unknown Triumph brings,
 The Hearts of Subjects are the Pride of Kings:
 He that his pleasing Tyranny entertains,
 He's like a Madman, dancing in his Chains,
 Fancying a Mock Delight which he enjoys,
 In that which *in its Self* his Mirth destroys.

No *English* King, can *English* Rights invade,
 But fights against himself, and must be mad:

He that suppresses Liberty by Force,
 Buries his own Authority of Course;
 For he can never equal *Heighth* obtain,
 By breaking Laws, as when he'll Laws maintain.

Had both Sides this blest Notion understood,
 Both Sides had sought their own *i'th' Publick Good*;
 But Errors cleave to Nature, *Where's the Land*,
 Does all their own Advantage understand?

See the vast Breaches in the Nation's Peace,
And who can cure that (a) English old Disease?

'Tis all from Ignorance of Happiness,
And Discontents at that which we possess.

Kings must be happy, if they'll but assent,
 To make the Laws the Rule of Government;
 And all the People *will be happy* when,
 They're but content to let their Kings *be Men*;
Monarchs are seldom ANGELS, and we see,
 That Governours have their Infirmary;
 But *Law's the Test* of Christian Government,
 And that preserv'd, wise Men are all content.

Kings are the Lawful Sovereign Magistrates,
 By *Law* they rule, and 'tis the Law creates:
While by the Law they justly bear the Sway,
 They fight with Heaven it self, that disobey;
So far the Scepter's Sacred and Divine,
 The Sanction's in the Office, *not the Line*.

Securely these *enjoy the Sacred Seat*,
 No Arbitrary Prince *(b)* is truly Great:
 Armies subject *the Hands*, and easily may,
 Make Men *(c)* submit sometimes, *but not obey*:

Tyrants

(a) It is an *English Disease*, and too peculiar to this Nation, not to see their own Interest, and to interrupt their real Happiness by Feuds, Discontents, and private Murmurings for Trifles, needless Divisions, and unreasonable Heats.

(b) No Arbitrary Power can make a Prince so truly Great, as the Triumph of Justice, and a due Administration of the Laws: The seeming Greatness of a Tyrant, reigning by his own absolute and arbitrary Will, always leaves an Odium in the Minds of the People; is remembred with Regret, and such Princes are always curs'd and hated by their People.

(c) Tyrants, by Force, may subject Nations, and the Minds of Men, humbled by constant accustomed Slavery, may be inur'd to it, but as the

Tyrants by Force the Sovereign Rule obtain,
They're Kings of Nations, these are Kings of Men :
 The Passive Doctrine can no Nation save,
 It never suits the Subject, *but the Slave* :
 An *English* King, as by that Word is meant,
 Enjoys the (a) Quintessence of Government :
 Duty and Loyalty will best appear,
 When Men obey by *Love*, and not by *Fear* ;
 And Majesty in Kings, like *Sovereign Grace*,
 Dissolves the *Fear*, and Love supplies the Place ;
 Such Kings subdue the *Soul of Loyalty*,
 And such their Subjects struggle to obey.

Such Kings an absolute Command must have,
 For thus they make the *very Soul* their Slave :
 The Obligation captivates the Mind,
 And Sense of Duty always stays behind :
Here lies their Wealth, for they can ne'er be Poor,
 The Peoples Purves are the *Princes Store* ;
Here lies their Strength, for he that once commands,
 The Peoples Hearts, can never want their Hands ;
Here lies their Safety, Danger can't offend,
 The Prince that all Men love, *they all defend* ;
 Surrounded by the Laws, he wants no Guard,
Justice is his Defence, and their Reward ;
 These are the *standing Army* he maintains,
 All other Force he equally disdains ;
 These guard the Nation's native Liberty,
 And these his just Prerogative supply ;
 These are his *Household-Troops*, his Power t' advance,
 More than *th' embattl'd Legions* of triumphing France.

In vain those Kings exalt their Sov'raign Power,
 Who make themselves be rich, *the People poor* ;
 And he subsists upon his Peoples Spoil,
 Who only empties them, himself to fill. U 2 When

the Rule differs, so does the Obedience, it may be call'd an abject Submission, but it bears no proportion with the Felicity, both to King and People, where the Subject yields a cheerful Obedience to the Prince, the Prince a suited Tenderness to the People, and both a due Difference and Homage to the Laws of the Land, as the stated Rules, and superior Guide, both of the Governed, and the Governing.

(a) This I call the *Quintessence of Government*, when Justice has its free Course, the Law its full and just Authority, and all Parts go Hand in Hand to perfect the Good of the Constitution in general.

When Monarchs rule by Parliaments and Laws;
 They see their Subjects thrive, and *they the Cause*;
Such Princes know they ne'er can have too much,
 Since those can ne'er be poor, *if these be rich*:
 That Power must sink, that sinks the People's Store,
 For *he* can ne'er be rich, *if they be poor*.

From hence I take it for a *standing Rule*,
 Show me a Tyrant, I'll show you a Fool:
 That King's (a) a and must be led by *Knaves*,
 Who may be King of *Freemen*, but wou'd be King of
 The grateful Loyalty of one *free Town*, [Slaves:
 Is worth an *arbitrary Tyrant's* Crown;
 The willing Subjects chearfully obey,
 And no Men *fight so heartily* as they;
 While he has Subjects, he shall have a Crown,
 Their *Land*, their *Money*, and their *BLOOD's* his own:
 Th' attractive Power of Goodness so invites,
 The Subject in his Loyalty delights;
 Strives to out-do his Princes Expectation,
 And seeks for the Reward i th' Obligation.

But where's the Man that thus can wear a Crown,
 With so much Sense and Justice *fill the Throne*;
 Deny the flattering Baits of lustful Men,
 And Glittering Tyranny with Scorn contemn;
 That sees Oppression's foolish and absurd,
 And loves to make the Scepter rule the Sword;
Scorns to be Great at Liberty's expence,
 And studies how to rule with Innocence.

Such, *Dear Britannia*, such thy Scepter bore,
 When *William* travers'd thy remotest Shore,
 And rul'd thee, (b) *as thou ne'er wast rul'd before*:

He

(a) He must be degenerated below the Sense of a Man, much less the Soul of a King, that chuses to have his Subjects abject Slaves, rather than Men of Reason, sensible of their true Interest, and Lovers of Justice and Liberty, and the Blank is left for the Reader to fill up as he pleases, only that I would not join an Ass, or a Brute, or any such Word, to that of a King, in Point of common Decency in the Expression.

(b) The Memory of King *William* must be dear to all true Lovers of the *English* Nation, on this very Account, that he restored the End of Governing to the Means, and convinc'd all impartial People, that he rul'd not to make himself Great, but his People Happy: He crush'd every Thing that favour'd of Tyranny, even by his own Inclination, and recommended his Government to all Men, by Mercy, Justice, Liberty, and Law, and in this it may be said, without flattering that Glorious Prince, or, in the least, running out beyond what is just, and his due, that he ruled this Nation, *as it was never ruled before*.

He gave thee Years of Liberty and rest,
 And all the Dregs of Tyranny suppress'd:
 Thy banish'd Freedom he at once restor'd,
 And guarded it with his unconquer'd Sword.

Incroaching Monarchs had reduc'd thee (a) low,
 And long Oppressions made thy Shoulders bow:
 (b) William the Glorious reassum'd thy Right,
 William knew how to (c) Govern, and to fight:

U 3

His

(a) The Encroachments of arbitrary and tyrannick Power, are best judg'd of by the *Representation*, or *Memorial*, made to the Prince of *Orange*, afterward King *William*, to which I refer, and in which the Reader will find a long Recapitulation of the Abuses, Oppressions, and Injuries, the Nation suff'ered under the Arbitrary Hands of those that held the Administration; and I cannot but recommend it to the Consideration of those Gentlemen, who are so willing to forget those Times, and to oppose our farther Security, to read over that *Memorial*, and to remember what they themselves thought, at that Time, of their own Condition: Whether the Church and State were not in danger of being overwhelm'd, the first with Popery, and the last with Tyranny? Whether standing Armies, supported by an unwarily settl'd Revenue, had not rendred Parliaments useless? Whether the suspending and dispensing with Laws; filling the Army with *Irish* and *French* Papists, without taking the Test; seizing the Corporation-Charter, and dissolving the Privileges of the Towns and Boroughs, with many other nameless Encroachments upon the Peoples Freedoms, did not plainly portend the Danger of the Constitution being wholly subverted? From thence let them reflect on the State of the Church, and how popish Chappels began to be open'd in our Cities and Towns; the *Romish* Clergy, who by the Laws forfeited their Lives in coming into the Kingdom, began to shew themselves publicly, and sometimes in their Habits; how Schools and Seminaries began to multiply, and Religious Houses began to be erected in several Places; how the Constitution of *Magdalen-Colledge* in *Oxford*, on pretended Forfeitures, was seiz'd into the King's Hand and turn'd into a popish Colledge; and how a High Commission began to exercise a new erected Power upon the Clergy, hitherto unknown in *England*, and absolutely independent of the Laws, by which, in a short Time, the popish Clergy might soon have been possess'd of most of the Benefices in *England*: Let these Things be reviewed by considering Men, and then let them say, if their Reason will permit them, *That we were not reduc'd low*.

(b) Again, let those Gentlemen that are unwilling to ascribe any Part of our Felicity to the late King, but come and tell us who restor'd us to the present State of Liberty? Who recover'd the Superiority of the Laws, and reduc'd these incroaching Powers to a due Subjection? At whose approach were that party so fill'd with Terrors, as to restore the City of *London's* Charter, and *Magdalen Colledge* Privileges? Who caus'd them to dissolve their High-Commission? Who fill'd them with so much Terror, that their own Guilt would not permit them to look in his Face, but that they fled from his Inferior Force, and never struck a Stroke for their Cause? Was not this King *William*, before whom, all the Contrivances of this Nation's Destruction vanished, and the Contrivers of them fled like Dust before the Wind?

(c) That he knew how to fight, let his Actions declare, and his

Encouragement

His Sword was bright, the flaming Metal shone,
 In Sympathetick Glory like the Sun :
 His Sword was chaste, the glittering Terror knew,
 No Foe but Tyranny, and that he slew :
 The (a) Virgin Fury of his youthful Blood,
 Spent his first Heat to check the growing Flood ;
 Invading Tyrants from its Fury fled,
 And (b) Liberty enjoy'd his Swords great Maiden-
 [head :
 'Twas undebauch'd with (c) Lust of Government,
 Like all his future Actions, Great and Innocent ;
 Untainted

Enemies confess; and that he knew how to govern the Difficulties and Fatigues he went thro' here by the Fury and Violence of Parties, are invincible Demonstrations.

(a) He first Attempts in rescuing his own Country from the prevailing Faction of their own Treacherous Governours, corrupted by the *French*, to sell and betray their Country, deserves a Place in History among the greatest Actions in the World ; so he checkt the growing Floods of Arbitrary Councils, and the Invasion of *French* Politicks into his own Country, which had so far over-run them, that when a *French* Army appear'd on their Frontiers ; the strongest Cities garrison'd with numerous Troops, and furnish'd with all manner of Necessaries for their Defence, were basely surrendred to the *French*, without any manner of Resistance, or such as was not worth the naming.

(b) The first Cause he drew his Sword in, was the Liberty of his native Country, against *French* Tyranny, and *French* Cruelty, their Armies having over-run the Provinces of the *Dutch*, and possessing almost all their principal Strengths, had appear'd in sight of *Amsterdam*, these he attackt, beat them upon all Occasion ; took *Naerden* by storm, within 4 Leagues, of *Amsterdam*, the *French*, under the Famous *Luxembergh*, in vain attempting to relieve it, whom he fac'd, and drove back, him'self then but a Youth ; regulated the Government of the Towns ; restor'd the Discipline of their Army, and at 22 Years of Age, fought the Famous Battel of *Seneff*, with the Prince of *Conde*, where he wrested a Glorious Victory out of his Hand, dro him out of the Field, and incamp'd upon the Spot : Concerning which Battel, the Prince of *Conde* himself wrote to the *French* Court, that the Prince of *Orange* behav'd himself with all the Valour of a *Cesar*, and the Prudence of a *Scipio*.

(c) Of this he gave an unparallel'd Instance, when being reduc'd to great Difficulties, in the same War, and press'd, by the *French*, in the Bowels of his native Country, on one Hand, and the *English*, with their Navy, on the other ; and the *English* Ambassadors offer'd him, in the Names of the Kings of *England* and *France*, to take the whole Country, and then restoring it to him, form it into a Monarchy, and make him King of it : He reject'd it with the utmost Indignation ; and when One of them ask'd him what Remedy he could think of for the Rum of his Affairs, answer'd, He knew One effectual Remedy, viz. to lie in the Last Ditch ; intimating, that he would dispute every Inch of Ground with the Enemy, and at last would die defending the Liberties of his Country. [Sir William Temple's Memoirs, P. 63.]

Untainted with Ambition, free from Blood,
Spotless and Pure, as Brave, as Great and Good,
As mortal Vertue can be understood.

For him we challenge all the Scepter'd Race,
His Life their numerous Legends will deface:
No more shall Blood and murder raise Mens Fame,
And constitute a Hero: Books are lame;
Poets shall sing the Conqueror's Praise in vain,
And boast the Thousand thousands they have slain;
'Tis all a Sham of Vice, a false Applause,
The Valour's not the Vertue, 'tis the Cause:
The (a) Soul of Fame to his High Deeds belong;
He claims the wise Man's Thanks, the Poet's Song;
The old Mens Blessing, and the young Mens Praise,
And awkward Envy has been forc'd to raise,
Unwilling Trophies to his Character,
The Life of Peace, and yet the Soul of War.

'Twas he the *British* Liberty (b) restor'd,
And Truth triumph'd in his triumphing Sword:
The (c) establish'd Basis of *Britannia's* State,
That bow'd before, beneath Tyrannick Weight;
Freed from oppressive Burthens, owns his Fame,
And Constitution's built upon his Name:
His Labours (d) ballanc'd all Debate of Powers,
Betwixt the Government, and Governours;
Due Limits to the Power of these he plac'd,
And fixt the (e) Reverence due to those, as fast:

U 4

Stated

(a) *The Soul of Fame*, is Vertue related with Truth: The Actions of this Prince are not lying Legends; the Glory of his Actions is fresh in the Minds of Men yet living, and I may fairly refer to those yet living, to testify whether any Thing here noted, is not Fact, and rather, whether it does not, beyond all Comparison, far exceed what is but toucht at in these Notes.

(b) That the King restor'd our Liberties, is most plain, in that we enjoy'd them uninterrupted to his Death, and were depriv'd of them, in almost every Article before.

(c) *The establish'd Basis*, i. e. the Constitution, which is the Basis of the *English* Government, which bow'd under the Weight of suspended Laws, and dispensing Power, Things which we begin to forget apace.

(d) His ballancing the Powers here, is a plain signification of his restoring of the several Branches of the Constitution to their due Exercise, and bringing every Part to a Ballance, that the Governours, and the Forms of Government exactly corresponding, no dangerous Excess could happen to overturn the settled Peace, or to break the Harmony.

(e) The restoring the Liberty of the Subject, and the Superiority

Stated th' Extent of Family and Line,
 And shew'd all Kings (a) how they might be Divine :
 Open'd the Gate of Honour to their View,
 That durst by proper Merit but pursue ;
 Pointed the Hill of Glory with his Hand,
 And to all Monarchs did the Prize commend,
 That by the Steps of Vertue durst ascend.

His teaching Monument instructs us now,
 The proper Test of flattering Fame to know :
 Vain are the trifling Shadows of that Name,
 Whose Birth, and not their Vertue, rais'd their Fame.
 A Prince's highest Glory truly lies,
 In general Justice, not in Victories.

William had (b) Birth and Blood his Fame to raise,
 But he contemned the Pride of Scutcheon Praise :
 A Race of Heroes form'd his Glorious Line,
 But he assists that Glorious Race to shine :
 He borrow'd not his Lustre from their Days,
 But 'tis his Personal Vertue yields him Praise :
 In this he's still exemplar to Mankind,
 That Vertue leaves Examples still behind,
 And gives the World a Pattern, which it did not find.

Till William came, what Terrors press'd our Minds !
 What Dangers both from Enemies, and more from
 [Friends !

How groan'd the Land ! with Right Divine oppress'd,
 And *Passive* (c) Pageantry, the Parties Jest !

With

of the Law did no where imply, that the Reverence justly due to the Crown, should not be preserv'd for the Honour of the Crown, was every Way supported under his Reign to the proper Height of Regal Authority:

(a) *How they might be Divine*, i. e. by executing Justice, and preserving the Rights and Liberties of their Subjects inviolable, for such Kings reign for Heaven, and are instructed from thence, and claim a Divinity of Honour, tho' not of Person.

(b) The illustrious Family of *Nassau* needs no Eulogies of History here, no Branch or House of Princes in *Europe* is descended from more illustrious Ancestors, or ally'd to more Noble Families; the Antiquity of their Families is extended to an unusual Length, and few Families have produc'd so many Heroes, & Men of superior Merit in the World.

(c) The pageant Doctrine of *Passive-Obedience*, has indeed been such a Jest upon the World, and such a Banter upon the Party, that really it is a Subject of ridicule to all wise Men in the World, and the wisest Men even among the Gentlemen that espous'd it, have liv'd to disown, and be ashamed of it.

With threatning Crowds of *willing Slaves* o'er-run,
 Who courted Fate, and *strove to be undone* ;
 That *couchant Necks laid down* to rampant Pride,
 And their own Blessings purposely defy'd :
Not Issachar's blest Sons such Fate could brook,
 More *Ass-like* bow'd beneath th' unnatural Yoke ;
 More willingly agreed to be oppress'd,
 Or more supinely strove to be their Country's Jest ;
 Law, Parliament, and Liberty laid down,
 And sacrific'd them all, to *Idol Crown* :
 With this great *Molock* blindly they conspire,
 And basely make their Sons *pass thro' the Fire* :
 Give up *establish'd Rights*, their Peace destroy,
 With their own Hands *pull down* their Liberty,
 And damn to Bonds their *free-born Progeny*.

In vain our Ancestors for Freedom fought,
 And with their Blood our Elder Charters bought ;
 While Men, of Sense and Honesty bereft,
Blindly gave up the costly Legacy they left :
 They that to new invasive Force give Way,
 Themselves and their Posterity betray ;
 A Nation's Safety always will depend,
 Not on the Laws, but those the Laws defend :
 The Legislature is our own in vain,
 Unless we will its stated Right maintain ;
 In vain the Laws to Safety may direct,
 Our Safety lies *in those the Laws protect*.

Long had this Nation struggl'd to obtain,
 The *Liberty of Laws*, (a) but strove in vain :
 How did our eager Wishes represent,
 Our Safety wrapt up *in our Parliament* ;
 Believing we could never be secure,
 'Till Laws *could them, that could the Laws, restore*.

For

(a) It was a long Struggle, in the Reign of King *Charles* the 1st, the Parliament kept their Ground with great difficulty ; such Laws as were obtain'd, were gotten by the force of Money, and with all the *Chagrin*, Opposition, and Discontent imaginable ; such was the *Habeas Corpus Act*, in particular, and several others, till at last the King found a Way to debauch the Members themselves, and then we were in a fair Way to Destruction ; but the Obstruction the King found about the Time of the Popish-Plot, broke that Parliament, and the King could never get another to his Turn afterward.

For this we all just Endeavours try'd ;
 For this our *Cornishes* and *Russels* dy'd ;
 For this we summon'd in *exotick Aid* ;
 For this *we fought*, and 'twas for this *we pray'd*,
 And many a hearty *Million* for it paid :
 We lookt for Slav'ty in th' incroaching Throne,
 Too just our *Fears*, too well the Cause was known ;
 The *Commons* only could that Safety bring,
 Which most Men saw in danger from their King :
 They were the Sanctuaries of our Peace,
 And all our Sorrows 'rose in their *Recess* ;
 Their Absence fill'd our *sighing Breaths* with Pain,
 And saw with Pleasure their return again :
 When Discontents their frequent Courts dismiss,
 What (a) *Apprehensions* throng'd our Pensive Breasts ?
 How did we mourn our Fate when they were gone,
 And in their Absence think our selves undone ;
 In Publick Murmurs show our Discontent,
 And joyn in *Clamours* at the Government ;
 Our Loyalty infected with *Mistakes*,
 And *coursely* treat our Monarchs for their sakes ;
 And shou'd ha' *Jesus Christ* himself abus'd,
 Had he their *due Conventions* but refus'd :
 So long our Idolizing them remain'd,
 So far this *House of Saviours* had obtain'd ;
 (b) That Heav'n seem'd quite confin'd to this Event,
 As if it cou'd not save us but by *Parliament* :
 But Heaven sometimes, to raise his Judgments higher
 Gorges a Nation with their own Desire ;

And

(a) It was a most remarkable Time ; the Nation was perfectly surpriz'd at the King's dissolving that first Parliament ; a universal Sorrow spread the Faces of all People, that had any Sense of the publick Dangers upon them ; and yet see the Shortness of Humane Understanding ; the dissolving this Parliament, was the ruin of that very Party who design'd it, and all their Attempts afterward, upon the Liberties of the People, met with a constant Obstruction in that House and the King never could come up to that Influence he had before among the Commons, which, for that very Reason, we call'd *The Pension Parliament*.

(b) We had certainly carried our Apprehensions to that height, that it look'd as if all our Felicity was wrapt up in the Circumstance of Parliamentary Opperation, and Heaven could not help us without the Agency of that particular Means, an Error we have seen corrected by that Providence that found out a Refuge for the Nation, when Parliaments seem'd to be bury'd in the Grave of the Nation's Liberties,

And Prayers which are on wrong Foundations sent,
Are *fully answer'd* for our Punishment.

For Humane Counsel's subject to decay,
And (a) *Poisons lurk* beneath the Remedy;
The Antidote that's ill prepar'd, *destroys*,
And the *most luscious Food* the soonest cloy's.

The Safety of this long afflicted Land,
Does not on (b) *Parliament abstract*, depend;
Not this or that abstracted Branch can save,
The Nation's *dying Freedom* from the Grave:
Safety obeys the general *stated Call*,
Not of *this Part* of Power, or *that*, but all.

How have the (c) *separate* constituted Parts,
By Int'rest led, or wheedl'd in by Arts;
Set up the general Ruin, and *betray'd*
The Publick Trust!

How have we been afraid,
(*Too just our Fears*) the *English Rights* should dye,
By the *same Hands* that guard her Liberty.

To Day by *Bribes debauch'd*, th' *incroaching Throne*,
Makes *Patriots sell the People* to the Crown;
Long Rolls of Senators submit to pay,
And *Pension Parliaments* the Country's Trust betray.

To *Morrow Fraud* shifts Hands, and Death appears,
Backt by the Agency of *modern Peers*;

Treason

(a) Nor was this all, for we have since liv'd to see the Influence of Parties to lead a House of Commons, that had not Providence animated another Genius in the House of Lords, we might have seen that strange Thing ha' come to pass in our Days, that was hardly ever heard of in *England*, that Tyranny should have been erected by Parliamentary Authority, and the Prerogative pusht forward by that very Power which by the Constitution is appointed as the Screen of our Liberties against the Encroachments of the Crown.

(b) This proves effectually, that our Safety in *England* does not depend upon any single Branch of the Constitution, but upon them all united and acting in a due Concert one with another, having the due Limitations of each others Power duly acted, and the Harmony of the Whole thereby preserv'd.

(c) Instances are now plainly to be given, when at several Times every single Branch of the Constitution, has, in its Turn, attempted the Injury of the Whole, and the general Safety has stood in need of the Restraints and Influences of the rest, to prevent what the Heats and byas'd Mistakes of that One, would, at that Time, have run the Nation upon, the Instances, in every Branch, are too many to recite here, but the *Tacking-Session*, and *Dangerous Experiment*, as the Queen call'd it, of the late House of Commons, is a fresh Example of what I alludge in that Branch of our Constitution.

Treason array'd in gawdy Robes of State,
 Threatens from ill rais'd Men of Bribes our Fate,
Mechanick Lords, and *Page-made-Titles* rise,
 Noble by neither *Worth* or *Families*,
 Rais'd by designing Hands to help pull down,
 The Nation's Liberties, and *raise the Crown*.

Alternate Mischiefs prompt the Hand of Power,
 The Rights of Free-born Nations to devour;
 And Crowns by *secret Lust of Kings* advance,
 To crush the People —

Peoples Ignorance,
Encourage Tyrants, from their want of Wit,
 To think they will to any Force submit.

SATYR invert the Order of thy Verse,
 And *Britain's* strange Convulsions now rehearse;
 Sing monstrous Births, and unforeseen Events,
 Of Patriot Kings, and Tyrant Parliaments;
 Such Wonders startled Nature never saw,
 Submissive Crowns, and Tyrannizing Law.

How representing Knaveries increase,
 And wrap up Treason in the Arms of Peace:
 How *William* reign'd, fatigu'd and harass'd more,
 By Potent Patriots, than *Gallick* Power:
 How fraudulent in Funds; how late Supplies,
 Expos'd him to the Scorn of Enemies;
 And yet expecting Senators complain,
 Of Millions given, on purpose given in vain.

Never was Prince so courted and betray'd.
 Nor Army fought, that was so basely pail;
 Difficient Funds, and wild *Chimera's* rais'd,
 Such Paper-War, it made the World amaz'd;
 Yet *William* fought, his starving Troops subdu'd,
 And damn'd by Patience their Ingratitude:
 Immortal Valour rais'd the Hero's Name,
 And Envy's self pays Homage to his Fame.

SATYR, a Curtain of Oblivion draw,
 Over the unhappiest Scene the Nation ever saw;
 Forbear to write, for who without a Tear,
 Can injur'd *William's* dying Hist'ry hear;

How conquer'd by Ingratitude he fell,
That liv'd and rul'd, and lov'd and fought so well.

See if the bright succeeding Hand shall find,
The crooked Party otherwise inclin'd:

Vertue in every Age preserves her Name,
Her Friends and Enemies are still the same.

A *NN* with due Lustre mounts the *English* Throne,
By Constitution Right declar'd her own:

Mask'd with false Zeal, a furious Party joins,
Peace in their Faces, Fraud in their Designs;
With double Speech, and undetected Spleen,
Insult the Nation, and delude their Queen;
Of jarring Union talk, and bloody Peace;
Of prosperous Poverty, and jangling Happiness;
By Persecution promise to unite,

And talk of conquering, but at distance fight;
The double Aspect of their jingling Train,
(Too naked Fraud! attacks the Queen in vain;
In vain they cant of her superior Line,
And prompt to Tyranny, from Power Divine;
As if the just Descent of Royal Race,
Should Sense of Law and Government deface;
In vain the vile Attempt, in vain they strive,
To make Her Reign, Her dearer Truth survive.

Too Sacred she regards the Royal Faith,
And blasts their false Conceptions by Her Breath;
Tells them, She knows the Duty of a Crown,
Mixes Her Peoples Safety with Her Own.

Tells them, She knows no equal Happiness,
To that unenvied Power those Kings possess,
Who all their People love, and all their People bless.

Tells them, The Names of Tyrants always bring,
Something contemptible, *below the King*;
That *English* Laws are so supremely Great,
That every Part of Power remains compleat;
No growing Branch each other can devour,
The Peoples Freedom *prop'd* the Monarch's Power;
King in sublime Degrees of Glory rise,
By the Support of Subjects Liberties,
The Monarchy *prescrib'd* by that grows high,
The very Limitations raise their Majesty;

The People subject by the Bounds of Law,
Those Limitations, Lines of Freedom draw;
All Humane Powers by Choice would thus comply,
For due Restraint from Ill IS LIBERTY.

Divine the Doctrine, and Divinely spoke,
And thus the Queen the vile Contrivance broke;
Struck as when Satan from his Glory fell,
And Conscious Terrors made his sympathetick Hell;
Transfixt, as when with Thunder from on High,
The Titans fell like Lightning from the Sky:
Th' astonish'd Furies from Her Throne withdrew,
To back their baffl'd Stratagems with new;
In close Cabal th' invenom'd Parties meet,
The Queen's sublime Intentions to defeat;
The wild Proposals dash'd by Wisdom, fail,
And all conclude in nothing BUT TO RAIL:
The Froth of Envy! Vain ungendring Cloud,
To beat the Minds of Fools, and move the Crowd;
By the Wise Queen, with Steadiness desy'd,
And justly scorn'd by all Mankind beside;
At this One Blow, the mighty Sociates fell,
And Envy sunk beneath her native Hell;
Tyrannick Hopes, from Furious Counsels fled,
And all th' abortive Projects Thunder-struck and dead;
Blasted, as when Great William first came o'er,
And Fears of Justice scatter'd them before.

Had but Britannia interpos'd Her Frown,
She'd then secur'd the too much envy'd Crown;
Had She but mov'd the Hero's juster Hand,
To that (a) True Vengeance Treason did demand:
Had He that Retribution but prepar'd,
Which all the trembling Party justly fear'd,
When, trembling, they his very Shadow fled,
And as they spoke his Name, betray'd their (b) Dread:

When

(a) Nothing is more certain, than if, at the Revolution, the King had proceeded with more Severity with the Authors of the former Oppressions, and brought the Evil Counsellors to Justice, who first seduced, and then deserted, and betray'd their Prince, it had crush'd the Hopes of this Party, as well as depriv'd them of the Means of disturbing and distracting this Nation again with their continual Projects of restoring Tyrannick Arbitrary Rule among us.

(b) Nor was it any thing, but what their own Guilt dictated to them,

*When Guilt gave Wings to fly, tho' none pursu'd,
And flagrant Crimes had arm'd the Multitude.*

ANN undisturb'd had fill'd *Britannia's Throne,*
And Calms of Peace adorn'd the *English Crown* ;
The *undivided Church*, unenvied *State*,
Had joyn'd with Power to make the *Nation Great* ;
Faction had slept, and Party-Struggles dy'd,
And Strife had sunk *beneath the Weight* of *Pride*.

But too much Mercy was *his darling Sin*,
A Snare without, as 'twas a *Grace within* ;
The God-like Vertue was indeed *sublime*,
But ill extended, *sunk into a Crime*.

The Seeds of (a) *vile Ingratitude* revive,
And with the Party, keep the Crime alive ;
Assault the Queen, Her early Power abuse,
And all the Terms of *healing Peace* refuse ;
Press her to Powers *illegal Exercise*,
Till they provoke (b) her Justice to despise :
The Royal Patience to Relentment mov'd,
To *Britains Safety* their Attempts improv'd ;
Dismiss th' *incroaching Rabble* of the State,
And left them to their own *Despair*, and all Mens *hate*.

(a) And

to expect, and from which they fled, at the Approach of the Prince of Orange, with the utmost Precipitation ; but re-assuming their usual Confidence, when they saw his Lenity ; when they saw that he inclin'd to be merciful, and that in hopes they would change their furious Measures, he inclin'd to receive them as Penitents, they began to appear again ; but no sooner had they prevail'd with that merciful Prince, to agree to an Act of general Indemnity, and not only so, but to promote it himself, and bring it into the House ; but from the Day that Act was pass'd, they flew in the Face of their Benefactor, and treated him with the utmost Insolence and Ingratitude.

(a) Nor can I call their present Treatment of the Queen, less of Ingratitude, in its proportion, than the former, since Her Majesty not only stands on the same Foot of Government with King William, but has given them frequent and remarkable Testimonies of Her Royal Bounty and Beneficence, which they have requited with the basest Behaviour possible for Men under the Mask of Duty and Respect to be guilty of, even to open Insults, and all manner of Scurrillity and Reproach.

(b) When Her Majesty discovered the Designs of the High-flying exasperated Gentlemen she had intrusted in the Administration and that neither explaining Her self in that Part in which they had built upon Mistakes, nor perswading or intreating them to Peace and Union would prevail, no, nor Her own Royal Example ; the Queen found her self under a necessity to change Hands, and to part with those Gentlemen, who, I believe Her Majesty once thought had more Discretion, so they were dismiss'd from publick Employment, and laid gently by, till they should grow wiser.

(a) And now grown impotent with Rage, THEY RAIL,
 A certain Proof their Expectations fail:
As their Excess grows high, their Cause grows worse,
And shemi like, go backward as they curse:
 All Passions tend to Lunacy and Rage,
 For Anger's Madness, *only wants its Age:*
 Their Disappointments plainly now increase,
 For as their Heats grow great, *their Power grows less;*
So may they rail, till Nature's Stock mispent,
 They stoop for want of Power, to ANN's just Government.

The Queen to Law and Constitution just,
 Preserves *Her Honour* with the Nation's Trust,
 And while *that Honour's safe*, the Nation's must. }
 The just Connection forms their Happiness, }
 The Monarchs *Glory*, and the People's Peace, }
 No Arbitrary Rule's *secure like this:*
 Here lies the *Jus Divinum* of the Crown,
 No Humane Power can such a Power pull down;
 The Monarch *rules their Hearts* by their own Choice.
 And loud concurring Heaven subjoins *its Sacred Voice:*
 Such Princes rule by real *Right Divine*,
 Whether their Crowns devolve by *Power or Line;*
Merit the Stile of Sacred from on High,
 For *Justice only* crowns with Majesty.

JURE

(a) But instead of Amendment and Consideration, a new Scene of Affairs has found its Original in their Resentments, for now they fly out in all manner of Indecencies at the Queen her self, charge her, in their virulent Lampoons, with deserting the Church, and forsaking her profess'd Zeal; among the rest of the Scandal, the following Distich has been the common Song of the Party.

*When she was the Churches Daughter,
 She acted as her Mother taught her;
 But now she's Mother of the Church,
 She's left her Daughter in the Lurch.*

It would be endless here to repeat their Slanders and Abuses their Insolent Invectives upon the Queen, and all the Ministers of State, charging them with betraying the Church, turning Presbyterians, and exposing the Church to all the Dangers possible.

Pursuant to this Temper, they fall upon the Bishops, and all the moderate Clergy, and represent them in an Infamous manner, confederating with the Queen to pull down the Church; and the Abuses both suffer'd on this account were innumerable and unsufferable, till at last the Cry of the Danger of the Church sunk intirely in the Vote, and famous Address, in which both Houses joyn'd, to the Queen, wherein they declare the Church of England rescued by King William, in a safe and flourishing Condition under the present Queen, and censure all that should pretend to say it was in Danger.

Yet even all this has not silenc'd the Party, but Infinite Clamours continue to disturb the Peace, and their daily Invectives shew the Violence of the Party, as well as prove the Impotence of their Power,

JURE DIVINO:
A
SATYR.
BOOK XII.

SAtyr, lay down thy Arms, some Truce proclaim,
And draw a Curtain over Latent Crime;
Close the vast Scene with Smiles; and let us see,
Thy Zeal for Vertue cloath'd with Majesty:
Trophies of just Dominion let us raise,
And turn out pointed Darts to Hymns of Praise:
What tho' thy sower'd Genius was provok'd,
With flagrant Vice, in Robes of Glory cloak'd,
Britannia now with long wish'd Freedom shines,
And Songs of Liberty employ our Lines.

The Balance here in equal Hands remains,
The Law its due superior Right retains,
By this the Subjects serve, the Monarch reigns:

Well may Britannia date her Life from hence,
The high colateral Joy inspires her Sense,
Conveys new Youth to her determin'd Years,
And supercedes the Prospect of her Fears.

From Songs of Joy, and Constitution Praise,
By just Degrees Fate will our Fancies raise;
First our establish'd Satisfaction sing,
And then our Tribute to its Fountain bring;
Describe the Sons of Liberty and Fame,
And let the Character out-shine the Name.

Long had Britannia mourn'd her William's Fate;
Despair prevail'd; she saw her tott'ring State,
In weak ungovern'd Hands expos'd, her Queen
Betray'd, and sold to Mischiefs unforeseen:

Her States-men mask'd, *with double Front* appear,
Swift to involve, but slow to end the War.

With costly Stakes they play the losing Game,
Smile at Disaster, and are pleas'd with Shame;
Sleeping *unstartled* at *Britannia's Fate*,
And laugh at all the Dangers of the State.

Surpriz'd! the mighty Genius rose, and flew
Up to that Throne, from which her *William* just with-
There *Ann the Glorious*, his bless'd Scepter sways, (drew;
And rich in *Vertue*, Britain's Land obeys:
'To her *Britannia*, flush'd with Joy, repairs,
And whispers *needful Safety* in her Ears;
Bless'd her with *Caution*, and discerning Light,
And plac'd her railing Hypocrites in Sight;
Stripp'd of Pretence, the Party *she expos'd*,
Just told their Fate, and then the mighty Roll she clos'd
With Satisfaction, and a Smile, withdrew,
And Fate assists her Precepts to pursue.

The Queen with Life, and new Resolves inspir'd,
SEVERE — as Party-Treachery requir'd,
JUST — as the vile Offence deserv'd appears,
And BOLD —, for *Guilt alone* submits to Fears:
The snarling aukward Hypocrites pull'd down,
And by their speedy Fall, secur'd her Crown;
Startled they fell, dispirited and dull,
In Council empty, as in Mischief full;
Raving, new Vengeance for themselves prepare,
And Tokens of Distraction on their Heads appear;
But Fools, by Nature's Law, are left to die
Without the soft Relief of *Lunacy*.

Britannia prompts, the mighty Genius guides,
And Britain's Queen for Britain's Health provides.

Compass'd with Sages, Wisdom humbly waits,
To bless her Councils, and adorn her Gates.

Compass'd with Heroes, Valour draws her Sword,
And Victory has the *English* Fame restor'd.

Compass'd with wealthy Subjects, she commands
Their Hearts, their Purfes, and by both their Hands.

Wise Counsellors the Prince's Fate secure,
But 'tis the Prince that makes the Counsellor:

The weak unsteady Hand will always find
The Thoughts to weaker Counsels still inclin'd,
To suit the Imperfections of the Mind.

Then view th' admir'd Train, and *humblly own*
The pers'nal Glories *that surround* her Throne:
These are the Penegyrics of her Reign,
And *these* the mighty Load of Power sustain;
By *these* she softly guides the Reins of State,
And sanctifies the Name of Magistrate:
For Truth alone entails th' exalted Line,
And Justice makes Authority Divine:
Surrounded thus, no Danger can approach,
She heals *contagious Factions* with her gentle Touch.
These her Infallibility create,
And make the Throne an Oracle of State,
And he that disobey's, *deserves his Fate.*

Somers by Nature Great, and born to rise;
In Counsel wary, and in Conduct wise;
His Judgment steady, and his Genius strong,
And all Men own the Musick of his Tongue:
Capacious Thought, and un-incumber'd Brain,
That Mines of undiscover'd Wealth contain:
Eternal circulating Wonders there,
In constant Flux of Prodigy appear:
With Ease he thinks, with swiftest Art receives,
And without Pain brings forth what he conceives:
Exempt from Nature's Curse, his teeming Head
Without the Throws of Travail's brought to Bed;
His fruitful Fancy feels no Pangs of Birth;
Anteus like, he's help'd from his own Earth;
The Midwife *Nature* all Defect supplies,
And fills the World with Wonder and Surprise:
Nor are the swift Productions of his Thought,
Lessen'd by all that Ease, by which they're wrought:
But as when teeming Hills in Travail groan'd,
Their trifling Births th' expecting World confound;
So we're amaz'd, when without Noise we see
Others bring forth the Mouse, the Mountain he.

Blush, Poet, at thy immature Designs,
Thy Praise is so much meaner, than his Lines,

That when of *Hallifax* thy Muse should write,
 Thy modest Fancy blushes to indite:
 So sweet his Voice, and all his Thoughts so strong,
 So smooth his Numbers, and so soft his Song,
 Eternal Musick dwells upon his Tongue:
 No more his Wit in artless Lines rehearse,
Apollo's God of Wisdom, as of Verse.
 The States-man, and the Man of Conduct view,
 And there his juster Merit now pursue.

Not Art or Envy can obscure his Fame,
 Not representing Fury taint his Name;
 Boldly th' Assaults of Envy he defies,
 Knows how their Party-Malice to despise.
 The Name of Guilt or Shame, alike unknown,
 Upon their falling Fame he builds his own.
 The Armour of his Peerage he lays by,
 And waves the just Advantage of Authority;
 The Out-Guards of his Character withdraws,
 Levels himself to Justice, and the Laws;
 Scorns the weak Shelter, stands below his Sphere,
 For where there is no Guilt, there is no Fear;
 Takes off *the Lord*, and only shews the Man,
 And bids them fairly wound him if they can.

See the weak Screws of Law, those Tools of State,
 The Whips and Scorpions of the Magistrate,
 How, when with such consummate Force they strive,
 They all their Sense and Management survive.
 The trembling wild Attorney's in a Fright,
 And pleads no better than he can indite,
 Can neither make his Law nor *Latin* right.

He that with eager Spleen, and weak Pretence,
 Hunts meaner Wretches with a Pride intense;
 Confounded here, and baffl'd by Surprise,
 From Innocence, in wild Confusion flies.

Thus that same Law, which well profess'd, adorns,
 When misapply'd, to Fault and Scandal turns.
 No Men politer Ignorance can shew,
 Than they that falter in the Things they know.

So the bright Sun illuminates Mankind,
 But when it's view'd, directly makes him blind:

The Beam that all his Optick Power supplies,
First makes him see, and then puts out his Eyes.

The Lustre of th' untainted Object here,
Expos'd his *Folly first*, and that his Fear:
The Sense of Conquest, was his real Fright,
Made him mistake, for fear of being right;
Push'd to the *Crisis* of his tott'ring Fame,
And left to chuse in the Extreame of Shame.
He saw the Prospect of his Fate so night,
He pawn'd his Sense, to save his Honesty.

So at the fam'd *Danubian* Stream there stood,
Great *Tallard* push'd upon the threatening Flood;
A Moment left to form a short Debate,
Between his fading Fortune, and his Fate.

No Quest of dying Glories tempts him there,
For all our Passions will give way to Fear.
Honour and Breath allow no equal Strife;
He pawns his Liberty, to save his Life.
The willing Hero's quickly made content,
To change the threatening Deep, for safer Banks of

And now *the baffl'd Party* court his Name, (*Trent.*
Flatter that Merit they in vain defame;
To his *superior Genius* yield the Day,
And *Party-Rage* to Force of Truth gives Way.
So conquer'd Kingdoms yielding to their Foes,
Pay Homage to that *Vertue* they oppose.

To his just Merit thus *the Parties* bow,
And all that *Praise* they envy him, allow:
That rising Fame which they *with Gall* pursue,
Tho' they regret the Glory, own 'tis due:
Their empty Clamours, self-Reflections raise,
And all their Malice *suffocates in Praise*.

Fixt in his gen'ral Character, *he sees*
The Parties die, slain by their own Disease:
Reverting Spleen's choak'd with its *native Gall*,
Under the Weight of *their own Pride* they fall:
The pressing pond'rous Croud by Nature's such,
For want of Vent, they're *sift'd with Reproach*.

So Jealousy, *that Frenzy of the Mind*,
To Death, by its own *Tendency*, inclin'd:

When Disappointment checks its full Pursuits,
Dies by the very *poysen'd* Darts it shoots.

In vain supplies of *vip'rous* Blood they bring,
Since, like the Bee, they die whene'er they Sting;
The threatening Mischief on themselves recedes,
And their own Fire, on their own *Vitals* feeds.

Godolphin, steady in the Arms of Peace,
Untainted Duty forms his Happiness;
Fix'd in the single Int'rest of the State,
In him the Queen's as Safe as She is Great:
The punctual Keeper of *Britannia's* Wealth,
This keeps her Credit up, and that her Health;
Immense the Sums that thro' his Office roul,
Money the Life, but Management's the Soul;
Exactest Order waits upon his Hours,
Cash Credit first, then Credit Cash secures:
In vain their Hopes, that for our Sorrows wait,
Our inexhausted Credit locks the Gate
From all Disaster;

Funds perhaps may fail,
And Streams may stop, but Credit must prevail:
Credit's a Bank no Mischief can undo,
She's Sister to *Potosi*, and *Pernu*;
She'll out-do Nature, Mines of Gold prepare,
And Fleets of Coin, from Paper, and from Air;
New Species forms, anticipates the Oar,
Extends a little, and then can wait for more;
The vast equivalent that she supplies,
Our mighty boasted Poverty defies,
And mocks th' abortive Hopes of *England's* Enemies. }

For this immortal Envy plies his Gate,
And breathes out Curses, no Men wonder at;
For where was Merit follow'd with Success,
But Envy curs'd, as fast as wise Men bless.

No wonder Men, whose Hopes of Plunder fail,
And long the Nation's Ruin wish'd for, RAIL:
No wonder he their Rage must undergo,
That keeps the Nation's Peace, and Money too;
That locks them out from Ministerial Power,
The Cash, as well as Kingdom to devour.
In vain they Rail, against themselves make War,
And all those *Fends* they wish for, seem to fear:
Preposterous Wish! to their own Int'rest blind,
They Curse the Blessings for themselves design'd:

The Hand that serves them, study to abuse,
And envy him that Power, they know not how to use.
Marlbro' too Great for Pen and Ink to Praise,
 Supplies Romance for future wond'ring Days;
 Too Great for Verse, th' amazing Deeds remain,
 And speak themselves, our Illustration's vain;
 To trace his Glory, and his Steps pursue,
 What must our weak deficient Numbers do!
 Of Battels fought, of conqu'ring Legions slain,
 Who shall support the vast *Herculean Pain*!
 More Glories call the Poet to rehearse,
 Than Thought can croud into the Bounds of Verse:
 Swift as the Words, that his High Deeds relate,
 He flies to Action, on the Wings of Fate:
 Th'astonish'd *French*, that long forgot to fear,
 Submit to Fate, and learn to tremble here:
 From his bright Sword, the scatter'd Squadrons fly,
 And court the backward Waves for leave to die.

To Day he presses their distracted Rear,
 To Morrow distant Terrors in their Front appear;
 And when they think him on the eager Chace,
 A hundred Leagues before, he shows his dreadful Face:
 The Victor faster than the Conquer'd flies,
 In quest of yet remoter Victories.

Landau by Nature, now secure in Thought,
 From all the busy Conquerors remote;
 Finds Kingdoms, Armies, and their Generals fall,
 And coming Conquest point at her far distant Wall:
 No Space can Bound the vast Designs in view,
 Not Fear it self his swifter Speed out-do;
 He makes his flying Enemies pursue:
 They that before, his dreadful Squadrons shun,
 Now follow, labouring to be twice undone:
 Not Fame her self, so swift his Glories bore,
 As he from Conquest flies, to furnish more.

Should we to his compleater Fame apply,
 Like him, we must not only go, *but fly*;
 The lab'ring Pen must traverse *Europe's* Plains,
 And to describe his Glory, share his Pains:
 From *Danube's* Streams, and *Swabian Rocks* advance,
 And see him Face the Bounds of trembling *France*;
 Follow the Track of his sublime Designs,
 To rescu'd *Leige*, and the demolish'd Lines:
 See the intrepid Legions led by Fame,
 Less conquer by their Valour, than his Name;

Th' astonish'd Foes, disarm'd with Dread, appear,
Like Victims, fetter'd by their very Fear :
From but his Shadow, numerous Troops retreat,
And captive Generals to his Fame submit.

The Campaign ended, his Fatigues increase,
He scorns the Intervals of soft Recess :
Who shall his swifter Genius now pursue,
To distant Courts, their Treaties to renew,
In shorter Time, than others take to view :
Th' expiring Zeal, and jarring nice Disputes,
He quickens those, and these with Ease confutes :
Empires submit their Councils to his Voice ;
He forms their Schemes, and they confirm his Choice :
In all the Parts of War his Influence Reigns,
And in his Circle centers all their Lines.

France, that, 'till now, gave Measures to Mankind,
To his swift Head, has all that Part resign'd ;
Like *Europe's* Genius, He's Dictator there,
And governs not the Armies, but the War.

But we'll no more load his aspiring Fame,
Which now contracts his Actions in his Name,

Words add no Glory, 'tis for Phrase too high,

His truest Praise must be his History.

SATYR, forbear, unless thou'lt end thy Days,
Lost in vast Labyrinths of successive Praise ;
The mighty Galaxy of Worthies here,
Too many, and too great for Verse appear ;
That wait the Fund of Wisdom to supply,
That Safety may survive, when Heroes die ;
That *English* Peerage shall in Fame retrieve,
And keep their Honour, as their Names, alive.

Courage, the Blood of *Cavendish* sustains,
And *Merdant* rises in his brave Remains.
Bolton preserves the Generous and Sincere,
And *Somerjet's* the Mail of Party-War.
Townsend enjoys the Curse of all Mens Praise,
And *Newport's* Vertue only, *Bradford's* Name must raise.
Pembroke, by Naval Genius claims Command,
And vast inherent Fires flame in *Sunderland*.
In *Lester's* Youth, a *Sidney's* Lustre shines,
And *Mechin's* fitting up for great Designs.
Craston, in Graces, will improve his Breed,
And *Scott*, his *Monmouth's* Gallantry succeed.
Ormond revives in his Illustrious Son,
And *Devenshire* will shine in *Hartington*.

Marlbro' indeed, inclines our Verse to mourn,
But Time commands those Sorrows to adjourn;
They need no Son to keep alive their Name,
Whose *Monument's* immortal in their Fame.

Heroes were always born to stand alone;
Cesar and *Alexander* left no Son,
And *David's* but eclips'd by *Solomon*:
Fate seems to make it look like *Nature's* *Lam*,
From Great *Gustavus*, down to Great *Nassau*,
That where consummate Vertue shall remain,
The *Last* of *ev'ry* Line shall be the Man:
So *Marlbro'* shows inimitable Fame,
Must live in him, peculiar to the Name.

Wharton to *England's* Int'rest always true,
And in his proper Sphere a *Hero* too;
Vig'rous in Counsel, and in State-Dispute,
Swift to resolve, and *bold* to execute;
Fearless of Parties, *steady* to the Laws,
With Courage always equal to the Cause;
Unbrib'd, *unbias'd*, is his Country's Friend,
Enjoys their Love, and will that Love defend;
Th' *unweary'd* Genius strives our Peace to raise;
He plants our Safety, and he reaps our Praise,

A future Race restores the latent Line,
Where interrupted Glory ceas'd to shine,
Or where the rising Names of Families
Supply new Fame for modern Histories.

Granby in Wealth and Honour grows apace,
And *Honesty* sits Regent on his Face;
His swelling Titles never swell his Mind,
Humble as *Russel*, and as *Rutland* Kind.
Such Vertue cannot long remain obscure,
But giv'n for Fame, will make that Fame endure.

See *Russel's* Blood with Glory fills this Isle,
A Train of *Dukes* surround his martyr'd Pile.

Granby and *Hartington* supply the Race,
Something of *Russel* shines in either's Face;
Nature's just Index can't the Lines conceal,
In that the Modesty, in this the Zeal:
No single Hand could *Russel's* Fame support,
Ages to come would question the Report:
The weighty Character these two divide,
Russel the best and greatest Man that ever dy'd.

Al, *SATTR*, --- shall the sad Remark be known,
That so much Work descends not to his Son;

Then

*Then supplicate, for none can wish it more,
That B----d would a Russel to the World restore;
That he his Father's Merit understood,
Worthy the Name, worthy his Birth and Blood;
A Name to England, and to Ages dear;
A Name that none but Tyrants blush to hear;
Fruitful in Heroes, and in Fame compleat,
A double Blot to those, that ought to imitate.*

*Humbly to his revolving Thoughts present,
The Path of Glory his Great Father went;
How for the Nation's Liberty he dy'd;
And all the gilded Chains of Tyranny defy'd;
How still the guilty Party dread his Fame,
And Tyrants always startle at his Name;
The Death was theirs, and in his fall they found,
That Stroke gave Regal-Pride its mortal Wound.*

*Show him th' Advantage of his Father's Blood,
Upon what Basis all his Fortunes stood;
Ask him, If Revolution Steps had fail'd,
And but his Father's Murderers prevail'd,
How his attainted Lands had been intail'd?*

*Show him what he enjoys by Liberty,
And ask him why he Covets Tyranny?
How ease 'tis for Be----d to be Great,
And share his Father's Fame, without his Fate.
'Tis hard when Heroes for their Country die,
Their thoughtless Race should to the Murd'ers fly,
And they be slain again, in their weak Progeny.*

*Kneel, SATYR, now, and most devoutly pray,
That personal Vice may no more Fame betray;
That Crime no more may Characters defeat,
But Men would first be Good, and then be Great.*

*How would Newc-----'s Vertues Grace his Line,
If (uneclips'd by A-----rice) they could shine;
If C----- his Claim of Honour would retrieve,
He'd dare to be as vertuous as he's brave,
And Ri----- would grow Just, as he grows Grave.
If Men of Blood, would of their Fame be nice,
They'd never FOUND THEIR FAMILIES in Vice;
Gr-----lle would ne'er so lightly pledge his Fame;
Car-----then never blush at Osbourn's Name;
Young A-----sey his Grandfire's Rules forsake,
And Bully Wa-----ck ne'er had dy'd a Rake;
The Good-for-nothing E-----ter would see,
What Lines are lost in his Degen'racy;*

r---n his sinking Lineage would retrieve,
And *Beaufort* would a *Somerſet* revive.

'Tis Vertue muſt Nobility reſtore,
Where Age and Crime had ſunk its Fame before;
The Noble Youths that this bleſſ'd Race ſhall run,
Shall raiſe their Fathers Merit by their own.

Nor is exemplar Vertue ſo remote,
But riſing Greatneſs will deſerve our note;
Old *Salſbury* ſhall live again in Fame,
And blooming *Cecil* ſhall ſupport his Name,
Monthermer ſhall illuſtrate *Montague*;
And *Bath* ſhall ſhine, if mod'rate Counſels he'll purſue;
Illuſtrious Blood will re-adorn the Ile,
And *Burlington* reſtore the Name of *Boyl*.
Bridgewater well his Anceſtors ſupplies,
And *Shaſtsb'ry*'s growing like his Grandſire, Wiſe.
Fitzwalter keeps the Name of *Mildmay* bright,
And *Lincoln* rich in Vertue, makes our Roll compleat,

Speak, *SATYR*, from a Vile degen'rate Fame;
How comes our Peerage to retrieve its Name?
When Crime had our Nobility over-run,
Where was this Reſtoration firſt begun?
'Twas all Example,

Leading Miſchiefs grew,
And Men to Crime, on Wings of Nature flew;
The Royal Proſtitute debauch'd the Land,
And we grew Brutes by his Auguſt Command.

Exalted Luſt dethron'd our very ſhame,
And bluſhing Vertue's hardly known by Name:
Vice was the Hand-maid to tyrannick Power,
And both concurr'd, our Ruin to procure.

Nor were they ported in their very Death,
A Proof they're both conceiv'd and born beneath;
From the ſame Hell their Origins derive,
And Twins in Fate, to equal Periods live.

In this our Revolution, Praise is due,
That with the Tyranny, the Vice withdrew;
The ſcepter'd Crime's dethron'd, with Guilt's diſmay'd,
And Vice retreats, to her deteſted Shade:
Exemplar Vertue took the Reins in Hand,
Example makes more Converts than Command:
The Champions of our Vice dy'd off with Time,
And Men of Senſe ſucceeded Men of Crime.

William, in ſpight of Slander and Reproach,
Heal'd this KING's-EVIL with his gentle Touch;
Vice

Vice from *his* Vertue had her mortal Wound,
 And *ANN's* bright Pattern does the Race confound :
 Justice has the Example of *her* Throne,
 And shews us Vertue's Pattern in her own.
 Thus *Hell's* Dominion perish'd in its Prime,
 And he that sins, commits it like a Crime ;
 Triumphant Vice grown antiquate and old ;
 Those that are not less vile, are yet less bold.
 Thus happy Britain sees her Youth restor'd,
 And blushing Vice on England's Throne abhor'd :
 The Queen from double Bondage sets us free,
 Restores our Vertue with our Liberty.

Conclusion.

SAtyr, when next our Muse, inspir'd with Rage,
 Commands in just Defence of Truth t' engage ;
 By Foils present, and make a new Essay,
 And try our Vice by Vertue to display :
 Learn by the soft and milky Way to soar,
 A Path that Satyr never trod before ;
 By just Antithesis illustrate Crime,
 And see how strangely Vice and Vertue chime.
 Let gentler Scenes gild thy aspiring Verse,
 And Britain's Pride in Britain's Queen rehearse :
 Let the Reverse of Tyranny be known,
 And *ANN's* enlighten'd Character be shown :
 Her Panegyrick stabs a Tyrant's Praise,
 As Hell's long Night's describ'd by Heav'n's long Days.

Nor can thy Genius be at all unfit,
 Howe'er supply'd with Gall, decay'd in Wit :
 None but the Satyr can this Fame indite ;
 None knows so well the due Reverse to write,
 But he that shew'd the Dark, must shew the Bright.

Features and Beauty's to the Paint confin'd,
 He only paints to th' Life, that paints the Mind :
 The Limner's Art for Prospect may suffice,
 And faintly help the Language of the Eyes ;
 But Characters shall Imag'ry controul,
 And he that writes her Picture, paints her Soul.

But, Satyr, if thou e'er shalt undertake,
 The mighty Task, and *ANN's* true Picture make ;

With

With Care thy just Ideas regulate,
 And balance well her Vertue and her State :
 Remember, *flattering Words no Glory raise,*
 Are useleſs here, and Truth's her only Praise :
Describe her glorious, and ſurround her Throne
 With Luſtre ----- only by her ſelf out-ſhone :
Describe her rich, but all her Riches ſhow,
 By *that vaſt Fountain,* whence her Wealth ſhould flow,
 Her People -----

Who their willing Homage pay,
 And preſs'd in Love, by very Choice obey :
 Deſcribe her Humble, Merciful, and Kind,
 And ſwell'd in Triumphs, *not at all in Mind :*
 Then from thy artleſs, well-deſigning Pen,
 Let the juſt Parallels to Crime be ſeen,
 And ſhew the World which makes the Greateſt Queen. }

Mean time, to her exalted Throne addreſs,
 Where Heroes bow, and Conqu'rors ſue for Peace :
 Fame, that to eke out Actions, learns to lye,
 And flatters Men of Crime with Majeſty,
 Shall from thy Lines no falſe Advantage gain,
 Truth makes her Fame, and Liberty her Reign.

T O T H E Q U E E N.

MADAM,
 'TIS Heaven's Decree, th' Almighty Voice,
 Has ſpoke the Word, you always muſt rejoyce :
 Fate, that does Nature's Lott'ry ſuperviſe,
 Directs your Hand, you always draw the Prize ;
 The very Diſappointments of your Reign,
 So Heav'n commands, and Hell reſiſts in vain,
 Revert to Joys, and in your Loſs you gain. }

From vain Attempts, and a diſgrac'd Retreat,
 Your flying Troops unlook'd for Conqueſt meet ;
 As if your Genius ſtrove to let them know
 What they your Fates, not their own Conqueſt owe.

Cadaz repels your Troops, that they may fly
To *Vigo* Spoils, and Golden Victory :
And *Gibra'tar* your rising Glory greets,
And calls to Conquest your *too passive* Fleets.

The waning Glory of th' *Algarvian* War,
Unworthy *Charles's* Fortune, or your Care,
Weakens your Hands, that you may stronger grow,
And to a nobler Nation's Conquest go :
Castilian Mountains, distant and remote,
Too cold their Temper, as their Clime too hot ;
Repulse your Arms to their own Country's Shame,
That *Catalonian* Coasts may raise your Fame,
And *Charles* retreating, in your Fate secure,
In Disappointment makes his Conquest sure.

Ruvigny so from *Guadiana* flies,
That *Alcantara* may be made his Prize :
Th' insulting *Spaniards* so condemn his Force,
But with their Victory secur'd the Curse ;
Wounded, in Flames of just Revenge he'll burn,
And left his Hand a Pledge of his Return.

When *Mar-brø* at the baulk'd *Moselle* repines,
Your Fate repay'd him with the conquer'd Lines :
Vict'ry, that waited on *that Son of War*,
Adjourn'd it here, that she might yield it there.
Thus, *MADAM*, your Disasters are your Gain,
And they that beat us, conquer but in vain ;
Your Glory rises, when you want Success,
And in your Loss, you find your Happiness.

In nearer Circumstances, 'tis the same,
All things concur to raise your growing Fame ;
The very Chagrin, Feud, and Discontent,
That ruin others, fix your Government.
Envy, in spite of all her Snakes, concurs,
And she that murders Kingdoms, settles yours.

So Heav'n commands, and so when Heav'n commands,
Hell shall concur,

Dev'ls with directed Hands
Shall aid that Crown, that on his Pow'r depends.

When Parties join to urge the Nation's Fate,
Their very Fury does their Aims defeat :
Tacking their Projects to invade your Throne,
They tack the Nation's Peace, and sink their own ;
Their worst Designs, your Glory to invade,
That Glory rais'd, and those Designs betray'd ;

By their own Guilt, and your Success, struck Dumb,
Chagrin and Heartless, they foresee their Doom;
Silent they stand, in envious Whispers curse,
And as they rise in Rage, decay in Force.

Scotland rejects our Settlement and Crown,
That Two vast Nations may unite in One;
And all the threat'ning Clouds of Northern Night,
Assist to make that Union still more bright;
The Thoughts of *Border-War*, as they encrease,
Serve but to prompt our Wiser Heads to Peace;
And all the Men of Plot, and vast Intrigue,
While they inflame the Nations, press the League.

Envy, whose feeble Jaws and faltering Tongue,
Had chew'd the vip'rous Blood of Strife too long;
Ripen'd for Mischief, from her crazy Bed,
With tainted Breath, and vile corrupted Head,
In whining Eloquence, and subtle Phrase,
And Curles gilded with the Baits of Praise,
Attempts the wav'ring Nations to deceive,
With Arts, 'twas fear'd, would make th' Elect believe.

But see her Gall, for vilest ends design'd,
Repuls'd, flows back, and Cankers in her Mind;
The gross corroded Humour inward draws,
Eats up the very Vitals of their Cause;
The vile Harangues, the Feud they wish'd, appeas'd,
And laid the very Storm they would ha' rais'd:
Thus they your Peace, tho' they your Peace abhor'd,
By their own Steps to ruin it, procur'd.

Instructing Miseries make Nations wise,
Illuminate their Judgments with their Eyes;
Direct them in the quest of Happiness,
And tell them boldly, all depends on Peace.
This is the Sanction given to your High Reign,
Where Heaven thus blesses, Men may curse in vain.

'Tis you that makes your Government Divine,
The Sacred's in your Vertue, not your Line:
Your Truth gives awful Homage to your Word,
And 'tis your Justice sanctifies your Sword;
Your God-like Pity suits the Crown you wear,
Like Heaven, your Mercy makes your People fear:
Force is tyrannick, but 'tis Love persuades:
And always conquers, where it once invades:
Thus when you quit the Bondage of Command,
You govern all our Hearts without your Hand.

When Kingdoms thus in Heart, like yours, unite;
 No wonder Nations tremble at the sight:
 Vict'ry must come, the World expects no less,
 Where Two such Bodies, join'd in One, address;
 Such Union, *MADAM*, ne'er was seen before,
 And as 'tis strange, must strange Effects procure,
 For suited to their Zeal, will be their Power.

When Princes thus their Peoples Prayers possess,
 They very seldom are deny'd Success;
 For never Hands with such Assurance fight,
 As where they're mov'd by Hearts that first unite;
 Such Nations of a double Power possess,
 With double Hopes of Victory are blest.

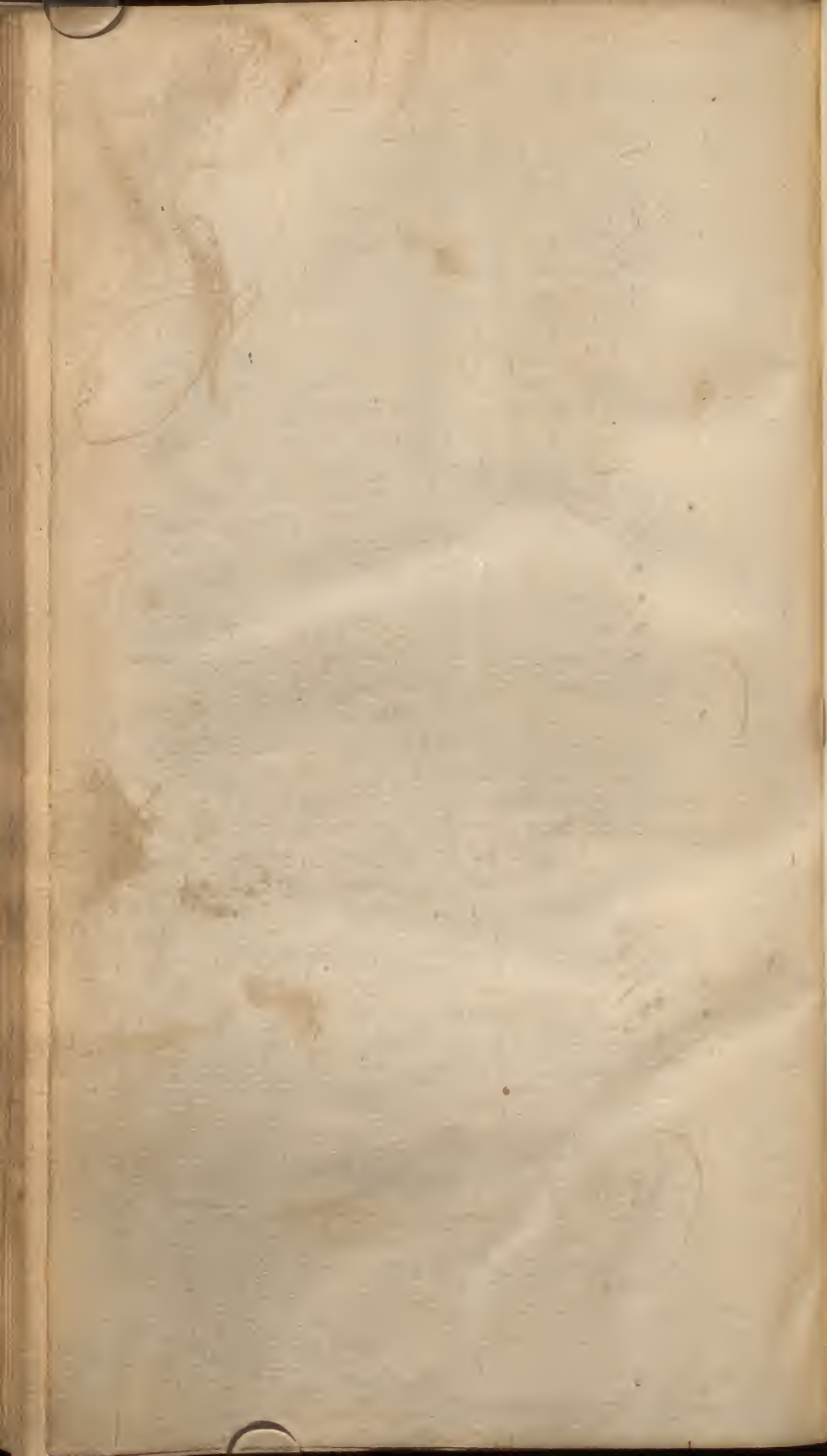
What Seas of Blood! What Storms of Party-Strife!
 Have brought this long expected Truce to Life:
 'Twas Danger, *MADAM*, made this Peace secure,
 The Nation's Sufferings make your Glory sure;
 'Till thus alarm'd, how fatally we strove,
 Neither by Int'rest govern'd, nor by Love;
 We wou'd not all your just Perswasions hear,
 'Till we were frighted into Peace by Fear;
 Pacifick Eloquence was all in vain,
 No Passion can, like that of Fear, restrain.

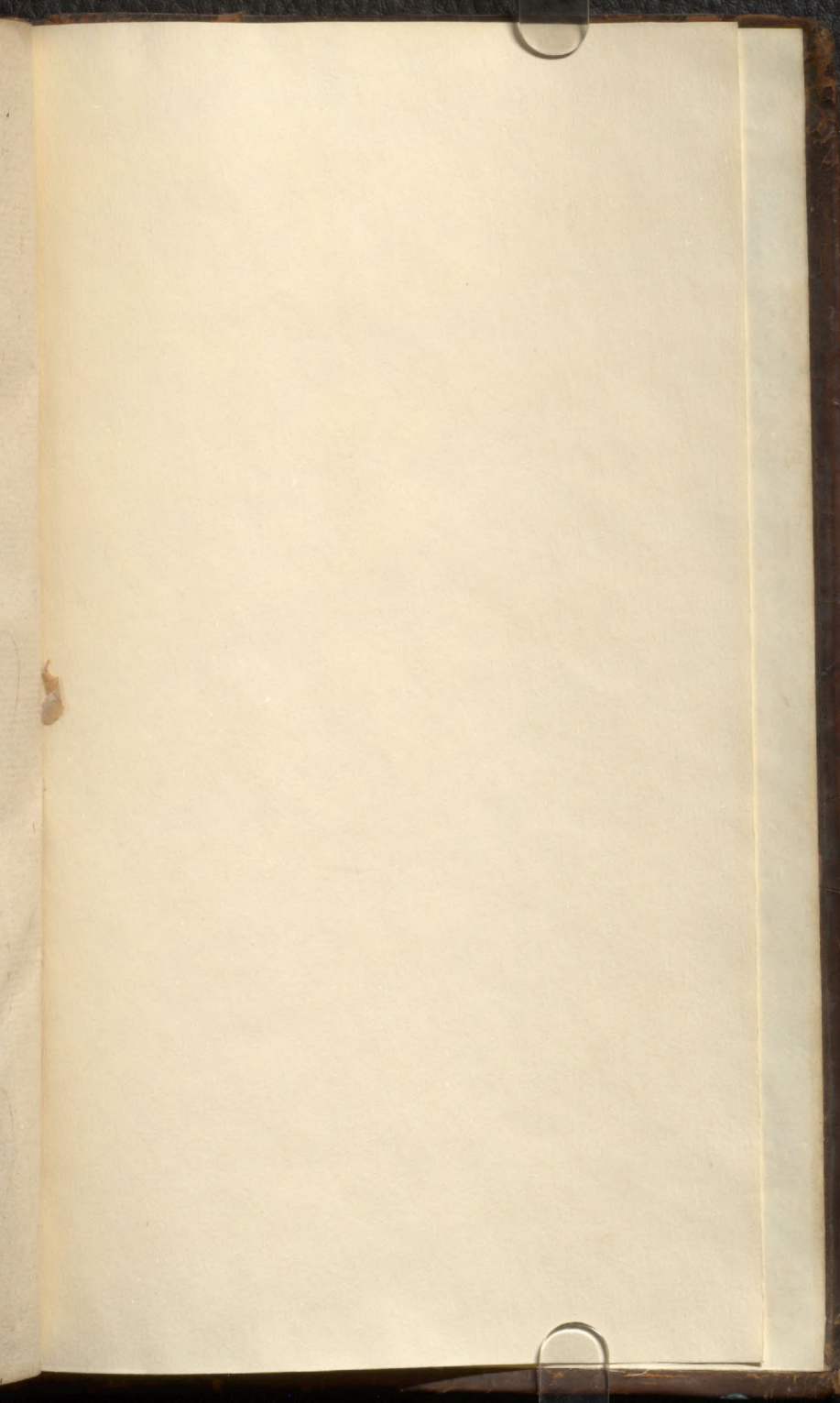
Thus, *MADAM*, Heaven has long decreed it so,
 Your Glory must from your Misfortunes grow:
 You fall to rise, your Losses are your Gain,
 For Pleasures are illustrated by Pain:
 Your Enemies, that think they pull you down,
 Exalt your Glory, and eclipse their own:
 The publick Struggles of our Party-Powers,
 Break their own Int'rests, and establish yours.

*In all your happy and successful Reign,
 Peace rises out of Strife, and Ease from Pain,
 And Sampson's Riddle's acted here again.*

F I N I S

John Jacob
Carrick 1711





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